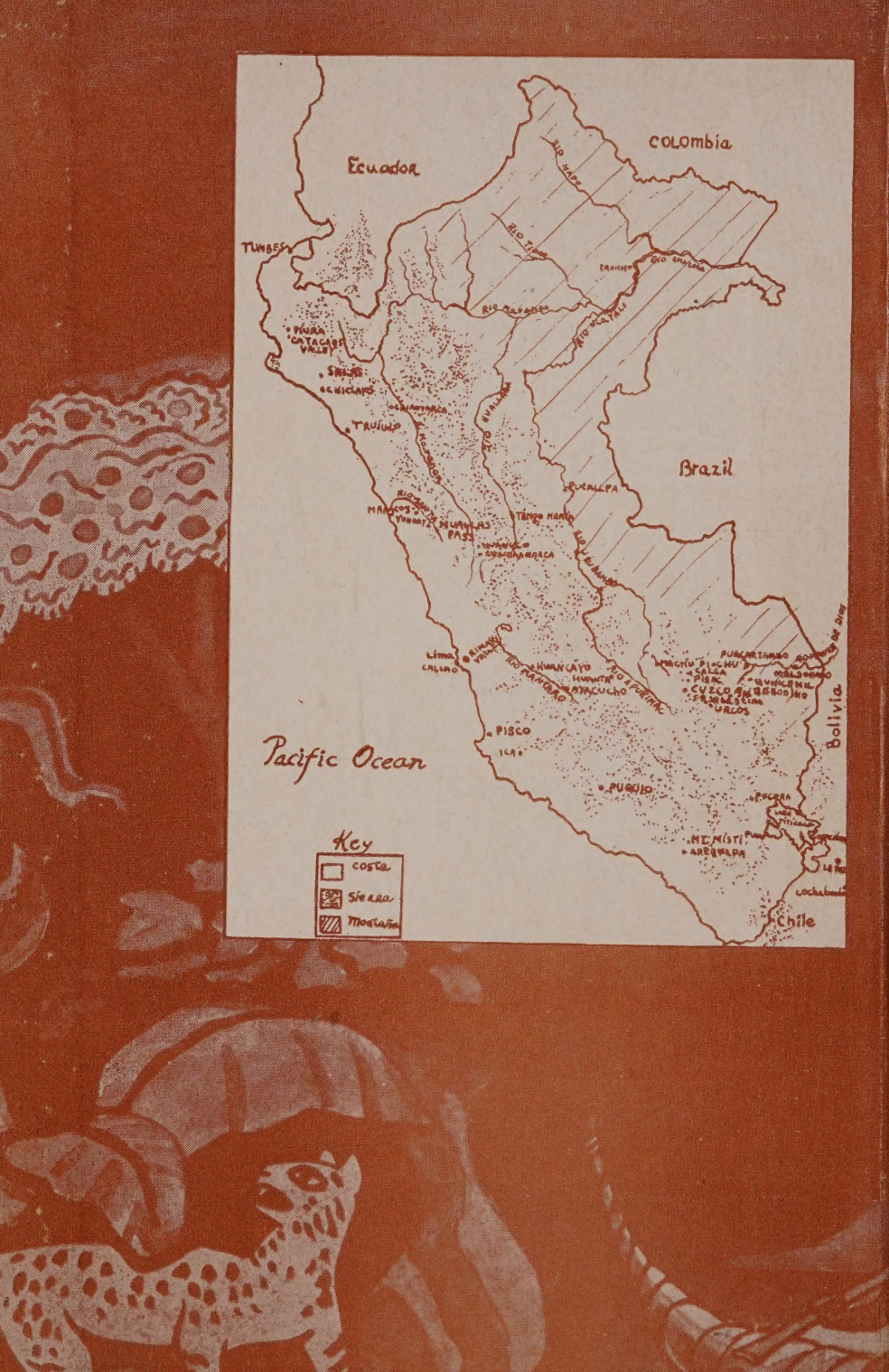
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THREE WORLDS OF PERU

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THREE WORLDS OF PERU

by FRANCES TOOR

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Three Worlds of Peru

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JUN 23 1950
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

THREE WORLDS OF PERU

by
Frances Toor

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To Bud

PREFACE

PERU, of all the South Americas, most appeals to the imagination. No other country is so outstanding for its ancient cultures, architecture, arts, or scenery.

For many years I dreamed of going to Peru, center of the great legendary empires of the Incas and the Spaniards. The delay had its rewards. It had become easier to travel to and inside the country, and I was able to stay a long time. It took me nearly all of 1948 to collect the material for this book.

The greatest reward was that, instead of one, I found three new worlds in Peru. Before starting on my journey I read and reread as much as possible concerning its past and present. I knew that geographically the country had three natural north-south divisions—Costa (Coast), Sierra (the Andes), Montaña, an old Spanish term for jungle, which the Peruvians still use. But I never expected to find the human element so different in each region that they form three wholly different, exciting worlds.

Even this is a simplification of the complex human pattern in a nation whose many regions have long been isolated from each other by great deserts, rivers, mountains, and jungle. Each of the three worlds is further divided into three distinct areas by another major, if less pronounced, east-west separation—Norte (North), Centro (Center), and Sur (South), of which the North and Center are the most progressive.

Until ten or fifteen years ago, communications among the six regions were very poor. It required weeks or months of difficult

travel on foot, horseback, canoe, and boat to reach some areas. From Lima, the capital, it was far easier to go to Europe, Africa or Asia than to some parts of the Andes or the jungle. Now all six regions are linked by plane or highway or both. This has set in motion a new life in the whole country, and it enabled me to visit each of the regions.

Even so it was not always easy. Distances are great because of vast uninhabited stretches; few roads are fully completed; and in the Sierra it is always necessary to cross high mountains, even during a journey of as little as a few hours. Planes sometimes have to fly over twenty thousand feet, and there are roads at heights of almost seventeen thousand feet. A chauffeur driving a car at that altitude can easily become groggy, not a cheerful experience when the road overlooks a ten-thousand-foot gorge. But I never hesitated to go anywhere because of difficulty or danger, even when it meant riding on top of a loaded freight truck. Peruvians were astounded that any foreigner, especially a woman, should take such trouble and undergo hardships to know their country. One North American said to me laughingly, "You are doing it all wrong. Instead of taking hard trips, why don't you sit comfortably in the Bolivar Hotel in Lima and use your imagination? That's the way it's usually done."

This book is about places and peoples, but especially those living in a primitive stage of civilization. The emphasis on this latter group is justified, for such folk constitute about fifty per cent of the seven million inhabitants of Peru. There are no exact statistics nor can one wholly depend on the last census of 1940. On a cultural basis, Indians are about forty per cent; Mestizos or Cholos (of Indian and Spanish blood) about the same; the rest, pure whites and foreigners, including some negroes, Orientals, and Europeans.

My classification is: Indian for those living close to indigenous traditions and speaking their own pre-Spanish language; Cholos, who are more progressive than the Indians and speaking Spanish but still preserving folkloric customs; Mistis, or the whites of the Sierra—not always pure white but living in a modern way; whites or those of modern culture of the Coast and Montaña; Chunchos, savages of jungle tribes; Zambos, Mestizos of negro and Indian blood; and mulattos. Indian, Cholo, and Chuncho are often used in a derogatory way. So is Misti by the Sierra Indians, who invented the name for the whites among them. However, Mistis and whites often use "Cholito" and "Cholita" endearingly. In this book these

race-culture terms are used for convenience and with all due respect for each group and because they are the living words used by the Peruvians themselves.

During my long stay in Peru, I became well acquainted with all social classes. Twenty-five years of living in Mexico close to the people and knowing the language well made it easy for me to understand the Peruvians and make friends with them. I found those in my own field most generous with their material and knowledge, and practically all Peruvians with whom I came into contact were exceedingly hospitable and helpful. Their great kindness has made this book possible.

FRANCES TOOR

Mexico City, September, 1949.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

In the pages of this book, the reader will meet the many people in Peru who did so much to make me feel at home in the country and who so generously shared their knowledge with me. I am deeply indebted to all of them—those whose names I have mentioned as well as the nameless friends.

I wish also to express my appreciation of the many courtesies received from Sr. Benjamín Roca Muelle, Director-Gerente de la Corporación Nacional de Turismo, during my stay in Peru, and to the present Director Gerente, Sr. Ernesto Cánepa Sardón, who has shown interest in my book.

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THREE WORLDS OF PERU

BACKGROUND

THE PURPOSE of this chapter is to furnish some highlights for a better understanding of what follows and suggestions for more intensive reading.

PREHISTORIC

The famous legendary Incas, Children of the Sun, who lived in palaces adorned with gold, walked in golden gardens, and wore robes of the finest weave, were in power at the time of the coming of the Spaniards. The Incas had conquered all the other tribes and had achieved an amazingly high social and artistic development. But there were other advanced cultures before their time.

The early major pre-Inca cultures, having well developed religions, political organizations, and arts were, in the Central Sierra, the Chavín; in what is now the Bolivian side of Lake Titicaca, the Tiahuanaco; on the North Coast, the Mochica (later called the Chimú); in the Coastal center, the Pachacámac and Lima, and in the South, Paracas and Nazca. There were intermediate and later epochs and the Sierra styles influenced those of the Coast until the Inca came to dominate all of them. These cultures reached their highest development in the "Mastercraft Period," from about 600 to 1000 A.D., although agriculture, pottery and weaving existed for over a thousand years before the Christian era. However, dates are still a matter of conjecture. The archeologists themselves call them "guess dates."

In Peru, as in all the other Latin Americas, there was no written history to furnish clues to the past, until after the Spanish Conquest; there were neither hieroglyphs nor codices as in Mexico, but there were constructions, sculpture and painting, textiles, metalwork, and an enormous amount of ceremonial pottery to serve the purpose. Then, too, there is the human element—the descendants of many of the tribes. It is true that they know less about their past than the investigators, but they look like their ancestors and still preserve many of their habits, beliefs, and crafts.

The Chavín and Tiahuanaco buildings are of stone with fine carvings and many of their sculptures are handsome and impressive; the Coast buildings are of adobe with arabesques and friezes; all were brilliantly painted and ornamented with gold and precious stones. The stone ruins have withstood time and the elements better. Those of adobe have mostly turned into heaps of sand, but some are still imposing, especially the pyramids of the Mochicas and the great cities of the Chimú. (Plates 10, 11, 12.)

The huacos (ceremonial pottery) are bewildering in quantity, quality, and variety of form, color and beauty. The most valuable from a documentary point of view are the Mochica. Some are plain in reddish brown and black, decorated with geometrical figures, but the majority are in relief or modeled, painted and polished, the colors cream and red and occasionally some black. There are excellent portrait jars; others are realistic pictures of daily life and important events—agricultural activities, fishing, rulers, gods, battles, religious ceremonies, music, dances, and even abnormal sexual practices. (Plates 1-2.)

The necklaces of the Mochicas were of gold, silver, copper, bone, shell, wood, pottery, rock crystal with large beads in the center, representing human or mythological heads; their earplugs gold, silver, copper, bone or wood, inlaid with turquoise, mother-of-pearl and lapis lazuli. They wore many rings on their fingers and covered their fingernails with thin sheets of gold.

The Nazca huacos are just as outstanding but completely different in character from the Mochica. The most used technique is that of coiling, polychrome painting and high polish; designs are geometrical and naturalistic with stylized representations of birds, llamas, fish, human heads, anthropomorphic monsters, all skillfully drawn and richly painted. (Plate 3.)

Artist craftsmen wrought objects of extraordinary beauty (Plates 1-2) in gold, silver, copper, bone, stone, wood and shell (Plate 4). The women did exquisite weaving and embroidery.

Among the innumerable objects of the various cultures are golden plates and goblets, plumes, tweezers, knives, carved wooden digging sticks, carved bone spatulas, bronze and gold masks, figur-

ines and animals, musical instruments of shell, clay, bone, reed, and wooden drums, some covered with skins. Every object, no matter how utilitarian, bore a touch of beauty. From those early cultures the Incas borrowed much.

THE INCAS

The early Spanish chroniclers wrote volumes about the Incas, but their origin and early history is shrouded in mystery, myth, and legend. Here numerous versions are synthesized.

Viracocha, "The Maker of All Things," created the earth and sky but without light. Then he peopled his dark world with gigantic stone statues into which he breathed life. Later, when they refused to obey his mandates, he turned some into stone at Pucará, Urcos, and in other places where there are Inca ruins; all the rest, except two persons, he caused to perish in a flood.

Another legend has it that the two persons he saved were the first Inca ruler Manco Cápac and his sister-wife Mama Ocllo. When the waters rose to the highest mountain peaks, they took refuge in a drum and after the waters subsided the wind blew them to Tiahuanaco. Here they found Viracocha recreating the world. This time he made human-sized people of clay, separated them into tribes, and painted them the way they were to look and dress. Then he gave them the languages they were to speak, the songs they were to sing, the seeds they were to plant, and ordered them to descend into the earth and to emerge, in districts assigned to each one, from caves, hills, springs, lakes and roots of trees. In the same way he created animals and birds. But according to another legend, they were the first-born of the new tribes and some of them were also converted into stones. Hence the reverence for all inanimate objects, especially mountains and stones; and of the condor because of his size and ability to soar to the highest mountain tops.

So that there be light, Viracocha created the sun, moon and the stars, and ordered them to ascend the heavens from an island on Lake Titicaca. The moon was the brightest, until the jealous sun threw ashes into her face and dimmed her brilliance.

Then, as the sun was about to ascend the heavens in the form of a resplendent man, he called the Incas and addressed Manco Cápac, the elder of them, saying, "You and your descendants shall be great lords and subject many nations. Adore me by proclaiming yourselves my children." He then gave Manco Cápac the royal insignia of the Incas and ordered them to go down into the earth and to appear in the cave of Paccari Tampu (House of Dawn), about eighteen miles south of Cuzco. All that happened the day the sun first shone in the heavens, hence the title—Children of the Sun.

Another myth gives a different account of the origin of the Incas and their settlement in Cuzco.

Near Paccari Tampu stands the hill of Tampu-Tocco (House of Windows) in which are several caves. From these came forth a group of people led by four brothers, all bearing the title of Ayar and named respectively Manco (the leader), Cachi (Salt), Ucho (Pepper), and Auca (Pleasure). They were accompanied by four sister-wives, all entitled Mama, whose names were Oclla, Huaco, Cura, and Raua. The elder brother Manco was their ruler, his power based on possession of a bird which gave them supernatural advice.

By laying claim to divine descent from the sun, the Incas obtained ascendancy over the ten tribes already dwelling in the region. As the soil there was sterile, they migrated toward the north in search of more fertile land.

Manco Cápac carried a golden staff with which to test the earth and they were to settle wherever it sank easily into the ground. The journey took many years, the immigrants often stopping to plant and harvest.

Manco became jealous of his younger brothers and used supernatural means to dispose of them. The first victim, Ayar Cachi, was sent back for some golden vases and the sacred golden figure of a llama, which he was told had been left in a cave. As soon as he entered to look for the objects, his companions closed the entrance with a huge rock, and he was left to perish. Next Manco told Ayar Uchu to take a stone figure on the Hill of Huanacauri; he leaped upon its back and was turned to stone; the place is now regarded as one of the most sacred of the Incas. By that time the group was near the promised land. Ayar Auca developed wings, and Manco bade him fly to the top of the hill to take possession. He obeyed and was

also turned into stone. Then the test of the golden staff was applied; it disappeared into the ground and Cuzco was founded.

Manco Cápac and his sister-wife showed the people better ways of life. He taught the men agriculture and other work. She taught the women how to weave and all the household duties.

In another legend, Viracocha himself went on a pilgrimage to see if the people were following his instructions and to teach them the arts. When he reached Ecuador, he bade them farewell and walked away on the waters of the Pacific.

In another legend, itself quite charming, the Incas had many difficulties. At one time the people became "corrupt" and rebelled. But Siyu-Yacu, a woman of noble birth, brought the Incas back into power through a stratagem which made her handsome young son Rocca their leader.

Siyu-Yacu prepared a long golden robe for Rocca and hid him in a cave in Sacsahuaman Hill, overlooking Cuzco. Then she and her accomplices, members of her own family, spread the rumor he had been summoned by the Sun, who wished to give him divine instructions, for he was to be king of his people.

A few days later a glittering vision appeared at the mouth of the cave, then vanished. The people grew very excited. Within a few days the bright figure appeared again, and this time the populace rushed up the hill and discovered it was Rocca, who told them he had a message from the Sun.

Later, down in the temple, Rocca explained to the crowd that the misfortunes they were suffering had been visited upon them by their God, the Sun, who was wrathful because they had forgotten their religion and were living in vice and ignorance; that if they would reform under his leadership, peace and prosperity would soon be theirs. The people enthusiastically proclaimed him their ruler.

Besides such charming myths about the origin of the Incas, scholars have been able to present a fairly connected and reliable account of their civilization.

The generally accepted dates for the Incas are from 1200 to the coming of the Spaniards in 1532, but their vast empire was not consolidated until 1438, under the great Pachacuti. Eventually it extended over what is now Peru, Ecuador, Bolivia and the northern parts of Argentina and Chile, and was called Tahuantinsuyo—

"The Four Regions." The Spaniards changed the name to Peru, which some say belonged to a river; others, to a chief. They also extended the name Inca to all the Indians. Before the Conquest, it was the title only of the rulers.

Cuzco—meaning navel in Quechua—the Inca capital and sacred city, was also rebuilt under Pachacuti. The splendid Coricancha, principal Temple to the Sun, and other magnificent shrines and palaces are from that brilliant epoch and the facts which follow also begin with it.

The Incas were notable warriors, builders, organizers, and artists, but their greatest and most extraordinary achievement was their government and social organization. It has been called Communistic and Socialistic but in reality was a paternal despotism, yet far more human, efficient and wise than the modern totalitarian governments.

The Incas subjected many tribes through shrewd diplomacy. Before resorting to arms, they sent envoys who, like the Spaniards, alleged a divine mission to spread the true religion, and offered a better life. Those who submitted willingly received special privileges and immunities. Unless they continued rebellious, subjected tribes were dealt with in a way to inspire confidence. The Incas did not destroy the gods of the people but had them moved to Cuzco with pomp and ceremony, where they were placed in special temples together with other subordinate deities and treated with respect. The chiefs or curacas of such tribes were also brought to Cuzco to learn Quechua, the official Inca language, and the Inca laws. When sufficiently prepared, the curacas were sent back to govern their own people, whose conditions were improved under the Inca rule. The sons of chiefs, educated in Cuzco, remained there, together with their gods, as pledges of good faith.

The material works and social organization of the Incas were remarkable. In addition to building extraordinary temples, palaces and fortifications, they connected their vast empire with roads that equaled those of the Romans. Along these, at convenient intervals, were tambos or inns and shelters for the chasqui, the specially trained runners who kept the government in constant communication with all its parts. The Incas also devised means of putting all the land, even the most sterile, under cultivation by a system of irri-

gation canals and well constructed terraces on mountain slopes, some of which are still in use.

The Incas cultivated many important plants—corn, quinoa, potatoes, squash, beans, chili peppers, cotton, cocoa, and others unknown in the rest of the Americas. They also had many domestic animals, such as llamas, alpacas, dogs and ducks. The llamas were used for pack animals, meat and sacrificial purposes (Plates 14, 37, 38). All were cared for intelligently, and the llamas, alpacas, and wild vicuñas—the latter captured by large, picturesque hunting parties—were carefully shorn and the wool kept in storehouses to be distributed among the people. The finest vicuña wool was reserved for the Incas and the nobility.

The empire was further consolidated by unified administration. A hierarchy of numerous officials and inspectors—one for as few as every ten families—regulated work to the last detail and took charge of the distribution of products. The Incas owned all the land, which was divided into three parts—it supported the Temples of the Sun and priests; the Inca and his family, and the people who worked all of it. But when crops were bad, the workers were helped from the storehouses of the first two, hence they never suffered hunger. The government supplied the people with wool for their clothing and all other goods. There was no money and no need for it.

No schools were maintained for the children of the poor. Their parents taught them religion, morals and all necessary tasks; the boys learned agriculture and trades; the girls, housework, spinning, weaving and how to help in the fields. The poor could never rise above their class, nor could they change residence without permission. Their lives were closely supervised and circumscribed. On the other hand, they had security; they worked short hours and were never given tasks beyond their physical strength. When groups were sent away from their own regions as colonists to other parts of the country, the altitude to which they were accustomed was taken into consideration. They enjoyed frequent fiestas and work was often combined with pleasure. Agricultural tasks were accompanied by singing. The worst crimes were blasphemy against the Inca, idleness and lying. Punishments were severe, even cruel, but criminals were given the opportunity to defend themselves. Justice was swift. Abusive officials were also punished drastically.

The nobility enjoyed luxuries and privileges. Their sons were educated in schools and prepared by the amautas (wise men) for war, government, and the priesthood. From among their young daughters came the "Virgins of the Sun," selected for their good looks and intelligence. They were placed in palatial convents, where they were taught to cook, spin, weave, make chicha and all the arts suited to their station. The most beautiful and gifted became the concubines of the Inca; others, the wives of deserving warriors and nobles; many lived in perpetual chastity, devoted to the care of the Temples of the Sun and the preparation of food and chicha for the religious ceremonies—hence the name "Virgins of the Sun."

The Inca or ruler, who claimed lineal descent from the Sun and ruled "by divine right," was absolute. He was Emperor, God, Judge, and enjoyed other honorific titles such as Son of the Sun, Unique Inca, and Lover of the Poor. His principal wife—Coya or Empress and Mamanchi, Our Mother—had to be his full sister, so the blood of his heir to power be pure and untainted. The numerous offspring from his many concubines formed the Inca nobility.

The Inca lived in great state. Besides his magnificent palace in Cuzco, he had palatial country houses in various parts of the empire, and one in the nearby warm green Yucay Valley on the Sacred Wilconota River, where he enjoyed the company of his favorite concubines in lovely gardens with fountains and streams, and bathed in "golden vessels into which refreshing waters flowed through silver-lined channels." His robes were of the finest vicuña wool, richly dyed and profusely adorned with gold and precious stones, and he wore a llautu (turban) of many colors, trimmed with the royal scarlet fringe and upright feathers of a rare bird, called coraquenque—the royal insignia. He ate, sitting on a stool, from fine pottery, gold and silver dishes; slept on a quilt on the ground, covered with finely woven vicuña blankets. Yet the Inca did not forget his duties, as the Spaniards did, in luxurious living. Periodically he took long trips through his empire, to see how everything was going and to listen to grievances. He traveled over mountain roads in a litter, richly emblazoned with gold and emeralds, carried by specially trained bearers, and the people threw flowers in his path and loudly invoked blessings upon him.

No one, regardless of his rank, was permitted into the presence

of the Inca without taking off his sandals and bearing a symbolic burden on his back, and even then, during the interviews the Inca sat behind a screen. Yet he appeared in public to preside at ceremonies and fiestas and there mingled with the people. When the sowing of the fields began, he himself turned the first clods of earth with a golden hoe. Then all the people—men, women and children—in gay fiesta garb, continued working joyously, chanting songs.

The order in which the fields were tilled shows how carefully the Incas considered the common welfare. First came those dedicated to the Sun; next, those of widows, orphans, the old, the sick, and soldiers in service, and all the people; lastly, those of the Inca.

An Inca's funeral was elaborate and the mourning profound throughout the empire. He was followed to his abode in the next world by his favorite concubines and personal servants. They were first intoxicated during a public dance, then strangled to death. They appeared to accept the sacrifice willingly, for they believed they were going to the "upper world" to live happily with the Sun, where life continued in much the same way as on earth.

The religious beliefs of the Incas were complicated, fanciful, advanced. So many coincided with Christianity that the Spanish missionaries said they were instructed by the devil. The Incas believed in one supreme being and creator; also in confession and penance. The virtuous went to an upper world with the Sun; sinners to a lower world to suffer cold and hunger. Virgins who ministered to the gods lived in chastity. Bread and wine were used for high festivals. Other rites also coincided.

Viracocha, "The Maker of All Things," lived in the heavens. With the help of numerous supernatural assistants, he ruled the world in much the way the Inca did his empire. The most important of his servants were the sky gods, of whom the Sun was chief. All official worship was directed to the Sun because he gave light, heat, protected crops and was the divine ancestor of the Inca dynasty. The Sun was generally represented by a golden disk with rays and a human face, and thought of as a man.

Next in rank to the Sun was Thunder, the weather god, to whom the Incas prayed for rain. They imagined him a luminous man in the sky, forming part of a constellation. He produced thunder by cracking his sling, lightning by flashing his shining garments—the

lightning bolts were his slingstones. He drew water for rain from the Milky Way, the heavenly river.

"Mother Moon" was the wife of the Sun. Her movements helped in calculating time and in fixing the Inca festival calendar. An eclipse of the moon was believed to be caused by a serpent or mountain lion trying to devour her. To drive it away, the Indians made much noise and threatened with their weapons, as they still do.

The stars and constellations also had their duties. The Pleiades watched over the seeds; others, over flocks and wild animals and reptiles. Venus, the Morning Star, called the "shaggy," was a prominent mythological figure. Equally important were Pachamama, Earth Mother, and Cochamama, Mother of the Sea, to whom Indians still make offerings.

The Incas worshipped innumerable places called huacas—temples, tombs, hills, caves, springs, stones and places visited by their ancestors—to which they attributed supernatural powers. They believed in evil spirits, omens, carried amulets, practiced divination, and offered living sacrifices to their gods, usually llamas. On rare occasions, young children or Virgins of the Sun were sacrificed, their senses being first dulled with chicha.

The Incas celebrated brilliant fiestas in honor of their gods, especially the Sun, with music, songs, dances, games, food and drink, and invoked them in lofty and beautiful prayers:

O conquering Viracocha!
Ever-present Viracocha!
Thou who art without equal upon the earth!
Thou who art from the beginnings of the world until its end!
Thou gavest life and valor to men, saying,
"Let this be a man,"
And to the woman, saying,
"Let this be a woman."
Thou madest them and gave them being.
Watch over them that they may live in health and peace.
Thou who art in the highest heavens,
And among the clouds of the tempest,
Grant them long life

And accept this our sacrifice,
O Creator.

The Quechua language permits of the highest emotional and poetic expression and the Incas composed many narrative poems, ballads and songs, which were preserved orally together with myths, legends, historical events and romances, many of them recorded by the early Spanish chroniclers. The only system invented by the Incas for recording was by means of quipus, which were used for statistical purposes and brief messages. The quipu, or knot, consisted of a cord a few feet long, from which were suspended tightly twisted, vari-colored threads ending in a fringe. The colors expressed ideas and the knots numbers, so accurately that this system of statistics was perfect, and one chronicler claimed a record was kept down to the last pair of sandals in the empire.

The Incas had a fairly accurate calendar, which indicates they studied the heavens and knew something about astronomy, although they had no means of recording abstract learning. However, their plastic arts are still very much alive and splendid, and many designs reflect astronomical knowledge.

The art of the Incas expressed their character—practical, yet sensitive to beauty, form and color. Their edifices were built with smooth, mostly uncarved stones of various sizes, some weighing tons, fitted together so perfectly without cement that not even a thin knife blade could be inserted, and placed with rhythm and elegance. Inca pottery was symmetrically shaped, highly polished and painted in various colors—white and red on yellow, red, orange and white backgrounds and some black. Most designs were geometrical, but stylized flowers, birds and butterflies were also used. The Keros or drinking goblets of fine, highly polished wood were graceful in form and exquisitely painted with scenes from life. Inca weaving and metalworking reached high perfection, surpassing that of any other tribe or nation of the Americas. All the arts attained a high development under the Incas because of their wealth and advanced culture.

Everything went well with the Incas until 1527, when Inca Huayna Cápac died. Then his two sons, Huáscar and Atahuallpa, started a struggle for power and there followed a long civil war,

which ended in 1532 with the execution of Huáscar by Atahuallpa and of the latter by the Spaniards and the Conquest. The weakened condition of the empire gave the Spaniards a great advantage.

COLONIAL EPOCH

Peru was conquered by Francisco Pizarro with the help of his associate Diego de Almagro and a few hundred Spaniards. It was a herculean feat, but a series of favorable circumstances also contributed much to Pizarro's brilliant success. He had visited the North Coast of Peru a few years before, so had some knowledge of the country and its people, and had learned that the empire was being torn asunder by civil wars between two Inca princes for the right to succeed their father, Huayna Cápac. Also of great importance were the experiences of Cortés in his conquest of Mexico ten years earlier.

Pizarro, though an ignorant man, had the qualities of a leader, and his passionate lust for gold made him fearless. But the conquest of Peru seems unusually sordid, chiefly because of Pizarro's ugly character. Some writers delight in referring to him with such epithets as "bastard" and "swineherd." It is true Pizarro was both and that he remained illiterate until his death, but this need not have made him a man who never kept faith with anyone. Perhaps because of all the gold at stake in Peru, not only Pizarro but most of his followers were traitors to one another as well as to the Indians.

Imitating Cortés in Mexico, yet in a less gallant manner, the first bold act of Pizarro was to make a prisoner of the Inca Atahuallpa at their meeting in Cajamarca. At that time Atahuallpa still had his brother imprisoned, so that his undisputed power over the empire enabled him to fill a large room with gold, which the Spaniards agreed to accept as his ransom. But they did not keep faith with the Inca and killed him after a mock trial based on false charges. Not even the Spanish writers who have whitewashed the conquest condoned this treachery.

Prince Huáscar had been assassinated in prison before his brother's death, so Pizarro had Manco, a brave young noble of the Huáscar faction, named Emperor or Head Inca, and the Spaniards moved

on to Cuzco with him, thus taking possession of the Inca capital. When Inca Manco, also called Manco II, realized he was being used only as a puppet, he fled to the mountains and for some years gave the Spaniards much trouble.

Pizarro's forces were augmented with new arrivals. They went on winning battles against great odds, for they had learned from the Mexican conquest—some of Cortés' veterans were with Pizarro —and their own experience how to throw Indian armies into confusion with their horses, superior weapons and tactics. While some of the Spaniards were engaged in fighting, others were roving about the country to find suitable sites for settlements. Trujillo was founded in 1534, Lima in 1535, Arequipa and other towns soon afterward.

In spite of the successes of the conquerors, bitter feuds soon arose and they fought deadly battles among themselves. Pizarro wanted to grab everything for himself and his brothers. In 1538, he found an excuse to sentence the brave but equally treacherous and brutal Almagro to death. Three years later, Almagro's followers assassinated Pizarro in his Lima palace.

After Pizarro's death the feuds and battles for leadership and land continued. The young son of Almagro, and Gonzalo Pizarro, the last of the Conqueror's brothers to die, were captured in battles and executed by representatives of the Crown. The colonists had rebelled against the *Laws for the Indias,* an enlightened, humane code, which the Spanish monarchs had dispatched to the New World, after listening to the just Dominican Father Las Casas' protests against the brutal treatment of the Indians. The first viceroy was killed trying to put the laws into effect, but the second envoy managed to put the country in order.

By 1571, the severe, active Viceroy Francisco Toledo finished the job. He traveled all over the empire, formulated his famous Ordenanzas which especially affected the Indians, and helped to pacify them, and put the whole country under the government at Lima. In that epoch the last of the sons of Inca Manco, who had set up small independent kingdoms in the mountains around Cuzco, and their nobles, were wiped out. The huacas, or what was left of the Inca shrines and idols, were destroyed. The labor of converting the Indians and the building of magnificent churches was intensified.

For the convenience of collecting tribute, Indian communities,

ayllus or communidades, and small villages were established, to concentrate them and facilitate the seizure of their best lands. Although the laws for the colonies forbade enslavement, Indians who worked on haciendas were little better than slaves. Thus the Indian population was greatly reduced by battles, forced labor in mines and bad treatment. Some early chroniclers justified the conquest on the ground that the Indians had no freedom under the Incas. But the only effectual rights they had acquired under their new masters were to slave for them, for the church, and to drink all the liquor and chew all the coca they wanted. The Spaniards neglected the splendid Inca roads, agricultural canals and terraces, and animals. Everything constantly became worse for the Indians, who no longer had any security. On such brutal exploitation the Spaniards and Creoles grew rich and lived in luxury. The majority of the Spaniards believed that baptizing the Indians completed all their duties toward them as human beings.

There were many Indian uprisings, but no matter how far superior they were in numbers, they could never succeed against Spanish arms and tactics. The beliefs and customs of the Indians about warfare actually helped the Spaniards. When the Incas attacked at night, it was always during full moon when the enemy could see them, because they believed it to be the luckiest time; they consulted oracles before making important decisions; the soldiers would leave the army to take care of their fields.

The first Indian uprising on a large scale was that of the intrepid young Inca Manco, who attacked Cuzco in 1536 with a huge army. He set fire to the city and kept it under siege for months. The scant two hundred soldiers who defended it claimed they were saved by the appearance of the Virgin and Santiago on his white horse.

In 1780, the great rebel Tupac Amaru revolted against the Spanish authorities in the South Sierra with sixty thousand Indians. The Creoles, Mestizos and the church—many priests sympathized with the Indians—were respected. The Indians were defeated; captured Tupac Amaru was torn to pieces by horses on the Cuzco Plaza de Armas, after his wife had been brutally killed in his presence; all other captives were killed or severely punished, as in all Indian revolts down to recent times. However, the Spaniards took heed and altered some of their crueler measures, such as forcing the

Indians to buy silks, razor blades and other unwanted Spanish products. Other abuses were also curtailed.

During the seventeenth century, religious control was intensified and the entire country was converted into a church. The people had to kneel wherever they happened to be whenever the Sacred Host was lifted in the churches and at many other times. The Inquisition entered into its greatest activity. Many saints appeared, one representing each race—the white Santa Rosa de Lima, the mulatto Fray Martín de Porres, and the Indian Nicolás de Dios Ayllón. There were earthquakes and pirates but daily life went on, merciless, pagan, sensual, gay, ever more corrupt.

The eighteenth century saw some changes, though the life of the rich went on the same merry way and there were still earthquakes and pirates. But the pirates now smuggled in books and new ideas. Revolutionary French influence in customs and thought penetrated. The Creoles began to accept new ideas and to form university courses—instead of so much theology, the ideas of Descartes and Locke were introduced. A small group of Peruvian thinkers arose: Pedro Peralta, Barrionuevo Rocha ye Benavides; Lunarejo Medrano, in Cuzco. The environment for liberation from Spain was formed. But the actual liberators were foreigners—Generals José San Martín of Argentina, Simón Bolívar and Antonio Sucre of Venezuela.

INDEPENDENCE

After great battles by marching armies in the high Andes, independence from Spain was finally won and jubilantly declared in the great Plaza de Armas of Lima by General San Martín, July 28, 1821. Lofty and noble declarations were made by him and Bolívar in favor of the subjected classes—the Indians were no longer to be called Indians but Peruvians, their lands were to be protected, Negro slaves were to be freed. But this was a white man's revolution and nothing changed much for those of different color. Ill-treatment of the Indians continued, and the Negroes were not freed until 1855, by President Ramón Castilla, the great progressive leader of the nineteenth century.

Conditions in general and especially for the Indians did not im-

prove until about 1920, after the First World War, when Peru was becoming somewhat more modern, progressive and democratic.

One of the greatest forces responsible for those changes in behalf of the people was the rise of the Aprista movement in 1930, supported by the middle class, students, peasants, and the proletariat—the People's Party, as it came to be known. At the head of it was Victor Raul Haya de la Torre, of a good Trujillo family, who had been fighting for human rights in student bodies since the twenties. In 1923 he escaped from jail and came to Mexico City, where he was greatly admired for his ideals and brilliance in oratory, and beloved for his happy, jovial, friendly character. In 1932 there was an Apra revolt in Trujillo against Dictator Sanchez Cerro, who had overthrown Dictator Leguía and was using repressive methods against the Apristas. They lost, were persecuted, jailed, and some were killed. But some freedom was gained under President Benavides in 1933. Thus, from his student days, Haya de la Torre spent most of his time in jail or in hiding and his party worked underground. During the last days of President Prado, 1945, the Apra was declared legal and was thus able to participate in the presidential campaign. Largely through the efforts and votes of the Apristas, President José Luiz Bustamente y Rivero was elected. The Apra was the largest single party represented in both houses of congress. Its newspaper "La Tribuna" was free to publish Aprista news and propaganda. Apristas filled many important public offices. But they did not have much time. All the reactionary factions, and the Communists, let loose a barrage of propaganda against them, accusing their leaders of dishonesty and fascist methods. Some liberals also criticized Aprista tactics. Non-Aprista members of both houses stopped attending sessions, so congress could not meet. The president was on their side against the Apristas. The country was in a political turmoil. Then came the "Aprista uprising" in Callao in October. Apra leaders denied all knowledge of it, but Apristas took part. Thus the government had a reason for declaring the party illegal, seizing its properties, imprisoning its members, deporting some of them and removing those who held government positions. A few weeks later, the militarists took over the government and sent President Bustamante out of the country. With all its unfortunate

mistakes, liberal Peruvians consider this the most democratic government they had as yet had.

In the meantime, workers are becoming more conscious of their rights, and the Indians of the Sierra are slowly emerging. As a result of the work of liberal educators, jurists and Indianists, the laws passed in their favor are receiving more attention. More schools are being established and there is some improvement in education. More Indians and Cholos are attending higher schools of learning, speaking Spanish, and traveling. The vital energy of their ancestors will help them sooner or later to come into their own, as Peru becomes a better world for its oppressed classes and for its liberals who aspire to freedom of expression. In spite of the present unfortunate interlude, the inevitable trend is toward broader political and economic democracy, toward a modern and progressive Peru, in which the vast riches of the country will be properly developed for the prosperity of the nation as a whole and all its inhabitants.

Peru, situated on the west coast of South America, is bounded on the north by Ecuador, the northeast by Colombia, the east by Brazil, the southeast by Bolivia, the south by Chile, the west by the Pacific Ocean.

The country is divided into departments, consisting of provinces and districts. It is ruled by a president whose term is six years, a vice president, and a congress of deputies and senators. The government is centralized, the president appointing prefects, sub-prefects and other department officials.

During recent years, the government has made special efforts to encourage travel and attract tourists. Its Corporación Nacional de Turismo, head offices at No. 455 Colmena, Lima, has branches in important tourist centers, to furnish information, literature and help to plan trips. The government also has a chain of excellent, reasonably priced hotels throughout the country. These are named after the cities in which they are located but generally called "Hotel de Turistas."

Since Peru is below the equator, the seasons are reversed. The summer rainy season usually lasts from November into April. Summer and winter are cold in the Sierra.

Peru is connected with all its bordering countries by land transportation and by plane; with the United States by Grace Line and other steamers; the Panagra, Braniff and other airlines furnish rapid service in comfortable planes. In less than twenty-four hours they reach Peru from almost any point on the East and West Coasts. Major travel agencies, such as Cook's, American Express and others, run conducted, all-expense tours.

Part One
THE COASTAL WORLD

LIMA

THE RAINLESS Coast of Peru is chiefly desert—simply long stretches of sand and sky. To the west extends the Pacific and to the east tower the grim Andes, whose spurs form deep sandy depressions and mirages. Its sands are cut by the paved portion of the Pan American Highway, and its monotony and silence are broken by symphonies of brilliant colors in the barren, oxidized rocks, and the sky, by the ocean and its music. From a plane the sands look hard and crusted, the ocean darker and vaster, the snow-peaks of the Andes, rising from their dark pedestals above the clouds, whiter and grimmer.

Oases are formed by rivers flowing down from the sierra—gardens of tropical vegetation, with haciendas, villages, towns and cities. Midway on the Central Coast stands Lima, the romantic "City of the Kings," the elegant capital of Peru.

Nearly all travelers go to Lima first. I did likewise, and made it my headquarters during my sojourn in the country.

I left Mexico by plane on a clear Sunday morning, stopped over in Panama, and arrived in Lima the next day just before midnight —only sixteen hours of actual flying time! Mostly we flew over the ocean or above the clouds. I fell asleep and awoke to see two islands of light close together: the larger, Lima, the smaller, Callao, Lima's seaport.

The next morning I stepped out of the celebrated Hotel Bolivar, to find myself in a pleasant world of singing colors, of women in light summer dresses, of men in white suits, a world of warm noons and refreshing evenings.

The Hotel Bolivar is on the large Plaza de San Martín, with its handsome equestrian statue of the gallant Argentine General José San Martín, one of Peru's Independence heroes. This square is ringed by modern arcaded buildings, where folk sit in outdoor cafés at all hours of the day and night. Under the south arcades is the famous French café Chez Victor. The north-side cafés are haunted by newspapermen and their friends. On that side, too, is the elegant Círculo Militar, or Officers' Club, with its lounge and recreation rooms, bar and dining room, library and art collection. At one corner is the aristocratic Club Nacional and at the other The Phoenix, one of the leading British clubs of South America. Several of Lima's best movie palaces face this square. It is always alive.

Picturesque elements of this plaza as well as of others and central streets are the bootblacks and vendors of newspapers and lottery tickets. The bootblack is a "lustrador" or polisher and a shine is a "lustrada"; a newspaper boy, a "canillita" or a little shin bone. Vendors of lottery tickets are called "suerteros," derived from suerte or fortune. They are always offering "el último huachito"—the last piece for good luck.

Lima was founded by Pizarro in 1535, in the fertile Rimac Valley ". . . with a sky without hurricanes, rain or lightning, with the sweetness of unalterable spring, on a peaceful ocean . . . and green fields in which the most beautiful flowers open every hour and delicious fruit ripens." From the few families who settled there, it has grown into a modern city of eight hundred thousand. The city stands midway on the long strip of coastal desert, which stretches from the ocean beaches to the Andean foothills. High in the Andes, in the colossal Sierra dwells the bulk of Peru's population, mostly Indians. Still beyond to the east of the Andes extends the immense Montaña or jungle, with a few Indian tribes and "whites."

In the early days only Spaniards and Indians inhabited the valley of Lima and the Coast. Later Negro slaves were brought in, then came more Europeans, Chinese and Japanese. Most of the inhabitants of Lima are whites, descendants of Spaniards, known as criollos or creoles. But it is also a melting pot with a large percentage of Mestizos or Cholos (mixed white and Indian), a few Indians, Negroes, mulattos, Zambos (Negro and Indian), and a mixture of Europeans and Orientals. It is a composite of rich and poor, palaces

and hovels, but a community that has through the centuries blended into a harmonious whole, one of the most attractive, livable cities of South America.

I began exploring the city with a Limeño, in the old center laid out by Pizarro—the Plaza de Armas on the River Rimac. It is surrounded by stately white stone buildings, of which only the Cathedral and the Arcade of the Botoneros (Button-makers) are early Spanish. The colonial style has been retained in the more recent constructions—the Bishop's, Government and Municipal Palaces and the Arcade of the Scribes. The Government Palace, which is also the executive mansion, breaks the harmony of the plaza with its lawn and wrought iron fence, but the guards, in showy red and blue uniforms and metal headgear, lend a colorful note, reminiscent of colonial and feudal pomp (Plate 5).

The Cathedral, though damaged many times by earthquakes, still preserves its original lofty Gothic domes and Ionian pillars, gilded altars and chapels. Its exquisite wood-carved choir is one of the most beautiful works of art in the Americas. In its most luxurious chapel repose the remains of Pizarro in a sumptuous coffin. In the atrium stands an equestrian statue of him, presented by a United States sculptress. It does not seem to me that he is worthy of so much honor, but he did give the Limeños Lima; he even laid the cornerstone for his own tomb. In the President's Palace, located where Pizarro was assassinated, is a fig tree he himself planted. To eat its fruit is supposed to bring bad luck.

Time and again I returned to the Plaza de Armas, sat on a bench to watch the stream of life flowing through it, and tried to recreate its brilliant past. Today every bit of available space around the central garden is used for parking. In colonial days it was paved with silver bars for magnificent religious processions. Here were held bullfights. Here the victims of the Inquisition were burned.

During the colonial epoch, Lima was the queen of the South American cities, the most important politically, culturally, and commercially, fabulously rich and full of magnificent churches and convents. Life was extravagant and gay.

People came from all parts of Peru, from Spain and from all parts of the world to fill the Plaza de Armas, the principal market of the

city, with colorful costumes of the epoch. Limeños displayed their opulence in dress, their jewels, their carriages, and their slaves.

From the seventeenth century on, the plain adobe walls were eclipsed by pompous architecture, touched with light grace in ornamental details—carved wooden balconies, grilled windows, multicolored Spanish tiles. Interiors were enriched with gold, silver, brocades, paintings. The Arab-style balconies, the soft colors of the houses, the gentle climate created the impression of a Turkish city. The costumes of the women enhanced the Oriental impression—the beautiful odalisks, and the tapadas (women who cover their faces in harem fashion). In colonial times the dress of the Creole woman or Limeña consisted of a long pleated skirt of heavy material, a dainty blouse, a bodice and a shawl that covered the head and face, leaving only one eye exposed. She held her shawl gracefully in place with the right hand, covered with jewels. The typical Limeña was, and is, small of stature, slender, dark, pretty, graceful, and gay. Her wit was compared to the sting of a wasp and her brilliance in dress and exaggerated love of flowers and perfumes to that of a hummingbird. Enveloped in mystery, her full face never seen in public, she was almost as much an odalisk as a Turkish woman. The tapadas lasted until about the end of the nineteenth century. The modern Limeñas inherit their beauty, charm and flare for dress from the tapadas.

During fiestas even today the Plaza de Armas takes on something of its old-time picturesque character. For the Independence Day celebrations, July 28-29, the sierra Indians and Cholos come down to sell their folk arts—the famous pottery bulls from Pucará, toys from Ayacucho, gourds from Huancayo and textiles from everywhere. For carnivals there are vendors of confetti, serpentine, papier-maché masks and figures, chisguetes (sprinklers) filled with ether. Every holiday has its special features, and there are always stands of food, drinks, and sweets. The Limeños are inordinately fond of sweets and are often nicknamed "Limeños Mazamorreros," after their favorite mazamorra, a dessert made of sweet-potato flour, purple corn, fruit and sugar.

One Sunday I was invited to a luncheon given by the Peruvian-American Cultural Institute. We drove out through the old Plaza de Armas, across the massive colonial bridge over the Rimac to the old part of the city, called "Debajo del Puente" (below the bridge)

to a sport club in the open country. The menu consisted chiefly of Creole dishes—savory anticuchos, pieces of heart of beef en brochette, popular everywhere in Peru; Peruvian style rice and duck, and chicha morada, a soft drink of purple corn.

The dances after lunch were also Creole, the music furnished by Zambos who sing to the accompaniment of guitars. Polkas and old-fashioned waltzes are still popular. Some Peruvian couples danced marineras and huaynos. The marinera, typical of the whole coast, is a stylized version of an old sensuous Negro dance. It is a courtship dance in three parts in which both the man and woman hold handkerchiefs, moving their arms gracefully to the music. In the first part the woman flirtatiously avoids her partner; in the second, he has conquered and they dance together; in the third, called "Resbaloso" (slippery) the music is in a faster, gayer tempo. The version of the huayno which the whites dance is really the sierra Indian folk dance par excellence. It is also stylized and danced with handkerchiefs, but the music is in the pentatonic scale. It begins slowly, warms into a zapateado (heel and toe clog) and also becomes faster and gayer in the "Remate" or end. For the last part of both dances the spectators clap hands in gay Spanish fashion.

Lima has many attractions—theaters, movies, concerts, bullfights, cock-fights, horse races, polo, golf, tennis, ocean bathing, first-class hotels and restaurants.

Good eating is by no means the least of Lima's pleasures. Desayuno (breakfast) is a simple affair, at any hour, but almuerzo (lunch) takes on a social character. It begins about one o'clock with drinks and continues for hours. Five P.M. is tea time. In inexpensive tearooms it is called lonche (lunch), in high class places, té. The tea hour in the lobby of the Bolívar has become famous through the years. The meeting place for the smartest dressed Limeñas, some wits have maliciously called it the "Snake Pit."

After tea, people go to the early theater functions, called "Vermouth." This is followed by more drinks, dinner and dancing.

Although food is good at the Bolívar, Crillon and Country Club Hotels, the place I enjoyed most was the old Mawry. In its dining room hang huge mirrors in gilded frames and it is lighted with crystal chandeliers. Here Creole, French and Italian dishes are excellent. At the inexpensive Trocadero food has a homey taste and

the chupes—rich, thick creole soups with meat, rice, beans, potatoes and everything the pot will hold—are delicious. The Patio, frequented by actors, bull-fighters and other picturesque types, is also inexpensive and open nearly all night. The Chinese restaurants, called Chifas, are popular. Their open kitchens are very clean. For eating and dancing both the Bolivar Grill and Embassy are enjoyable, but the Cabaña in the Park is more typically Peruvian.

The Lima aristocracy has its own swank private clubs, like the Unión and Nacional, with restaurants, game-rooms, and all the usual comforts. But those are for men only; women are invited only on special occasions.

The other social classes also have their own private clubs. One of my most pleasant evenings was spent at a Zambo club. We ate rice and lentils, had drinks and danced to gay Creole music, and a popular radio singer sang and danced a stage marinera in honor of "the visitor from Mexico."

Shopping is also an important and pleasant pastime. On the five short blocks of the narrow, friendly Jirón de la Unión, that run between the Plaza de Armas and the Plaza de San Martín, one can find everything to satisfy the material and spiritual wants of man—groceries, sweets, bread, pastry, drugs, clothes, shoes, silver jewelry and tableware, folk arts, books, music. On one corner, opposite a large bank, stands the fashionable church of La Merced. There are also movies, restaurants, tearooms and bars. Young "wolves" who work in offices or do not have to work, in fact, men of all ages and stations, frequent those places after working hours or stand on the corners to watch or catch feminine prey. The street is animated from early morning until late at night.

Other attractive shops are found elsewhere in the city and in the suburbs. In Miraflores is a distinguished one—an experiment in the folk arts, a project of the Inter-American Development Commission, conducted by Truman E. Bailey. He and his assistant Sra. Grace V. de Escardo investigated ancient techniques in weaving, dyes, wood polishing, silver, and other crafts, and employed Indian craftsmen to revive and apply them to objects of modern utility. Among the numerous ones for sale are handsome silver tableware and jewelry, rugs, polished wooden dishes, pottery and toys. Before I left Peru,

Mr. Bailey began conditioning an old hacienda building in Cuzco for a school, workshop and store of the folk arts.

I was in Lima five times between trips, always returning to the Bolívar, even after the swank new Crillón was opened, for the high-ceilinged rooms and outmoded decorations of the old hotel have atmosphere. I always took a room on the sixth floor, on the same side of the building with a view of the Cerro (Hill) of San Cristobal with its electric-lighted cross.

I came to know the city at all seasons of the year and to feel at home there. It is always beautifully green and blooming, but during the winter months, June, July and August, there is no sun. The skies are dull and most of the time a heavy mist, called garúa, wets the sidewalks and chills the bones. But in less than an hour, by riding out to Los Angeles or Chosica, one can bask in sunshine.

Among the most helpful in showing me the city was the young philosopher Augusto Salazar Bondy, who was the first to take me around the old Plaza de Armas. One day he pointed at an imposing-looking building. "The Palace of Justice," he said. "How elegant!" I exclaimed. "And how is the justice?" "Elegant, too," he answered, with that knowing little smile of his. Sebastián, his brother, completely different in character and looks, is tall, lanky, very nervous. He had just received a prize for a play and wanted to work in the theater. Both brothers were so friendly to me that I called them "mis hermanos peruanos" (my Peruvian brothers). Their mother, too, was charming and hospitable.

On occasions I was entertained by members of the old aristocracy. Their homes are elegantly furnished, their hospitality impeccable. They are cultured and charming, speak English and French, and know more about foreign countries than their own.

Another family with whom I made friends was that of Col. Carlos Samuel Leyva. He is now an old man but still gallant and keenly interested in the life around him. I was introduced to the Leyvas by Blanca, one of his daughters, married to the writer Carleton Beals and now living in the United States. My special friend was Aurora, one of the younger daughters, who helped me in so many ways that we called her my "secretary." She is pretty, a typical descendant of the legendary Limeñas of long ago. Of the ten children,

two of the sons are army officers, and two are in business. One daughter, with four children, is married to a poet and paints a bit, but none of the four unmarried sisters works, except the oldest, who teaches part time. They belong to the class of women which has not yet crossed the border line of modern independent life. But there is a small group of women, some of them of well-to-do families, who, already emancipated from the seraglio tradition, are studying in the universities and entering the professions. Some have achieved distinction in writing and painting.

The girls who can afford not to work always have servants, so they devote all their time to feminine pursuits—making themselves attractive, playing the piano, embroidering, sewing and attending church. One of them complained to me one day about the order of the Archbishop, forbidding girls to appear in church in short-sleeved dresses or without stockings. "What are you and your friends doing about it?" I asked her. "Oh, we simply don't go to Mass during the hot weather."

Not all Peruvian women of the leisure class are idle. I met some in the Sierra who were taking charge of their ranches while their brothers were playing around in Lima. Others who appear to be doing nothing own paying businesses.

Poor women, in addition to having children and keeping house, work at everything. The Cholas monopolize the markets all over the country, even butchering. They also help their men to fight revolutions, following them as "Rabonas," to take care of all their needs. Indian women work at home, in the fields, sell in the markets. In the mountains they are constantly spinning when their hands are not occupied in other tasks. They spin as they walk along the highways, while they sit in the market places, while they watch their cattle. Their hands are never idle.

At the studios of José Sabogal, Peru's leading modern artist, and Julia Codesido, also a well known painter, I met people of all social classes and intellectuals representing all the professions and political hues. Many, like Sabogal, came originally from the provinces, but are now part of the life of Lima, the only center in Peru, except to some extent Arequipa and Cuzco, where there are possibilities for progressive movements in art, science, literature, and architecture.

Although small, in recent years these movements have become significant.

The changes in Lima's physical appearance also show many modern tendencies. The old Lima has narrow streets, fine colonial houses, mansions, churches and convents. The Lima that followed Independence lost its architectural roots and imported florid European styles. Modern Lima has pleasing Neo-Peruvian architecture, a combination of the ancient, colonial, and the best of the new styles. Wide tree-lined boulevards (Plate 15) with magnificent new chalets and apartment houses, run from the city through the suburbs to end in the ocean. It is a combination of the three Limas that makes it unique and invests it with elegance.

In spite of many earthquakes during the centuries—the last in 1940—Lima's colonial architecture is well preserved through intelligent, skillful reconstructions. The most interesting churches and convents date from the seventeenth century, with rich baroque and churrigueresque ornamentation, gilded altars and carved choirs. San Francisco is the most pleasing because of its greater simplicity and loftiness. The famous adjoining monastery forms a charming little plazuela with the church. Women are not permitted to enter, but an old acquaintance, the Mexican Franciscan José Guadalupe Mojica, told me it was permissible to look through one of the connecting doors from the church. The patio has handsome arches, tile mosaics, sculptures, carvings, oil paintings in heavy gilded frames hanging on the corridor walls, a fountain, garden, and a stately stairway leading to the upper story—the richest, most elegant religious retreat in Lima, perhaps in all the Americas.

Before entering his order, Friar Mojica was a famous opera singer. The last time I saw him, some ten years ago, was in his home in San Miguel Allende, Mexico, when he was at the height of his popularity in the movies as well as on the stage. Although he had an altar and images and pictures of saints in his home, he led a normal social life. But he gave up his worldly success and became a friar, and now is one of the most popular and beloved Franciscans in Peru.

The church of Santo Domingo has the most human appeal because it is the shrine of the beloved Santa Rosa de Lima, patroness

of Peru and the Americas. She was born in Lima in 1586. Her father, Gaspar Flores, was a poor Spanish adventurer, her mother, María Oliva, a pretty, intelligent Limeña. The third of eleven children, whom she helped to support, she was the object of miracles and able to perform them. She was named Isabel but from the age of three on was called Rosa because one night, when asleep, her face took the form of a rose. The rosemary she planted in her garden grew into crosses. She caused the first roses to grow in Lima and their petals to rain over the city. She even taught the mosquitoes to stop stinging and to buzz hymns of praise to the Lord.

During her short existence of thirty-one years, and long afterward, life in Lima was sensuous and cruel. Not even the ravages of frequent, terrific earthquakes interrupted its gaiety for any length of time. Every few days extravagant fiestas were celebrated. The flogging of Negro slaves or the burning of victims of the Inquisition were considered amusements. As she grew up, Rosa suffered because of the corruption about her and began a life of penance for the sins of others. With the help of one of her brothers, she built a little adobe hut in her garden, where she reposed on knotted logs, which she covered with burning coals and broken bits of pottery in order to keep from sleeping. After she donned the habit of the Third Dominican Order, she wore under her hood a silver crown with ninety-nine thorns in memory of the thirty-three years of the life of Christ; also a haircloth shirt, padlocked to her body with a rough chain, the key of which she threw into the well of her garden.

She was pretty and had offers of marriage, but to the grief of her mother would accept none. She wanted only to be the wife of the Lord, whose voice she heard proposing it in prayer. When she was about to become a nun, her feet became so heavy on the way to the convent that she took it as a sign that she should live outside. She spent all the free time at her disposal in caring for the poor and the sick. Even before she died, she was considered a saint, and the fact that a band of pirates threatening to take the city did not do so was attributed to her prayers.

After her death she was canonized and on the thirtieth of August fiestas are celebrated in her honor everywhere in Peru, in other South American countries, and wherever there is an official representative of the Peruvian government.

Her remains are in the church of Santo Domingo and her garden, with its adobe hut and well, has been incorporated into the convent as a shrine. Pilgrims come there constantly to throw flowers and little notes with prayers and requests into the well.

I did not try to visit all of the numerous churches in Lima and saw only a few of the old casonas or mansions, now mostly occupied by schools or public offices. Three of these are typical of styles and epochs. The oldest, dating from the sixteenth century, is the Casa de Pilatos (House of Pilate), which seems to have derived its name from its resemblance to the one in Córdoba, Spain. Though it has suffered from earthquakes, it preserves its handsome two-story, sculptured door frame and monumental stone stairway.

The Torre-Tagle Palace, now housing the offices of the Ministry of Foreign Relations, remains intact since the seventeenth century (Plate 6). This two-storied edifice is believed to have been possessed of some magic, for it has withstood the worst earthquakes, and is considered Lima's most precious architectural gem. On either side of its typical rectangular baroque door frame, reaching from the top to the bottom of the building, are finely carved Moorish wooden balconies. The entrance leads into a patio with arches, multi-colored tile mosaics, sculptures, stone stairways. The walls of the luxurious salons on the second floor are covered with silks, brocades, paintings, and mirrors in carved gilded frames. Ceilings, carved doors, and floors are made of cedar. It was and is an imposing display of elegance and good taste, and the modern typewriters seem almost a sacrilege.

The facade shield of this palace bears the legend: "Tagle se llamó el que la sierpe mató y con la infanta casó—(Tagle was the name of the one who killed the serpent and married the Infanta)—a brave boast regarding the valiant caliber of the Tagles. When en route to Cuzco by plane, I met one of the descendants of this family, who was born in the Palace. We found that Julia Codesido was a mutual friend, and he told me to mention to her that I had met "El huevo de pato" (The Duck's Egg)—the strange egg which a hen sometimes hatches—an expression applied to any person different from the rest of the family. Though a charming, cultured person, he was indeed quite different from his aristocratic clan, for he liked modern art, and he visited Indian Cuzco as frequently as possible.

The third typical colonial mansion, Quinta Presa, I saw with a young Lima lawyer whom I met in Cuzco, a place he, also, loves to visit. We had mutual friends among the modern artists. A gracious host, he showed me the less obvious Lima. The Quinta Presa, located "Debajo del puente" (below the bridge), across the Rimac, dates from the second half of the eighteenth century, the period of French influence, and is usually called the Palace of the Perricholi, after Lima's favorite actress and famous mistress.

Fate plays strange tricks. Besides Holy Santa Rosa, the Limeña who has lived most vividly in the imagination of the people and has been immortalized by writers of all kinds was not of a wealthy aristocratic family, but a Chola of humble birth from the Sierra, celebrated for her mundane life and tagged by the violently jealous viceroy with the nickname Perricholi, "Chola Bitch" (perra, bitch; choli, chola).

Micaela came to Lima from Huánuco at the age of five. At twenty, she was a dark, pretty, vivacious spitfire and the best actress of her time. That was in 1754, when Don Manuel de Amat, the sixty-year-old viceroy, came to Lima, fell in love with her and made her his mistress. He brought French customs into his court, and it pleased him to shock the local aristocracy by flaunting his mistress publicly and to build palaces for her.

The lower part of the Quinta Presa has been turned into a barracks and when we arrived there, late in the afternoon, the soldiers were drilling to the music of a military band. We walked up a graceful open stairway to the second floor, which has been converted into a museum, all the rooms being furnished in the style of the epoch. The rear veranda, overlooking a lovely garden, affords a splendid view of the green open country and the desert hills beyond. My companion pointed out the garden lanes where the viceroy and his mistress used to walk, the arbor where they would sit at sunset and the place where the Perricholi bathed in the sun, while the viceroy had joy in looking at her firm young body. Then he added, "But this is only legend. Actually the house in which she lived was a larger, better one, and has been destroyed by earthquakes."

There are many stories about the Perricholi. Once when she was on her way home alone in her carriage, she passed a humble priest

hastening to give the last sacrament to a dying person. Touched by the contrast between her own ostentation and the poverty of the man of God, she made him take her place while she followed on foot, sweeping the dust with her rich gown. Later, not wishing to profane the carriage after it had been sanctified by the presence of the "Body of Christ," she made a present of it with the four mules, groom and livery to the church of San Lázaro, from which the priest came. This carriage is now in the Quinta Presa.

Stories conflict as to how the Perricholi ended her days. According to one, after her lover left Lima, she married, had children and led a middle-class existence. But Thornton Wilder in his famous novel, *The Bridge of San Luis Rey,* gives her a more fitting end. Her beauty was so disfigured by smallpox she would let no one see her, not even the viceroy, and after their little son went down with the bridge, she entered a convent.

Viceroy Amat returned to Spain after sixteen years in Lima and at the age of seventy-six married a Spanish noblewoman. He was responsible for construction of churches and palaces in Lima, but his name would have been forgotten long ago had it not been linked with that of the Chola Bitch.

I returned a number of times "Debajo del Puente," for this section of the city is alive with picturesque ghosts of the past and interesting types of the present. I walked the now deserted Paseo de los Descalzos (Promenade of the Barefoot Monks), surrounded by a heavy wrought iron fence, near the monastery after which it is named. For centuries this was the haunt of Lima's aristocracy—the men in velvets, laces, cape and sword, and the tapadas in their elegant carriages—a place for serious and light intrigues.

In Debajo del Puente is also the incompleted Paseo de los Aguas (Promenade of the Waters), started by the Viceroy Amat so that the Perricholi might have another palace near pleasant gardens. It has been made into a park with arches and a fountain.

One Sunday I ate good Creole food over there with a young Haitian engineer, two of his Zambo friends, and a pretty girl from the United States. Afterward we walked through the picturesque Malambo district, where Negroes and Zambos have lived since the conquest. Here are many inexpensive popular restaurants and candy shops.

Clustering around the foot of San Cristobal Hill, also "below the bridge," live the most indigent in shacks of tin, soap boxes or adobe. The rogues and vagabonds have their own barrio (ward), called Canto de Gallo (Cock's Crow). Formerly they used to fight their duels with knives, bolts or wedges on a place called the Montón (heap), but their territory has been invaded by a new workers' colony.

Near here in olden times was the Cercado (fenced-in place), where Indians lived inside a wall as in a ghetto. Today one sees few Indians in the city.

Popular life may also be observed in the big market a few blocks away from the Plaza de Armas, with its variety of foods, herbs and other goods, surrounded by small, cheap shops, many owned by Orientals. The wide Avenida Manco in the workers' colony Victoria, with its hole-in-the-wall restaurants and drinking places, also has much that is typically Peruvian. Here is a statue of Manco Cápac, the first great Inca, which seems to have been placed where it would be most appreciated. This is a preferred quarter for folk who have come from Arequipa and here one can eat the spicy foods of the Sierra and drink chicha, the fermented corn beer, popular in Peru long before the coming of the white man.

The interesting places to roam about in Lima are endless. Besides churches, palaces, and plazas, there are a number of good museums. During my first day in Lima I went to the Museo Nacional de Historia and visited it again frequently because of the many friends there, particularly Dr. Luis E. Valcárcel, whom I had met in Mexico and who heads the institution. Historian and educator, author of scientific works on archeology and of one of the fine classics on the Indians of Peru, he has done much to encourage research in anthropology and to promote international cultural relations. His reputation is world-wide and he has been decorated by the Mexican government with the Aguila Azteca (Aztec Eagle) and by the French with the Legion of Honor.

José Sabogal, my good friend and Peru's outstanding painter, was head of the Instituto de Arte Peruano, which is a department of this museum. He hails from the North Sierra, where Incan Emperor Atahuallpa was killed by Pizarro, and many of his finest paintings are scenes of the people from that region. Working with him

is a group of modern artists, the most famous and talented being Julia Codesido, whom I had met in Mexico in 1935, and Camilo Blas. Aside from my pleasure in visiting with them all, there I learned much about the folk arts, for the museum houses many of the best examples from all parts of the country.

As often as possible I also visited the Archeological Museum in Magdalena Vieja, the old Magdalena suburb. In this museum are old sculptures, an entire salon of Paracas textiles with the mummies they cover, preserved in all their original brilliance, and thousands of huacos (ceremonial pottery vessels) from all regions of the country.

Next door to this museum, in the mansion once occupied by both the Independence Generals Simón Bolívar and José San Martín, is another museum with objects pertaining to that early historical epoch. On the same little plaza stands a small colonial church, one of the finest architecturally in Lima, its interior rich with gold.

I always enjoyed the ride through the Balnearios, as the suburbs and bathing resorts on the ocean are called. The drive along the coastal highway is beautiful at all hours, especially when the city lights form a circle of gold around the beaches.

Sometimes we would leave the city through the stately "ambassadorial" Avenida Arequipa—almost all the homes of the ambassadors are on it. Not far out is San Isidro, once an immense hacienda, now a fashionable suburb, still preserving its old olive grove, then Miraflores and other points, with gardens, plazas, beaches, and ocean everywhere.

One afternoon a Peruvian friend drove me to Callao. This port city, though it has several excellent sea-food restaurants, suffers from being too near Lima. Everyone who can afford it lives there so there is little attractive about it, except the ocean with its sea vessels and small fishing craft in the harbor and a good beach for rough sea bathing. The colonial Fort of San Felipe, used as a modern barracks, still is reminiscent of the days when pirates were a constant menace to the gay life of Lima.

We visited the Parish church housing the Señor del Mar (the Lord of the Sea), an image which washed ashore during the terrible earthquake in 1746. He wears rich, embroidered velvet and sits on a solid silver chair. He is very miraculous, especially against

storms. Whenever he is taken out to the fishermen's wharf, the waters fill up with fish at once. The procession in his honor, on October 18th, although on the same day as that of the Señor de los Milagros (Lord of the Miracles) in Lima, is well attended.

My friend knew where to find what interested me, so that same day we went to visit the image of San Pedro, patron of the fishermen of Chorillos. Every June 29th the fishermen take San Pedro out in procession on the ocean. He carries his silver keys and his robe is adorned with silver fish. While the boats move slowly to military music, the mayordomos (men in charge of the fiesta) are fishing and their catch that day goes to adorn the saint's litter. The Peruvian Navy sends out boats to salute the saint with twenty-one salvoes.

Friends drove me some twenty miles south along the coast to the archeological remains of the pre-Inca shrine of Pachacamac, the "Maker of All Things," more generally called Viracocha, a site once famous for its oracles. In pre-Spanish days it was the chief metropolis of this part of the coast and was surrounded by many villages. When the Incas conquered the region in the fifteenth century, they did not destroy the temple but built another to the Sun near it, and other new buildings were put up around the old ones. But the oracles of Pachacamac maintained their prestige and influence. From one of them called Rimac, meaning in Quechua "One who speaks," the Spaniards derived the word Lima. At the time of the conquest, this temple was brilliantly painted and rich in gold and gems. Now there is nothing left of its former glory, only an excavated Inca wall, one room and a swimming pool. The temple, little more than a sand hill, affords a superb view of the country, the adjacent cotton fields and the ever restless sea.

The beach, cluttered with shacks selling drinks, offers an opportunity for a good swim. Nearby rocks are covered with those stately black and white birds, the guanos, that have produced so much wealth for Peru in the form of fertilizer.

I visited the fortress of Paramonga, also a pre-Inca ruin (north of Lima, about sixty miles along the coast), impressive with its series of terraces and massive towers, from which magnificent views of desert and ocean may be had.

My happiest stay in Lima was during the latter part of May, before the winter mists, when the sun was still shining. In one week

I gave three talks in Spanish in the University of San Marcos, a trying ordeal, but it was exciting to be taking an active part in the work of the oldest university on American soil, one which has enjoyed so much fame and prestige. It is now housed in a convent building and the lecture hall has seats running along the walls in amphitheater fashion, so your audience does not face you. The atmosphere is informal. Students come and stand in the doorway, listen a while, then either walk away or come in to sit down.

May 25th was my biggest day in Peru, Because of my book, *A Treasury of Mexican Folkways,* and my twenty-five years of study and work in Mexico, I had been awarded the Aguila Azteca by the Mexican government and my decoration was sent on to the Mexican Embassy in Lima. Charge-de-Affaires Dr. Jesús Flores Aguirre gave it to me at a noon champagne cocktail party to which were invited over a hundred guests. I found myself surrounded by distinguished persons, Peruvians representing every field of intellectual activity and Latin American and United States diplomats. When, after a short talk, Dr. Flores Aguirre pinned my decoration on me, I was in such an emotional daze I did not remember a word I said in accepting the high honor, and I found out the next day by reading it in the newspaper:

"When Frances Toor, in brief but touching words, expressed her thanks for the homage rendered her, she said it had added meaning to have received it on Peruvian soil, a land that has so much in common with the country that had honored her and for which she has so much devotion; the two countries have similar cultures and are alike in many respects. Her words were affectionately applauded."

My last stay in Lima was in October—springtime when the sun begins to break through the winter clouds; the purple month, when jacaranda trees bloom and the devotees of the Señor de los Milagros (Lord of the Miracles) wear purple in his honor—men purple bands, the women purple dresses in the style of a robe with a white cord around the waist.

The devotion to the Señor de los Milagros began with the earthquakes of the seventeenth century. A nameless Negro artist painted an image of Christ on an adobe wall, where the brotherhood he belonged to had their meetings. In 1655, when an earthquake demolished all the buildings of that neighborhood, only this wall with

the image remained standing. Again in October, 1687, the quakes destroyed almost the entire city and over a thousand lives were lost. The Señor de los Milagros was taken out in procession on three consecutive days, followed by hysterical mobs, screaming, confessing their sins, and flagellating themselves. And the earth stopped shaking! Ever since then two processions are held every October, the first lasting two days, the second, one.

The original piece of wall with the painting on it is now housed in the small church of Las Nazarenas in the center of the city, constructed by the Viceroy Amat in the French style of a "petit hotel." A copy of the painting has been made for the processions, and is kept in a small adjacent chapel. Before the processions it is brought into the church. On that occasion, distinguished guests in Lima—perhaps some visiting bullfighter—are honored by invitations to help carry the litter.

The Señor de los Milagros is not only miraculous against earthquakes but in every other way. All around him in the church and on his litter hang ex-votos of gold and silver, attesting to his miracles —bodies restored to health, eyes to sight, ears to hearing, useless legs to motion. Thus the devout of all social classes and colors, who have brought him the testimony of their gratitude, show it even more tangibly by wearing purple during the month of October, the color of the Negro brotherhood that still claims the right to be the mayordomos, or the fiesta makers, taking care of everything and spending money on the processions.

From the first of the month on, the church is filled with flowers and huge candles, adorned with purple ribbons and purple stamps with the image of the Señor on them. Stands are set up outside to sell candles, amulets, food and drinks. The drinks are generally the unfermented chicha morada of purple corn or chicha de maní (peanuts); food, anticuchos and many sweets, including the delectable "turrón de doña Pepa," a rich cake of almond paste filled with fruit and nuts, probably called Doña Pepa because she invented it in honor of the Señor. It is available in pastry shops during the entire month.

On the ninth of October begins the Novena, nine days of daily services in the church, and the first procession takes place on the eighteenth. The Negro Brotherhood and their women come first, surrounding the litter, wearing purple, carrying lighted candles and

censers. Some walk backward in order not to turn their backs to the Señor. The men hotly dispute the honor of carrying the litter, a very heavy and handsome one of an alloy of gold and silver repoussé. Thousands of men, women, and children follow—rich and poor, white and Mestizo, Negro and Zambo, Indian and Cholo, and Orientals, all barriers of color and caste forgotten as they unite in singing special chants and prayers.

The procession moves slowly for miles. It stops at churches and institutions to leave flowers showered on the litter from balconies, as the people say, "The Señor Our Lord stops to lunch, to dine and to sleep," and does not return until the following evening to "sleep at home." When the procession reaches the Plaza de Armas, the president comes out on his balcony and remains kneeling until the image passes. A president who failed to show this respect to the Señor de los Milagros would be as unpopular as if he failed to attend bullfights.

The second procession, in which more society people take part, is on the twenty-eighth. Less frequented, it returns the same day. But all three processions are extraordinary for their magnitude, the variety of people, and their Spanish-Negro-pagan characteristics. Such is Lima's most frenzied religious month, purple October.

Lima has three distinguishing colors during the year, José Sabogal told me: green for Holy Week, yellow for the fiesta of San Juan, June 24, which is celebrated on the hills of Amancay, near Lima, where the people pick the yellow wild flowers then in bloom, and purple in October.

But that holy October of 1948, red was added—the blood that was spilled in the uprising of the Navy at Callao, on Saturday at midnight of the second. The following morning, the telephones were not working and there were no newspapers. On my way to lunch, I heard that the army had the situation in hand, though not all the belligerents had surrendered. When I returned to the hotel later in the afternoon, I had to enter through a side street because the plaza was surrounded by soldiers.

Everything was changed. Martial law was declared. Army trucks filled with soldiers raced through the streets. At night cavalry stood in front of the hotel. Fighting did not last long but many were killed and prisons were being filled. It was the death knell of an unsuccess-

ful attempt at democracy. The air was filled with gloom, fear, bitterness.

Less than a month later the elected government was overturned, without bloodshed, but Peru was definitely in the iron grip of militarism.

Before I left Peru that fatal October, my brother Herbert from Los Angeles joined me in Lima and invited me on a tourist jaunt to some other outstanding South American cities. We flew to Santiago de Chile, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Rio de Janeiro, Belem and so on. But no other city in all South America compares with Lima in interest and elegance.

Lima is also haughty and vain. For four hundred years it has stood in proud isolation on the edge of the ocean, looking away from the country of which it is the capital—at first toward Spain, then France, Italy, and other countries. The inhabitants have always been predominantly white, black and yellow, and the leading Limeños have looked upon the millions of Indians in the Sierra with insolent disdain.

During recent decades a great change has taken place. There is an ever-growing group of liberal intellectuals working in the interest of the Indians. With new means of transportation, more Limeños are traveling to the Sierra, more Indians and Cholos coming to the capital. Lima is beginning to take on a friendlier, more human attitude. In spite of recent military events, it is becoming a more democratic Lima, a more truly Peruvian city, made up of all kinds of people of all Peru.

NORTH COAST

The wide North Coast with its large rich green valleys, watered by sierra rivers and Inca canals, its ancient cities with their brilliantly decorated temples filled with gold, silver, and precious gems, was the part of Peru first visited by Pizarro and his companions in 1528. During the conquest, they sacked and destroyed the Indian cities and temples and established the first Spanish settlement on their ruins.

The North Coast plantations are so vast that one, beginning near Trujillo and ending in the jungle, is said to be larger than Belgium.

The principal crops are sugar, cotton and rice. Wages are low and workers, living on the hacienda, are subject to paternal administrations.

The cities are comparatively large and modern, yet rural and Peruvian because of their constant intercourse with Indian villages.

The Indians, perhaps descendants of the Mochicas, speak Spanish and are more progressive than those of the Sierra, though they still preserve ancient techniques, foods, customs. They believe in omens, witchcraft, magic, miracles, love fiestas, music, dancing, plenty of food and ritual drink.

The climate is similar to that of Lima, with its gray winter garúa, but more sunshine. The last time it rained was in 1925. The rains lasted for about a week and did much damage, especially to the adobe archeological ruins, the largest and most interesting of the entire Coast.

CHICLAYO AND SURROUNDING PLACES

I went north after the middle of April, expecting to attend fiestas during the first half of May. The Day of the Holy Cross, May third, I found myself in the small port of Eten for the fiesta of the Cruz de Mayo (Cross of May). It had begun the previous evening with church services, fireworks and dancing on the plaza. That morning the usual procession took place, during which the cross was returned to its rustic chapel on a sand hill near the sea.

While the procession was being organized, I walked up to the chapel, where the mayordomos (the men who prepare and pay for everything) and their wives were leisurely adorning an arch with fruit and flowers. I chatted with them for quite a while, and as there was no sign of the procession yet, I walked down to the shore. Leaning against some sailboats were several caballitos del mar (little sea-horses) made of totora reeds, primitive little fishing craft, used by the Indians of the North Coast. Two youthful fishermen, in fresh white suits, told me about the caballitos. The totora is prepared and tied into cigar-shaped bundles, the pointed ends forming the bow and the stern, in which is a cockpit that accommodates one person, nets and the catch (Plate 18). The fisherman either sits or

kneels and propels his "little horse" with a double paddle of split Guayaquil cane, managed with both hands. Several youngsters bragged that they rode the little sea horses and were "not afraid of high waves."

Several hours passed pleasantly in the hot sunshine, tempered by the ocean breeze. I wondered what had become of the procession, for it had taken me less than ten minutes to walk from the church to where I was. Then I learned the reason for the delay. In order not to hurry the procession, the bearers of the litter take three steps forward, receding two.

The cross, carried in a Gothic niche of dark polished wood, had a silver crown on top and two wide silk bands hanging over the arms to form a robe. These and the litter were hung with heavy silver ex-votos in the form of bodies, hearts, arms, legs, and fish in gratitude for the miracles performed by the cross.

The litter was carried by well dressed young people, in turns, four girls in front and four young men in back, who seemed to be dancing as they moved to the rhythm of the music.

The inhabitants of the port are Cholo fisher-folk, dock workers and some whites. All wore modern clothes, yet it was easy to recognize the different social classes. The Cholos were represented in the procession by a group of musicians playing quenas (reed flutes) and drums; the whites by a brass band. All played the same slow processional tune, which sounded like a stylized, primitive sierra huayno (dance). On the streets where the fishermen lived stood colorfully adorned arches, and as the litter passed under them, a nube or cloud in the form of a small balloon opened and showered it with confetti, flowers, and sometimes papers on which were written verses to the Cross. Occasionally from one nube or another a white dove came forth.

After the procession banquets for the Cholos took place in the homes of the mayordomos—the whites celebrate separately—with much to drink, music and dancing. This continued on the plaza until late at night.

I was staying in Chiclayo, capital of the Department of Lambayeque, of which Eten is the port. A place of thirty-five thousand inhabitants, it is more progressive commercially than the other cities

of the region. Chiclayo is only about a hundred years old, an infant compared to its neighbors, so it has no important architecture, but good public buildings, stores, movie houses, hotels, restaurants and drinking places, with outdoor tables around the plaza, lively by day or night.

There was no government tourist hotel there, but the Hotel Europa, if not comfortable, is clean and serves good Creole food. The Creole dishes of Chiclayo are famous: rice with duck or chicken, pepián de pavo or turkey with a spicy sauce of calabash seeds. Causa Chiclayana is served all over Peru, a rich dish of sweet potato paste, fish, olives, tomato, lettuce and ají or Peruvian chili.

I found similar dishes in all the places I visited in this region. The Indians also eat them on occasion, but have typical ones for fiestas. One of these is La Boda (the wedding), consisting of ground corn, lentil sauce, mashed yuca, a piece of chicken or duck, and a piece of kid. In Moche Sopa Teóloga (theological soup)—chicken broth with bread, red and yellow ají and asafrán—is added. Everything is served together in a large plate or shallow gourd.

Of the people to whom I had introductions I found most in common with the poet Nicanor de la Fuente, jovial and friendly, who knows everyone and is interested in people and customs. He took me through the narrow cobbled streets of the older part of the city, where Cholos and Negroes live, and we visited some chicherías.

The chichería is the poor man's club, where woman are not barred. He goes there to drink, eat, play games, to sing or just to listen. There is always a guitar or two hanging on the wall, and usually there is someone to flirt with. Drinking in the chicherías is always ceremonious and one never drinks alone. As soon as we entered the first one, we were toasted, "With you, friends!" Fortunately, there is no more alcoholic content in chicha than in beer or ale, for I had to accept numerous toasts. A refusal means an insult.

There are many simple stock toasts, like the following: No hay primera sin segunda (One is no good without a second); Paz para el alma, salud para el cuerpo (Peace for the spirit and health for the body). Some are poetic and subtle: Contigo mi amor se va; correspondido será (With you goes my love; it will be requited); Tres cantos tiene la encula (The dove has three songs, or The woman serving has three drinks). Often toasts are made up on the

spur of the moment. A man, on taking his first drink, gallantly offers his cup to the girl serving him and says, "You take the poison off," which means that she is to take a few sips before he begins to drink.

A humorous, naughty recommendation, common in the chicherías of the three Departments on the North Coast, is:

La Chicha, en poto;	Chicha in a gourd cup;
El piqueyo, en mate;	Spicy food in a gourd dish;
La negra, en estera;	The Negress on a cane mat;
La china, en petate,	The China or Indian girl on a soft mat,
Y la zamba ¡dónde quiera!	And the Zamba anywhere!

Chicha is served in a large gourd bowl, called a poto, and the gourd cup from which it is drunk, a potito. Everyone in the same group drinks from the same poto and usually from the same potito, dipping it into the poto, together with the fingers.

A betting game is played with the potito, to see who pays for the chicha. To win, one must strike the empty potito floating on the surface with the forefinger so that it submerges and fills to the brim.

Another betting game is called Tejas. A large adobe brick is placed on the ground; a chalk line drawn across the middle; and the players take turns in throwing tejas or iron rings from a distance of from ten to twenty feet. Those who hit the line or come near to it on the adobe make points. But if the ring falls to the ground, then it is quemau (burned).

Sapo (toad) is the most widespread and popular of the games, also played in the better country restaurants and clubs. It consists of throwing iron disks into the open mouth of a green metal sapo from a distance of over ten feet. Disks that fall into holes in the table near the sapo also make points.

In one of the chicherías, the proprietress, a good-looking Zamba, told me how the chicha is made. The corn grains are put on banana leaves in the sun and left there for about two days until they sprout, then are soaked for twenty-four hours, after which they are ground. The mash is put into large round clay pots, tamped around with earth, in the middle of which is a fire that is made to circulate by fanning. After thirty-six hours of boiling, the mash is strained and

the liquid put into other pots to cool, and either sugarcane honey or brown sugar added to make it ferment, which takes from three to four days. Chicha is also made of cereals, and peanuts, but that of corn is considered the best and called "chicha de jora."

The chicherías serve only as long as the chicha lasts and close while a fresh supply is being made; thus not all of them are open at the same time. A chichería announces that it is about to open by putting out a flag, a white rag on a pole. But it is always known in advance which one "sale hoy" (comes out or opens today), and the patrons are always there for the fresh chicha. Some chicherías have better reputations for the flavor of their chicha and their special dishes. Spicy food or piqueo is always served with chicha to whet the thirst.

Chicha was a pre-conquest ritual beverage which was drunk and spilled in offerings to the sun, earth, and huacas (holy places). The Incas called it "Acca," and limited it as a tipple to nobles, for whom it was prepared by the Virgins of the Sun. Now anyone may drink all he wants, but it is still used ritually for everything considered holy, and is not injurious like the cheap commercial brandies.

After the last of the chicherías, Sr. de la Fuente took me to meet Dr. Rómulo Paredes, lawyer and co-author of *A Golpe de Arpa* (To the Beat of the Harp), on the folklore, humor and customs of Lambayeque. It is now out of print, but Dr. Paredes gave me a copy with a very flattering dedication. It is pleasant reading and has much valuable information on customs.

Early one morning I went out on a little train with a tall chimney and a load of wood on its engine, to the ancient Villa de Eten, where some descendants of the Mochicas are living, the only place in which that ancient language is still spoken. The unpretentious church on the plaza, showing damages of the 1925 rains, has many richly clad polychrome saints. The Indians live in adobe huts with dirt floors and roofs of the twisted algarrobo branches. Their beast of burden on the coast is the burro or piajeno (another's foot), as the animal is affectionately nicknamed; they are never barred from the community house, where they are well treated.

Some of the families have sugarcane chacras (fields for planting) and vegetable gardens, but the principal industry is hat-making, at which all work, especially women and children.

In an Indian family, always small because of high infant mortality, everyone works, children beginning to help their parents at the age of five. The woman always bears the greatest burden. Besides having children and doing the housework, she helps the man in the fields and sells in the market. When her husband has to go away from home for months to work in the mines or on haciendas, she takes care of everything; if he goes to jail, she brings him food and sheds tears; if he dies, she is both father and mother. But the man brings prestige to the family through the offices he holds. Although the wife helps him in those, too, and has a voice in community affairs, he receives the best treatment at home.

When an Eten family goes out together, the man rides the piajeno while his wife, with one child on her back, another about to be born, perhaps, leading a third by the hand, urges the animal on. Women are always with child. A childless woman is ill-treated by her husband, especially when he is drunk, who calls her "mujer con barriga sinvergüenza" (woman with a shameless belly) or "mujer que come de balde" (woman who eats for nothing) even though she works harder than he.

But there are many fiestas when all have a good time together, forgetting their troubles in feasting, dancing, and chicha.

The most important ones are on June second and September eighteenth, to celebrate the apparitions of the image of the Infant Jesus in the Sacred Host. It is related—and there is an entry to that effect in the book of Baptisms of the Parish Church of the Villa de Eten—that during the singing of vespers, June 2, 1649, the first apparition took place. The "Infant wore a purple tunic, which contrasted sharply with the white of the wafer, so that each color could be distinguished. . . . His hair was fair and parted in the middle, the gracefully curled ends reaching to his shoulders. The parts not covered by the tunic were of human form and stood out from the host." The second apparition, celebrated September eighteenth, took place on July twenty-second, during a procession of Santa Magdalena. This time, "As the image of the Infant Jesus was disappearing, there appeared simultaneously three hearts, intimately united, and whiter than the very consecrated host."

In those days miracles often came in pairs. The new faith needed them and they were supplied, though the miracle of good treatment

for the Indians never came to pass. After these two apparitions, the ocean furiously wiped out the village, but the chapel where they took place was unharmed. Since then it has been called "La Capilla de los Milagros" (The Chapel of the Miracles). The present Villa is inland a mile from the Capilla.

The fiestas last for three days but feasting begins weeks in advance with candle-making and other preparations. On the eve of the first day of the fiesta, all the mayordomos, musicians, dancers and people gather at the church for services, which are followed by fireworks and lighted balloons. The following morning at dawn, the albzo takes place, the early morning gathering with bands playing and exploding fireworks, which announce to the people—as if they did not already know it—that the fiesta has begun.

Later in the day there is the procession de subida (ascent) to the Capilla de los Milagros, a mile away near the ocean. The Magdalena goes first, followed by San Pedro with the silver keys of heaven in one hand and a silver fish in the other, then the Señor del Mar (Lord of the Sea), each on a separate litter, and lastly the priest with the costodia, under a pallium, accompanied by twenty-four mayordomos, who take turns holding its poles and drinking to the Sacred Host, from the bottles of liquor passed from hand to hand, during the long and arduous trip over the hot sands of the beach.

In the procession de bajada (descent), the Magdalena follows the Señor del Mar, but backward, facing the Host. This time the procession passes under arches in the villages and stops at pozas or altars with saints. The owners of the pozas pay the priest to chant tonos (special tunes), in which all take part, filling the whole street with sound.

The procession is accompanied by dancers, pastores (shepherds), serranitos (little Indians from the sierra), los faroles (lantern carriers), who dance with their lighted lanterns at street corners after dark, bullfighters, each group in representative costumes and dancing to its own music. When they arrive at the church, they set off the cohete de soga (fireworks wheel), turned by a soga (rope) about ten yards long.

For the fiesta all wear their best clothes, the mayordomos and their families having to surpass all the others because of their superior position. The men wear cloth trousers, shoes, and their best

Macora palm hats with high crowns and narrow brims, which are woven in the village. The women, called Chinas, and the young girls, Chinitas, although barefooted, wear their best full black skirts, white blouses embroidered with purple greques; and each has a thin black shawl over the shoulders, which she uses to cover her head in church. Some of the well-to-do wear gold earrings (so heavy they deform the ear lobe) and cover their fingers with rings of pale gold. All wear their hair hanging down in two braids, the ends wound around with strands of brown wool, called "pabila" (Plate 27). And during all the days and nights of the fiesta they eat, drink, and dance marineras or tonderos to the music of harp, drum and the little portable organs which they call "pianitos."

I never felt lonely, for I always found friendly folk eager to talk. In Eten, I asked a question of a young girl standing at the door of her house. At once she invited me in and served me refreshments, introducing me to her father, a fair, aristocratic-looking Spaniard, and her young Creole mother, and she confided to me that her father was "jealous" and would not permit her to go out with young men or to invite them to the house. But she managed to get away and have fun when she went visiting friends, and her mother was always helpful. I met two teen-age sisters of a good Cuzco family, who told me the same story about their father and also used "jealous" in describing him.

The only other town near Chiclayo in which there are Indians is Monsefú, on the same railroad line as Eten, a much larger place with more whites. But the Indians live their own lives and have their own customs. The women and girls dress like those in Eten, as do all the other Indian women on the North Coast, wearing black as a sign of mourning for the death of Atahuallpa, the last of the Inca rulers, betrayed by Pizarro. The big fiesta here, in honor of the Señor del Cautivo (the Captive Christ), from September fourteenth to eighteenth, follows the same pattern as the one in Eten.

The folk arts of Monsefú are handwoven cotton alforjas (saddle bags), embroidered with flowers or with inwoven stripes, sashes, fiber bags, baskets, and potos for chicha, some of them painted with simple brown designs. Often potos and alforjas have allusive say-

ings on them, such as "Soy de mi dueño; ni me presto, ni me doy, con mi dinero contento estoy" (I belong to my master; not to be loaned or given away; with my money I'm content). These objects are sold in the large Chiclayo market.

My last trip out of Chiclayo was to the ancient, dreamy little city of Lambayeque, the former capital of the Department. I could have gone on one of those funny little trains, like the one to Eten, that ambles leisurely through the countryside, but decided to try a bus. It proved to be a pleasant trip over a good road, winding through green country with fields of cotton, rice, sugar and much fruit. The name Chiclayo, said to be Mochica, means "A place where there are green branches."

Though I arrived in Lambayeque about ten o'clock in the morning, as yet only a few shops were opening their doors and the Conservador (conserver or curator) of the government Bruening Museum, who had the keys to the safe in which the gold objects were kept, had not yet arrived. While waiting for him, I wandered about the sunny, quiet streets and past an old mansion with carved balconies almost a block long, to the lofty Cathedral. It has some good altars and images, but has been spoiled by new paintings in the domes by a Trujillo artist.

The Conservador, very busy with inventory, promised me only a few minutes, but they stretched to over an hour as we talked about Peruvian and Mexican archeology. He showed me the finest collection of gold objects I had yet seen in Peru: exquisite masks, repoussé necklaces, small expressive figures of musicians, dancers and nobles. Besides these gold objects, not on exhibit, the museum has many interesting Mochica and Chimu huacos (holy vessels) from the same cultures as the gold artifacts.

Not far from Lambayeque is the village of Salas, famous as a "school" for brujos (sorcerers), who influence the practice of brujería (witchcraft) of the entire region. The brujos born there have the greatest prestige but all who enjoy any standing at all must have studied in Salas.

The basic folk ideas about the causes of illness here, as elsewhere among the Indians, is that it is brought about chiefly by fright, evil spirits in the air, the evil eye, but mostly by black magic. The cures begin by finding out where the patient was frightened, hit by the

air, the evil eye, or who performed the black magic—but everywhere there are some differences in the methods.

The seances here for magical curing and to find out who caused the illness take place on Tuesday or Friday nights, in- or out-of-doors. The brujo in charge, also called maestro, prepares a mesa (table) on a white cloth on the ground with many dissimilar objects —herbs, stones, shells, rock, holy water, liquor, pictures of saints, cactus, sometimes over fifty of them. Stuck at the head of the mesa is a puñal (a large steel knife), the blade facing outward, so that it may cut the interference of the shapingos, the servants that the evil brujos send to interfere with the seance.

The maestro has two assistants, called alzadores (raisers), who "raise" the mesa and the patient by sniffing an alcoholic liquid through the nostrils. In order to "raise" the table, they both kneel, and with faces bowed to the ground touch the table with one hand, hold the shell of liquid to the nose with the other, and take a long sniff through the right nostril. With each sniff they raise the body and the shell a little until they are upright on their knees. Then each man raises the right knee, leaving the left on the ground, and takes another sniff. Thus they go on until they are standing upright with all the liquid sniffed up and swallowed, then the same process is repeated with the left nostril. The liquor swallowed in this way causes belching and tears. The "raising" of the mesa purifies and protects it from evil influences, and the "raising" of the patient is to purify and protect him, also to "raise his soul." If a drop of the liquid is spilled, the maestro has to purify the assistants, patient and mesa, blowing upon them a white corn powder, which he has chewed, and the "raising" starts all over again.

The seance begins at nine o'clock at night and lasts until after midnight, the maestro invoking the spirits and saints, talking to the enemy, sprinkling the mesa with jasmine perfume from his mouth, chanting, whistling and shaking his rattle. If all goes well and no shapingo appears, the patient is "raised" by the alzadores, who sniff three shellfuls of liquid, as they work from his feet up to his head, where they turn the shells upside down and rub his scalp with them. At the end of the seance the "raising" is repeated once more. Sometimes it takes more than one seance for the divination and cure. In the end the maestro is able to disclose to the patient who is

responsible for his illness, which in itself brings relief and helps psychologically and therapeutically.

The brujos of the Sierra also use mesas but not the "raising." The more progressive Indians of the Coast also patronize doctors and drugstores, but all have the same beliefs and faith. Beliefs that affect life and happiness are always the slowest to be relinquished.

The diagnosis of an unknown internal ailment with a cuy or guinea pig, a practice called "limpia con cuy"—the Indian's X-ray—is common on the coast and in the sierra. On the coast a red one is preferred. The "cleaning" takes place before the seance with the mesa. First the brujo makes the sign of the cross with his forefinger on the patient's head, chest and stomach. Then he rubs the entire body with the live cuy. If the condition of the patient is very serious, the animal dies in the act. Otherwise, it is cut open alive, and any organ showing congestion is analogous to the one affected in the patient. Afterward the cuy must be safely and secretly buried, for if an animal or a person digs it up, harm would come to the patient.

SAN MIGUEL DE PIURA AND SURROUNDINGS

From Chiclayo I flew to Piura. It takes over a half day across the hot desert to make the 175 miles by bus on the Pan American Highway; by plane, less than an hour.

I found San Miguel de Piura, capital of the Department of Piura, very warm but delightful, an aristocratic little city of some twenty thousand inhabitants, with asphalt streets providing a "new look," though most of them are the narrow, crooked ones of the first Spanish settlement in Peru. The original town was moved from the port of Paita on account of pirates and floods, and the present inland location on the Piura River in the Catacaos Valley is healthier and safer, if much hotter.

The government Hotel Piura is pleasantly situated on the central plaza, luxurious with tamarind trees, tall palms, and flowers, more like a private garden. It is surrounded by the Cathedral, a few public buildings, restaurants and stores, though most business is done quietly on side streets. The Cathedral and El Carmen are the only churches of architectural importance, but the whole city with its plazas, old and new spacious houses, and its river-bank promenade, is very agreeable.

Folk life centers around the market, near the river. The handicrafts for sale there were mostly from Lambayeque and Monsefú, but there one could see people from many parts of the region, who come with their little piajenos to camp on the river banks.

I had several letters for Piura, and Jorge Moscol, a writer and newspaper man, was most helpful, introducing me to other interesting, hospitable persons, who made my days in Piura profitable and enjoyable.

The popular neighborhoods are across the river and are reached by bus or trucks. Early one morning I started out for Catacaos, the largest and oldest of the Indian settlements, now also inhabited by whites, Cholos and Zambos. The bus was a simple wooden contraption. I sat in the front seat, next to a friendly business man, who gave me interesting information and insisted on paying my fare.

To one side, as we left the city, is Tacalá, an old Indian village, now a ward of the city, a place with many gay chicherías. A little farther out is a tiny potters' community of mud-and-stick houses. Big chicha jars were visible from the road. We drove on between rows of picturesque algarroba trees with twisted trunks and branches. Requiring little water, they grow well in the desert sands and provide shade, fruit for drinks and medicine, and wood for building.

I arrived in Catacaos too early to call on Sr. Moscol's friends, so I explored the town by myself. The market is small and quiet, only some few women venders, dressed in the same style as the Indians around Chiclayo (Plate 27). Aside from agriculture, the two chief industries here are hat and chicha making.

At the church a mass for the dead was taking place with the "body present," an impressive service—I had never seen one before—held at an improvised altar in the center of the church. Near the black pallium hung a handsome, life-size image of Christ, wearing a rich black velvet loincloth, embroidered with gold and adorned with flowers. A group of Indian women in black skirts, heads covered with black shawls, knelt in front, a few men in white standing at the sides. The mourners, nearer to the priest, held large lighted wax candles.

After the services I talked to an Indian girl and her mother, who had walked some ten miles from a community in the hills to "accompany their friends in their mourning," at whose house there was

going to be a fiesta with food, drinks, and music, the usual custom. Both women were barefoot but otherwise well dressed, and the mother wore heavy gold earrings and a gold necklace with a heart-shaped pendant set in pearls, the jewel most preferred in all the region. The mass for the dead, they told me, costs from thirty-five to fifty soles (three to five dollars).

I returned several times to the church. It had been damaged by fire and was in the process of being restored, so its altar was new and cheap-looking, but it had twenty-three richly clad saints standing around the walls. Each saint has its mayordomía, which owns old silver standards and other objects, and puts on many fiestas, though because of hard times nowadays with fewer fireworks and band concerts.

I found the family I was looking for. Their pretty young daughter Norma, who had been queen of the previous carnival, took me around town and to visit several families with whom she was acquainted. Their huts of mud and sticks are spacious, the furnishings consisting of tarimas or crude cots, a table, a few chairs, and a stove built of adobe with a hole in the middle for the candil (fire) over which iron bars are placed for pots. Below are holes for the fanning of the flames.

About two o'clock, Sr. Moscol joined us for lunch in a chichería. The young woman who owned it and prepared the food was a clean, attractive Zamba. She served us fried meat with onions, tomatoes, spiced with ají, then crisply fried sausage and bananas, and lastly rice with pepián (a thick corn paste). The three of us drank chicha from the same gourd and ate from the same plate, but because of our superior position, were given forks—everyone else eats with his fingers.

Chicha is made here in much the same way as in Chiclayo, but the mash is chewed to help the fermentation before it is boiled for the last time. There are three classes of chicha, the best being clara or clear. When the vichaya plant is added to the chicha, it makes people see visions and tell secrets. It is often used to catch thieves—the local version of our modern lie detector.

I also visited Chulucanas, especially to meet Dr. Miguel Justino Ramirez, a priest and folklorist. A friend of his in Piura took me out in a commercial truck. We drove north on the Pan American

Highway and turned off on a sand road over fields. Our truck had to cross a river on a raft, pushed by men who wade across with their breeches rolled up. Father Ramirez, a tall, good-looking young man, was friendly and generous with his data. He has published articles on Chulucanas and has two volumes in manuscript on his native region in the Sierra of Huancabamba.

Chulucanas is a barren, dust-swept town, with hundreds of chicherías. Here, too, the chicherías close while preparing fresh chicha, and when they are ready to open after five or six days, they call it "salir de la chicha" (the coming out of the chicha). If a chichería has tamales prepared, this is announced not by the usual white cloth on a pole but with a banana leaf rolled like a tamale. When chickens or turkey are roasted, their feathers are put on the pole. Magical amulets and skulls are put on or inside the jars so that the chicha may sell quickly.

On my last evening in Piura, Sr. Celis invited many friends to eat rice with turkey. It was a gay party. We drank, talked, laughed, and danced. Three Zambos played guitars and sang, spontaneously composing conversational verses called "cumanas."

TRUJILLO AND SURROUNDINGS

North of Piura are the modern oil center of Talara and the border town of Tumbez, where Pizarro first landed in Peru, robbing and destroying it, neither of interest to me, so I returned to Trujillo. I had already been there twice, and returned now in order to see the fiesta of San Isidro, May fifteenth, in the village of Moche.

Trujillo was founded by Pizarro in 1534. Situated near the ocean and a center for the most extensive sugar plantations of the Spanish Empire, as well as an outlet for mines, rich in gold and silver, it attracted many wealthy Spaniards, who built magnificent homes there. It is the capital of the Department of La Libertad and its fifty thousand inhabitants make it the third largest city on the Coast. Its atmosphere is still aristocratic, preserving an air of opulence and repose.

In spite of its age, my first impression of the city, with its well laid out, paved streets and white buildings, was that it was modern,

for in the last ten years it has prospered and progressed greatly. But as I prowled about the streets, looking into the patios of colonial mansions with carved balconies and windows enclosed in iron gratings as fine as lace, I sensed its great age, as one recognizes old wine by tasting it.

On the main plaza, the Hotel Trujillo, of Neo-Peruvian architecture, with enclosed, carved balconies, and a charming patio, seemed like a private residence. The plaza was always strangely quiet and even uninviting. Devoid of trees and grass, no arcades nor stores, only the Cathedral, some mansions and public offices, a lone unconvincing statue of liberty and some stone benches, it was rather desolate. It came to life only on band concert nights and during fiestas. However, the small neighborhood plazas are always animated, full of people dressed in summer clothes, and venders.

I had a letter to Richard and Mary Schaedel in Trujillo, and we soon became good friends. Richard, who had come to Peru from Yale University to write a doctor's thesis on archeology, had been invited by the University of Trujillo to organize a department of anthropology. Mary, interested in art and his work, was going on trips with him and making drawings of ancient sculptures.

At the Schaedels I met Sr. José Eulogio Garrido, a journalist and author, to whom several of his friends in Lima introduced me, with the warning: "He is very temperamental but if he likes you he can be helpful." Although not a native of the region, he knows much about it, and people are always anxious to meet him. He is short, a little lame and severe looking until he smiles.

I visited Sr. Garrido in the nearby Indian village of Moche. He lives in a rambling old house, with verandas, a garden and tall palms pointing to the skies. The walls are embellished with many paintings by the modern Lima artists; some by Pedro Azabache, whom he had invited to meet me, a young Moche Indian who had painted good pictures of Moche life. Azabache himself, with his massive head, straight, thick black hair, high cheekbones and bronze skin, looks like a portrait on a Mochica huaco come to life.

Later, when we became better acquainted, Pedro told me the story of his art career. He began to draw as a child but when he finished the grades and wanted to be an artist, his father, a simple, barefoot peasant, would not help him. But Pedro had made up his

mind and managed to get to Lima, where he got work with a mason and found his way to the School of Fine Arts. José Sabogal and Julia Codesido, Peru's two leading artists, became interested in him. Some years later, when Pedro had a one-man show in Lima and sold all his paintings, his father was finally convinced that art was not such a bad thing and his son must have talent. Now Pedro lives and paints at home and helps his father in the fields because he enjoys it.

Pedro never takes his hat off. I would never have seen the shape of his head or high forehead had he not offered to show me around the churches of Trujillo, in one of which he had painted a fresco of a procession, and had to take his hat off. Even when he came to the hotel, he would sit and talk with me without removing it, yet he was always at ease, calm and dignified, though not talkative.

An excursion through the Trujillo churches is more rewarding than one might expect from their plain exteriors. Nearly all the churches have richly carved altars, paintings and good images. The church most resplendent in gold is El Carmen. When the sun falls on the altars, their brilliance is dazzling. I also liked the little adobe church at Huaman nearby on the beach, with mermaids playing charangos (small stringed instruments) carved in the facade.

Those May days in Trujillo were sunny but not too hot, for the city is close to the sea, and there were many places to visit for pleasure and profit—restaurants on the beach and in the city, the palatial Club Central and the archeological sites.

With Manuel Nique, an anthropology student at the university, I drove out to visit the Mochica Huacas of the Sun and the Moon, near Moche. Like Pedro Azabache, Manuel has a face like that on a Mochica huaco come to life, but he is more urban and talkative. The Huaca del Sol, a huge adobe pyramid, is now a shapeless sand hill; the Moon, a smaller one, has a frieze with a little color. One reaches the huacas through fertile green fields and they stand out as imposing golden masses. What must they have been like in the old days when they were rich in color and gold and set in bright green!

The Chimu ruins of Chan Chan, on the beach a short distance out from the city, are very impressive. Though greatly damaged by the rains of 1925, they still give a good idea of what the ancient city

was like. There are streets, dwellings, aqueducts and temples, a few of their walls adorned with arabesques. They are now empty streets of the past, the old walls crumbling, the only dweller in what was once a city, perhaps as large as Trujillo, a lone Indian caretaker with his little fishing caballito.

Richard Schaedel is excavating an enormous huaca near the city, called El Dragón (the dragon), that he believes belongs to the pre-Chimú period, one of the few of the region that has colored friezes. He has already uncovered an external one, measuring four hundred fifty feet, and there are others inside. This is more decoration than any other pre-historic building of the region can boast. The animal and human figures of the frieze are well drawn and vigorous.

Near Trujillo is the most famous archeological museum of Peru, owned by the Larco Herrera family, on the grounds of their hacienda Chiclín and known by that name. Anyone may obtain permission to visit it simply by asking.

The Chiclín collection is magnificent, containing thousands of huacos, Mochica, Chimú, and others, textiles, mummies, implements, and gold objects.

After several hours at the museum, Sr. Rafael Larco Herrera, the father, invited us to lunch in their home, elegantly furnished in colonial style. Don Rafael, a very distinguished caballero, was once vice-president of his country. I sat at his left, and found that we had in common the Aguila Azteca, for he also had been decorated by the Mexican government. After lunch, he showed us the family collection of colonial equestrian equipment, for both men and women, elegant costumes, silver-adorned saddles, silver and gold spurs, much of it work of great artistry.

One morning I went with Manuel Nique to Huanchaco to see the fishermen go out in their caballitos (Plate 18). We left Trujillo through a street lined with rosas de laurel (oleander bushes), drove along the ocean for over an hour to a village clustered around the beach, with a solid adobe church looking down upon it from a hill. Unfortunately, the sea was too rough for the fishermen to go out, but just as we were about to leave, greatly disappointed, four fishermen appeared on the beach with their caballitos. They looked friendly, and I was so glad to see them that, as they were setting out, I wished them luck and offered each one money for a drink.

Surprised and pleased, they took the coins, making the sign of the cross with them. Then the little reed boats, looking so frail and treacherous, cut the waves and were soon specks on the horizon.

Another delightful excursion was with the Schaedels to the village of Virú, a drive of almost two hours over desert—then the green valley! It was a beautiful morning. We climbed the sand hills and went through the little town of mud-and-stick houses and the plaza with its church and better built houses. The priest opened the church for us. With a laugh he warned us that the Virgen de los Dolores (the Lady of the Sorrows), to whom the church is dedicated, was without a crown. Early one morning, when only a few persons were in the church, a strange man slipped in to pray. A day or so later someone noticed the Virgin was without her crown but thought nothing of it. By the time it was realized that it had been stolen, the thief had had plenty of time to get away with his valuable booty. "But," added the father with a humorous shrug, "that very day, when our Virgin was uncrowned, undoubtedly another was crowned."

There was not much of interest in Virú for a brief visit, but I wanted to see the place because here much valuable archeological and ethnological investigation had been carried on in the last few years by outstanding men, representing one Peruvian and five North American institutions: The Chicago Natural History Museum, American Museum of Natural History, Columbia, Yale, and the Instituto de Estudios Etnológicos of Lima. Attention is now being given to ancient domestic architecture and ceramics and other artifacts; formerly the religious aspect of architecture and ceramics was studied almost exclusively. In the Virú Valley, as elsewhere in Peru, there is much of both. While the archeologists were working on the past of the valley, an ethnological survey was being made of its present life. This survey will be published by the Smithsonian Institution.

The fiesta of San Isidro in Moche lasts the entire first two weeks in May. Moche is a town of over two thousand inhabitants, situated between the ocean and the Pan American Highway, five miles south of Trujillo. Most Mocheros, believed to be descendants of the Mochicas, are small landholders, owning chacras or fields in the campiña (the green agricultural land) surrounding the town. San Isidro is patron of agriculture, so for fourteen nights preceding the

fiesta he "visits" chacras, spending a night with each host. Late each afternoon, he is escorted in procession to the next house where he is expected.

The first afternoon I went over to see the procession with Sr. Garrido, and we met it coming down a sandy lane along the acequia (irrigation canal), overhung by willow trees. It was headed by a band, and the mayordomo was keeping a watchful eye on the bearers of the litter to see that they did not move too fast. The litter consisted of a wooden table with a rail around it, all painted green and adorned with shrubs, flowers and ají. On it stood San Isidro, looking like a live, eccentric little peasant with a human and kindly face, who preferred being carried on a table to walking. He wore reddish brown leather breeches, a short red cape, a straw hat turned up in front with a red and white ribbon falling over to one side of the wide brim, high farmer's boots. In his right hand he carried a silver-adorned pala (primitive digging stick). Over the left arm hung an alforja to receive alms. This was the loveliest of all the processions that I saw in Peru.

San Isidro is received by his hosts with great elation and respect, his litter placed in their quaint arbors on an improvised altar and hung with all the fruit grown in the campiña—apples, bananas, oranges, figs, lúcomo, plums, and others—and adorned with red, white, and green paper streamers. Each altar is different, each host trying to outdo the previous one. On another afternoon, I saw the procession received with complicated and beautiful fireworks in a more prosperous looking house on the highway.

It would be impolite to sleep while San Isidro is in the house, so the whole night is spent velando (in vigil). But the saints enjoy fiestas, so there are food, drinks, music and dancing. The next day, when San Isidro is about to leave, the owners of the house name padrinos (godparents) to dismantle the altar and distribute the fruit among the guests. The following year these padrinos have the obligation of adorning the altar, though the hosts furnish everything for the fiesta.

On the afternoon of May fourteenth, San Isidro is returned to the church in Moche and for the big procession the following day, he is transformed from the little peasant I saw to an elegantly dressed saint with a silver hat, a green velvet cape, embroidered with gold and set

with precious stones. On the procession, his pala, litter and the arches are laden with fruit. Afterward, everything on his pala goes to the priest, the mayordomo gets what is on the arch, and everything on the litter goes to the people. Formerly, when times were better, there was so much fruit that people from neighboring villages came to the fiesta purposely to carry some away.

The special dance for this fiesta is that of the Diablos (devils). The dancers wear short, bright-colored trousers and blouses of mercerized cloth—red, blue, green, yellow, purple—masks with horns, long pink stockings with slippers or shoes, although those who cannot afford them go barefoot. The head devil wears a better costume than the rest, of solid-colored silk. After the procession, the devils dance through the streets to the rhythm of scraping on tins or burro's jawbones. On the nights of the fourteenth and fifteenth, they go out to rob chacras and are not punished because they are the devils of San Isidro.

After the fiesta is over San Isidro goes back to his altar, behind which is a painting showing him, working in his chacra with a team of oxen, and the church in the background. He still wears his silver hat but his elegant green cape is changed for a plain red one. He is also busy at other times of the year. When the central irrigation ditch is short of water, San Isidro is taken to it in procession. The priest raps with the saint's pala three times on a certain spot, prays, and water comes. When an Indian brujo wants more mist, he takes water from the sea and sprinkles it on his fields.

While the fiesta of San Isidro is one of the most notable of the region, another, even larger and better known, is that of the "Most miraculous and Holy Cross of the Hill of Chalpon of Motupe." Because it is in honor of a cross, I expected it to take place May third, but it is celebrated August sixth, when the cross was discovered in a cave. Motupe is a small, hot desert town and has no hotels. Thousands of people come to the fiesta from everywhere, some camping and others received in homes, but despite the discomfort, they have a good time while fulfilling their promises to the miraculous cross.

I was not trying to see fiestas merely because they are colorful, exotic and picturesque, but more for their significance in the lives of the Indians. The fiestas afford an opportunity to see another side

of their conduct and reactions. During fiestas the Indians are not inhibited and no one interferes with their pleasures. They get gloriously drunk, put on satirical dances ridiculing whites, wear their best clothes, have more and better food, play and dance.

The Indians are good Catholics, but in their own way. They respect and obey the priests, pay for Masses and all other church services. They love the holy images, pray to them, believe in their miracles, make them gifts; but few, if any, have the remotest idea of their divine representation. To them, they are like human beings, some better and more miraculous than others, who know what is going on about them, who enjoy the church decorations and their fine robes, the dances and fireworks displays. At the same time, away from the church, the Indians continue worshipping their pagan gods, making offerings to the earth, the mountains, and the elements, and listening to their own miracle-making brujos.

About a third or more of the days of the year are devoted to fiestas, more than in pre-conquest times when the Incas knew how to turn work into play. The majority are religious but there are also national holidays, weddings, birthdays, and the ancient customs of celebrating a child's first haircut, cutting of nails, ear-piercing; harvests, the roofing of a house, and what not. Despite differences in details, fiestas all follow a general pattern. There are mayordomías, committees of men and women, with a mayordomo in charge, generally renewed each year, one for the care of each image, one for making candles, each having a special duty. The chief mayordomo has the carga (responsibility) of paying the greater part of the expenses involving the costs of fireworks, music, and banquets for all the people, especially for musicians, dancers and friends. In communities where there are whites, the carga is sometimes assumed by some rich citizen, although the Indians still have their own mayordomo. There is great prestige attached to the carga and each mayordomo tries to outdo the one who preceded him. When his own savings are not sufficient, he will mortgage his land and often lose it to a gamonal (rich landowner) for a small percentage of what it is worth.

Fiestas, especially for patron saints, are preceded by a novena (nine days of church services) and on the last evening the mayordomos, musicians and dancers attend together. Afterward there are

bonfires and fireworks, and the celebrations begin. (In the Sierra, this is called the entrada or entrance.) Everywhere there are processions the following day with the image, in which priests and acolytes take part, together with mayordomos, musicians, dancers and the people. In some places processions are repeated on several consecutive days or on the octava or the eighth. In the South Sierra, Cacharpaires or leavetakings after the last procession are the custom. Thus the fiesta goes on and on.

The usual Sunday morning village market near the church is enlarged for fiestas, with venders from other places bringing their regional commodities and folk arts. In larger places and at more important fiestas, these markets become big regional fairs. But the commercial aspects always seem subordinate to the pleasure derived from the meeting of old friends and making new ones who pray, trade, feast and get drunk together.

Bullfights are often a feature of village fiestas, but they are not professional and the bulls are never killed. They are sort of free-for-all affairs with men and boys baiting the bulls. Since the performers are generally drunk, they often get hurt. When fatal accidents result from the fights or other activities in connection with the celebration, "the fiesta is so much the better."

SOUTH COAST

The narrow South Coast of Peru is set with small, charming cities, the best known Ica, Pisco, Nazca, Paracas, close together in the Department of Ica. Their names keep recurring like musical motifs through the republic. Ica is on every bottle of Peruvian vintage, Pisco, the seaport, is the name of the favorite grape brandy, the beautiful pre-Inca pottery vessels from that region are Nazca huacos, and the marvelous textiles in the Lima museum are from Paracas.

The climate of Ica, like that of the Holy Land, is favorable for the raising of grapes. Grapes were planted by the Spaniards in the latter half of the sixteenth century, and the Department has become the center of the Peruvian wine and liquor industry. Cotton, corn, vegetables, fruit, bushes and trees were cultivated by the Indians centuries before the coming of the Spaniards. The Indians employed

irrigation and also practiced dry farming, utilizing the night dews and planting sardines as fertilizer with the seeds. Now the peasants use Christian magic. The Ica watermelons are famous. According to Inca Garcilosa de la Vega, melons in pre-Spanish days weighed up to and over a hundred pounds. Nowadays they are planted in circles with crosses over them and the fields are called macamacas (their Quechua name).

Today no Indians remain on the South Coast, although it is close to the Sierra and there is constant intercourse between the people of Ica and Ayacucho. The day I visited Nazca, I saw several women around the market in regional Indian dress.

Aside from the ancient tombs and mounds around Paracas, there are no other archeological ruins. But a few cities have fine colonial churches and mansions, and the hacienda houses massive walls and handsome entrances, with architecture more typically Peruvian and indigenous than on the North Coast.

The most attractive city is Ica, founded in 1563 as Villa Valverde. After the big earthquake of 1687 it was moved to its present site, where it has grown to over twenty thousand inhabitants, a well laid out community, with ample, white or tinted one-story houses, patios and gardens. Little is left of the old colonial Ica, except here and there a carved iron grating, an old mansion, or a bridge, and at one end of the city the curved clay line of Arrancacapas (snatching capes), where the devil is said to have lost his poncho. This is how it happened:

Long, long ago, when the Lord and his disciples were traveling through the world, performing miracles, they found themselves in the desert of Ica and by accident came upon the little city. They were in a hurry to continue their journey, but the Iqueños were so happy to have them and entertained them so lavishly that "eight days passed like a sigh." On the eighth day they had to leave, because the Lord received a telegram, calling Him urgently to Jerusalem to settle a quarrel between the Samaritan and the Magdalena.

The Lima papers carried long stories about the Lord's visit in Ica, describing the festivities and banquets in great detail, which were read by the Devil. Green with envy, he immediately decided to go to Ica, disguised as the Lord with His disciples. He selected twelve of his courtiers and made up their faces to represent the disciples,

but he did not know what costumes they had worn, so he put ponchos on his devils and wore one himself.

Upon their arrival in Ica, the people thought their beloved guests were returning and resolved to do even more this time for their entertainment. They were invited to a wedding where everyone was happy until the Devil began his work, when quarrels and fighting started. The bride appealed to the Devil to separate two men who were about to kill each other, and he answered her—"Let them go ahead and kill themselves. So much the better for the priest and for me, who will serve them as sacristan." When the bride heard that, she became suspicous and exclaimed, "Jesus!" at the same time making the sign of the cross with her fingers. Upon hearing the name and seeing the sign, the Devil tried to escape, but the girl had hold of his poncho and the only way he could get away was by pulling his head out through the opening and leaving the garment in her hands.

Before the devil came to Ica, the people were happy, very happy. They never bothered about politics, paid their taxes without complaint, and thought only of cultivating their grapes and doing all possible good. But while the devil was among them, they were bad and unhappy. And this happens every time he returns to look for his poncho.

Around the Plaza de Armas, shaded by tall copious ficus trees, are newer, two-story buildings and the old colonial mansion of the Marques Torre Hermosa, now known as "The house in which Bolivar danced," when he stayed there in 1825.

The newer church of Luren is famous for its miraculous Christ, which "appeared" in the early colonial years. A group of men traveling across the desert saw a pack of mules loaded with wooden boxes, stretched out motionless on the sands. Apparently they were carrying freight from a wrecked ship and their drivers had either perished or gotten lost. In one box were found the dismembered parts of this image. A chapel was built where it was found; later a church was erected. This was destroyed by fire in 1918 and replaced by the present one, in the Romanesque style. The big fiesta and procession in honor of the Señor de Luren takes place the third week in October and is attended by pilgrims from the entire region.

Ica is delightfully rural. A few moments by car from the Plaza de Armas are the rich farming country and the nearby lagunas (inland lakes), green gems set in golden dunes. The Laguna de Huacachina, the only one that has hotels, is famous, for people from all Peru go there for rest and cures. The story goes that the curative properties of the lake were discovered in 1860, when a hunter followed a bird into the waters and the next day found himself cured of a chronic ailment. The news of the cure spread throughout the region, and the sick and curious began to flock there. Later the virtues of those dark, soothing waters of the Laguna de Huacachina spread far and wide.

The undulating sands of the countryside, that change color with the different moods of the sky, are dotted with tall date palms, willow and cinamomo (bead) trees, reed-grass, hawthorn and other bushes, cotton and grain plants, fruit and grape orchards, ancient Indian irrigation canals, and huts of sticks and mud.

The origin of the canal La Chirina is attributed to a romantic love. When the Indian Pachacuti began the conquest of the Nazcas, he became enamored of a beautiful maid from the village of Tate. But she had a lover of her own class, whom she would not give up. So the Inca, generous in love as he was great in war, instead of punishing them, offered the young girl the opportunity to ask any favor in his power to grant, so she might have a memento of his love. The beautiful maid wanted nothing for herself but asked for water for her thirsty land. Pachacuti, touched by her unselfishness, put his entire army of forty thousand men to digging, and in a short time the canal, which has been irrigating the valley for centuries, was completed.

But the thirst of the sandy soil of Ica (which means "river, lagoon, well") remained unquenched, so the Catholics, too, added to the precious liquid. In 1835, the good barefoot Franciscan Ramón Rojas was leading a group of pilgrims from Pisco to Ica across the long, sandy desert plain of Cillacurí. When they were about to succumb from thirst under the burning sun, he invoked the heavens and dug a hole in the sand with his hands. Immediately it was filled with fresh water that saved their lives. Since then this waterhole is known as "The Holy Well," its supply of water so plentiful that neither man nor beast has ever drained it.

The remains of this good Franciscan, better known as the "Father from Guatemala" than by his own name, because he took his orders in that country, are in the Ica church and he is revered as a saint. Many stories are told of his miracles. In Guadalupe, head of the District of Salas, he is said to have "swathed" the Cerro Prieto (Dark Hill) so it should not erupt. He had the people build a church, dedicated to the Virgin of Guadalupe, and encouraged them to make other improvements, which caused the town to grow. He also placed crosses on Cerro Prieto to drive away the devil, who used to promenade on its slopes in his golden carriage drawn by four white horses.

The three crosses the Franciscan blessed and put on the Cerro Prieto, named respectively the Bachelor, the Married One, and the Widow or Widower, are still feted on May third, the Day of the Holy Cross. The honor of the mayordomía has remained in one family for over a hundred years, ever since the death of the Friar. On the afternoon of May second, a pilgrimage of devout climb the hill to adorn the crosses. They separate into groups according to their civil status: the unmarried, the married and those who have been widowed. Each group tries to rival the others in the originality of its decorations, and there is much good-natured banter. The young people take as offerings bouquets of a flower called Siempreviva or Everlasting, the married, branches of laurel and palm and various flowers, the bereft, candles, rosemary and daisies. They remain on the hill until after dark to pray and shoot off fireworks, and when they come back to the town around ten o'clock at night there is a banquet in the house of the mayordomos, with music and dancing until dawn.

The gayest and most unique fiestas of this region are those in connection with the pruning of the grape vines and the pressing of the grapes. In July the "poda" takes place, when the grape vines are pruned and fixed up. The grapes ripen around the middle of February, after which comes the "pisa" or treading.

On both occasions the merry workers organize in military fashion. The owner of the vineyards is the general, his wife the generala; the man in charge is the captain, assisted by a sergeant, the common

soldiers, a mulatto to run errands and an executioner to carry out the punishments of those who make mistakes.

Work begins early in the morning with the invocation of the blessing of the Lord and the reciting of verses asking for a drink to mitigate the cold morning air. The workers are watched and as soon as one steps out of line or does something the wrong way, punishments are ordered—perhaps a light lashing with a knotted rope or just a reed; or the offender is given to the "four winds," lifted by hands and feet into the air to receive a pummeling; or at the command, "al suelo," he is penned on his stomach on the ground, while the executioner puts his foot on his neck. These and other good-natured punishments are carried out amidst shouting and laughter. Afterward, the victims are cured with drink, so no one tries very hard to avoid being punished.

The pisa is executed by barefoot workers who tread the grapes to the rhythm of a drum, sometimes accompanying a singer. The captain proceeds at the head of the line of treaders, but if he upsets the rhythm he has to go to the foot, and his place is taken by a common soldier. While the work and fun go on, the owner and his friends visit the vineyards, and the workers ask for drinks in song. The libations are frequent. For the pisa the drink is the chinguerito, prepared from the fresh grape juice, with pisca, cinnamon and lemon.

When the tasks have been finished the workers again invoke the the blessing of the Lord, praying for good luck in the harvests and sales. Then they adorn the general with branches and flowers, take him a prisoner to his house, where the generala, his wife, ransoms him with a barrel of the best wine in the house. Afterward the jarana or fiesta goes on with music, singing and the dancing of marineras, the dancers competing in doing the best zapateados. When all have become "grape," that is, when they are so intoxicated they can scarcely walk, they disperse until the following year.

Since modern machinery has been introduced into the larger haciendas to take the place of men, these fiestas are now limited to the smaller distillers, much to the regret of the workers, who love fiestas. But they find other excuses for celebrations—birthdays, weddings, holidays, or just a desire to have fun.

At home fiestas, singers compete with each other in the composi-

tion of décimas, ten-line stanzas that must rhyme on certain lines. Though the singers are uneducated peasants, they possess great facility in composing verses. Some stanzas are friendly, others are insulting. Sometimes the singers simply entertain the company by singing about love or the fruit and flowers of the fields. Others tell of the capture and death of bandits, whom they admire for their daring even though they have given them trouble.

Thus work and play are combined in the pleasant countryside of Ica. No wonder people enjoy visiting friendly Ica and drinking its fine pisco and wines.

Part Two
THE SIERRA WORLD

BIRDS AND PLANES soar higher in the Sierra of Peru than almost anywhere else in the world. Twenty thousand feet is a frequent flying height. Here man, beast, and car often climb to fifteen thousand.

Amidst those colossal, overpowering Andes that constitute the Sierra are high rugged, barren plains with only ichu grass, some friendly valleys in which agriculture thrives, and ravines cut by bold rivers that force their way to the Amazon and flow on majestically to the Atlantic.

In this difficult world live about seventy-five per cent of Peru's seven million inhabitants, of whom eighty per cent, more or less, are Indians. Mistis, as the Sierra Indians call the whites, generally live in cities, towns, and on haciendas, some over fourteen thousand feet high; some Indians live even higher on the mountain slopes near the snow lines, the greatest heights at which human beings can exist. They live in the same places as the Mistis and by themselves in ayllus or communidades (communities in which they own land separately and in common), caseríos or estancias (small groups of houses), and in isolated family groups.

The language of the Sierra, although not official, is Indian. In the Titicaca Basin, it is Aymara; in all the rest, Quechua. As the official language of the Incas, Quechua was widespread, and the Spaniards encouraged its continuance. Nearly three million serranos, including non-Indians, still speak Quechua and only about thirty per cent Spanish. Most Misti children learn Quechua first from nurses and servants.

The Sierra is Indian. It swallows the whites. Some whites it has transformed into Indians; the rest have been Indianized into Mistis, different in looks and habits from whites on the Cosat and in the

Montaña. Nevertheless, these few Mistis dominate the Sierra. They own the land, cattle, mines and big business, and dominate the professions. The Cholos are the artisans and small merchants; the Indians, laborers.

Some Indians who do not live in ayllus or communidades rent land for which they pay a rental in money or labor, while others live on haciendas, working practically enslaved, to pay for the right to plant and pasture. The "free" Indians work as laborers in agriculture, mines, on road-building, and other jobs; also in home industries, selling the homemade objects in the markets together with their agricultural products.

Fundamental Indian beliefs and customs, especially those related to birth, marriage, death, causes of illness and cures, follow a similar pattern throughout the Sierra, the differences in details being more marked between the natural geographical divisions of North, Center, and South.

The South Sierra, including the Departments of Arequipa, Puno, Cuzco, and Apurímac, is most important. It has the oldest and largest cities, the most magnificent pre-Columbian and colonial architecture, the greatest density of Indian population, averaging over ninety per cent. The Indians there are the most conservative and their customs, costumes, fiestas, and dances the most interesting and pagan of the Sierra.

THE SOUTH SIERRA

Arequipa

Arequipa has magic in its name, atmosphere and landscape. I arrived there by plane on a Sunday morning and the city, quiet, clean and bathed in sunshine and flowers, captivated me immediately.

Everyone who visits Arequipa is enchanted with it, as were the Incas when they came into the valley some seven centuries ago. It is related when Inca Mayta Cápac came there, some of his captains were so attracted by its beauty and climate they asked if they might stay, and he answered, "Ari quépay" (yes, remain), which explains the origin of the name. The same happened with the Spaniards sent

out by Pizarro to look for suitable places for their cities. He, too, told them to remain and on August 15, 1540, was founded the Villa Hermosa de Arequipa; a year later Charles V gave it the status of a city.

Arequipa lies in the Vitor Valley on a river and separated from the desert by a fertile green campiña, which surrounds its white houses, so it has been compared to "a diamond set in emeralds." Earthquakes ruined the city several times, but from 1687 it progressed rapidly. The capital of the Department of Arequipa is next to Lima in size (population about one hundred thousand), and important historically, culturally, and economically.

Situated near the coast on what is called the "Brow of the Sierra," and on the natural route to Lake Titicaca and Bolivia, Arequipa attracted early wealthy Spanish mine and land owners, who built palatial homes there. But the city soon became mestiza, ethnically and culturally. It has produced mixed vigorous and intelligent men and women, outstanding in letters, politics and revolutions. To illustrate how brave Arequipeños are considered, it is said when there is shooting on the streets, men rush out of their houses, begin to shoot and later ask, "What are we fighting for now?" In Lima, under similar circumstances, men pull down their blinds and lock themselves safely in their houses. The ideal, as expressed in a popular saying, is to be born in Cuzco, brought up in Arequipa, and learn politics in Lima.

The Arequipeños are great travelers. It is related when Peary reached the North Pole, thinking he had discovered it, he found an Arequipa hut with a red flag, announcing fresh chicha.

I stayed in the large government Hotel Arequipa, which resembles a country club, on a hill overlooking the city. My room windows opened on a luxurious garden with golden bushes and bright flowers. Almost within reach of my hand were the three great volcanoes, the white guardians of the city. In the middle of the three —brothers according to legend—stands the famous Misti, handsome, proud, dominating, said to represent the wrath of God. His slender body is cone-shaped, his pointed head, rising nineteen thousand feet high, is covered with eternal snows. To his right is his brother Chachani, to the left Pichupichu, looking like a man lying on his back, covered with a white blanket. Misti seemed always wearing a neck-

lace of clouds and is particularly beautiful when lighted by the rays of the setting sun (Plate 17).

English-speaking visitors to Arequipa consider it a privilege to stay with Tía (Aunty) Bates. Her Quinta was filled when I arrived, but I had heard so much about her that I called soon to pay my respects. Tía Bates, the "grand old lady" of Arequipa, is temperamental and has the reputation of preferring men, whom she mothers and scolds. But she received me graciously and told me a little about herself.

She is from upstate New York, where as a young girl she married an English mining man. He brought her to the Andes over forty years ago and soon afterward left her a widow. In Arequipa she opened her spacious home to paying guests and over the years has become so much a part of the life of the city, it is said she "runs" it. In any event, she is highly respected by the Arequipeños.

"Writers who say I am over eighty years old exaggerate," she told me, but she did not say by how much. Whatever her age may be, her mind seems alert and retentive.

The Quinta has a charming old-fashioned garden and the house is homey and pleasantly decorated with good textiles and many old copper pots. Notable names appeared in the guest book—Noel Coward, General Pershing, Henry Wallace and scores of others.

January is summer-time and the rainy season, but it did not rain in Arequipa. At seventy-six hundred feet above sea level, the nights were cold but the days warm with sunshine. Wandering about the city was pleasant.

The Plaza de Armas is a delightful garden with trees, flowers and benches. Three sides have harmonious colonial arcades with stores; on the fourth side stands the massive Cathedral, constructed after 1850 in the grand classical style, after a fire had destroyed the original edifice in 1844.

Near the plaza is La Compañía or Jesuit church with its richly carved facade and gilded altars. This edifice has also suffered from earthquakes but its front, preserved since 1690, is a notable example of the fusion of Spanish baroque with Indian motifs—corn, fruit, flowers, legends, dates, angels, sirens, genealogical trees, all exquisitely carved (Plate 7).

In the neighborhood are many fine old mansions, now used for

business offices, their stately entrances and low window frames richly carved in the manner of La Compañía, and with gargoyles of stylized puma heads. Around the city are many other old homes and churches of architectural interest, showing strong indigenous influence. Arequipa architecture is "Spanish in Indian dress." Today there are many modern houses—the earlier ones of white sillar volcanic rock, more recent ones of cement. All are white or painted in soft colors. It is a light, happy city with old and new harmoniously blended—narrow old streets and wide modern avenues, plazas, gardens, flowers, blue skies, almost eternal sunshine.

Shopping is centered around the Plaza de Armas. Shops there sell old pieces of gold and silver, attractive regional fabrics, and leather goods, luggage, purses, gloves, for which Arequipa is famous.

Arequipa is known also for its handwoven rugs. In the Ceballos shop the patio is filled with Chola women, who sit around on the ground and spin the alpaca wool brought in on the backs of llamas, while their babies play in the dirt. Inside men stand weaving on upright, ancient-style looms. The warp is formed of strong white thread, which the weaver picks up in pairs and around which he winds the spun wool, pushing down the weft with a comb and forming knots of the woolen strands. One weaver was using a white ox-bone comb just as before the conquest. The rugs of simple designs and natural wool colors are quite handsome.

As usual, the market attracted me most with its stalls of cereals, fruit, vegetables, baskets and some handwoven textiles, colorfully striped carrying cloths, and sashes. Not much weaving is done around Arequipa, for the climate does not require wool clothing. Most of the women from nearby villages are Cholas, who wear full cotton skirts, straw hats, and shoes. Only in the higher provinces of the Department are there pure Indians, who speak Quechua and dress in handwoven woolen garments like their neighbors of the South Sierra. Some of them come down to the city for the important fiestas. The market was especially gay that week with stands set up to sell carnival objects—bright papier-maché masks, confetti, serpentine, and candies of cocoa and almonds colored red and garnet with ayrampu seeds.

The long school vacations in Peru occur during the summer months, January, February, and March, so the university was closed,

but Sr. Gustave Somorcurcio, head of the Tourist Corporation branch office, introduced me to the rector, who invited me to return later to lecture. I also had the good fortune to meet Dr. Miguel Angel Ugarte, professor of literature, who had just published a little book on children's games, and he introduced me to some of the folk life of the city.

He invited me to lunch in a creole restaurant, where we ate delicious machas (South American mollusks) baked in their long white shells, baked rocotos (green, red and yellow peppers), filled with chopped meat after the veins and seeds had been removed, served with a cheese and ají (chili) sauce.

Dr. Ugarte also showed me through the Arequipa social club with its spacious, high-ceilinged rooms, a deserted-looking library and a gay, cozy bar. From this center of the city's high society we took a street car to visit the famous picanterías of Yanahuara, the social clubs of the other half, which are like the chicherías of the North Coast. Yanahuara, once an Indian village, is now a well built Cholo suburb of Arequipa, with a garden plaza, a solid church of good proportions, and narrow cobbled streets.

We went to the Picantería El Vigorón (Vigorous One), entering through the dark kitchen, where food was cooking and little guinea pigs were running about. In a semi-dark dining room men were singing in drunken voices. We went into a large, well lighted, roofed-over patio. Here at long tables around three of the walls men, women and children were eating. No one stared or showed any surprise at our appearance, even though Dr. Ugarte is well dressed and dapper. As a token that we were welcome, one of the women at the table where we sat offered me a piece of cheese on a fork, not with her fingers as she would have done ordinarily. Neither the kitchen, nor the table, nor most of the people were very clean, but the two dishes we ate, one of noodles with ají and the other of shrimps, also with ají, were very savory. We drank chicha with them (Plate 20).

The picanterías take on life after three o'clock in the afternoon, and are especially gay on Saturdays, when no guitars are left hanging on the walls. Arequipa is the cradle of the yaravís or tristes (sad love songs) popular throughout the country. But even the lively dance songs of Indians and Cholos are tinged with melancholy.

Another picturesque old suburb, similar in origin and feeling to

Yanahuara, is Caima, encrusted on a green hill overlooking the city. Its colonial plaza, filled with trees and flowers, has old arches at the corners, some good houses and a charming little white church, gay with paintings and images, presided over by the Virgen de la Candelaria (Virgin of the Conception) brought from Spain. But the most popular with the people is a smaller, more humbly dressed replica of the Candelaria, standing in the side chapel, which is Nuestra Señora de los Pobres (Our Lady of the Poor). A museum at the church has many interesting old paintings by nameless artists. One amusing canvas shows people inattentive during mass—women whispering, men reading newspapers—and under each group is painted the proper punishment in verse. The view, from the roof of this church, of the valley and the volcanoes is breathtaking.

The folk of Caima are conservative and have peculiar customs. For the Day of the Dead, November second, they used to dig up bones from the graves, put them into a coffin, and hang it with tins on which were painted skeletons and other death signs, and take it in procession with music to the church. Since the authorities have forbidden the digging up of bones, they now use flowers.

Although there are no Indians in Arequipa, folk customs and beliefs are very much alive there, among both Cholos and Mistis.

Some popular beliefs and practices, mostly of old world origin, are:

Do not lend needles to friends without making them kneel with the needles in order not to break friendship.

Before drinking, spill a little chicha as an offering to Pachamama (Mother Earth). (This custom exists everywhere among the Peruvian folk.)

Old pieces of iron found on the road must be put behind doors to attract good luck.

To avoid misfortune, do not ride in a vehicle in which there is a priest, monk, or nun.

To keep out evil, put crosses of myrtle, wood or thorns on thresholds.

Leave any gathering in which there are thirteen persons.

Never answer if you are called on the street late at night. It may be the devil looking for you.

Do not step out with the left foot when leaving the house, or

you will suffer something disagreeable.

It is considered lucky to spill sugar or rice or to find pieces of iron.

When a dragon-fly hovers about or the little tanquita bird chirps or a pair of scissors is dropped, it means a visitor is coming.

If you pick up an eyelash on the face of a person, put it on your chest, and make the sign of the cross with it, the letter you are waiting for will come.

If you have quarreled with your lover, take away the Infant Jesus from the arms of San Antonio; he will bring about a reconciliation in order to get it back.

It is believed that "with the permission of the Crucified" all herbs are blessed on Holy Friday from six o'clock in the morning until midnight, so that persons who pick flowers between those hours "gain heaven and a future without sorrow."

It is also believed to be good for future happiness to buy herbs picked by others on Good Friday, and to make crosses with chujo, rosemary, myrtle and sávila. Placing one of the crosses on the front of the house, another inside, and a third on the highest point will protect it from evil spirits and enemies.

The sávila is a wild plant which keeps green after it is plucked if the roots are wrapped in a wet rag with a little dirt, or by simply sprinkling it with water every first Friday of the month. The plant is generally hung over the threshold and some people put a small vessel containing water underneath, which it absorbs from a distance. Such a green plant in the house brings health, joy, and good luck, but if it dries, all will go badly. Hence it is watched carefully and at the first sign of withering a family council decides on what other sorcery to use against evil.

It is also good fortune to buy tiny pieces of iron and steel needles on Good Friday, to be used as charms or amulets, but in order to have potency they must have been made on that very same day. Thus many persons order them made in their presence instead of purchasing them from itinerant venders. These charms should always be carried in one's pocket or purse.

Arequipa celebrates all the religious fiestas of the calendar and also those of a number of virgins and saints with processions, bullfights, music, eating, drinking, and the marvelous fireworks for

which the city is famous. Dances during fiestas are usually limited to indoor parties.

Outstanding are the fiestas called the Paseos or Promenades of San Francisco and Santo Domingo, which consist of a charming exchange of courtesies. On San Francisco's day, October fourth, simultaneous processions set out from their respective churches, and both processions with their mayordomos, music, and congregations reach the Plaza de Armas at the same time. Here, under a specially adorned triumphal arch, both images meet. The bearers of the respective litters lower them in a majestic reverence to symbolize the historical meeting of the two saints, as church bells ring madly and salvos of fireworks rend the air. On Santo Domingo's day, August fourth, similar processions are held and the meeting takes place in the same manner. On both occasions splendid banquets are offered at the monasteries of the saint whose day is being celebrated.

My first stay in Arequipa was for one week only, as I had to reach Puno for a fiesta. I returned in August en route from Bolivia via Puno to Lima and gave a talk on Mexican fiestas at the university. This was in the dry winter season but the days were sunny and warm and the campiña green. Friendly Arequipeños took me out to visit villages I had not seen before, where there are restaurants with tables in gardens, and player pianos for dancing.

Again Arequipa delighted me and brought me warm memories of Mexico City. The snow-covered peaks of Misti and Pichupichu recalled Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl. Though the two great cities are a continent apart, they lie at about the same altitude and their people and atmosphere and setting have much in common.

Puno

For twelve hours, between Arequipa and Puno, the train climbed and curved through vast punas (mountain plains) filled with sunshine that made the tints in the rocks and ichu grass brighter. Occasionally wild vicuñas flew off, graceful as deer. Flocks of stately llamas were driven by shepherdesses whose flashing skirts lit up the landscape. From dark blue lagoons, lapis lazuli in rough settings, the eye lifted to the constant background of great purple mountains and snow-crowned peaks.

I had never traveled so high on land. At Cerro Alta station, the

altitude is 14,666 feet. For hours the train crawls through uninhabited reaches, and we got off only once to eat anticuchos (beef brochette, prepared by native women out-of-doors). My companions in the buffet car were mostly military officials being sent to new posts in the Andes. All were friendly and courteous, telling me about regions of the country I should visit.

Late in the afternoon we arrived in Juliaca, an active little city where one changes trains for Cuzco. It began to rain but this did not keep the venders from coming to the station to sell their colorfully knitted chullos (men's caps that pull down over the ears), sleeveless sweaters and dance masks (Plate 40). Soon the rain changed to hail and covered the rough ground with a white coat of ice over which barefoot Indian women stepped unconsciously as if treading soft green meadows.

Puno, with its dimly lighted streets, was cold and dreary in the rain. At 12,500 feet, it is always freezing at night. When not raining the sky seems very near. In the daytime the place is very blue, golden with sunshine that transforms the waters of Lake Titicaca into a blue-gold. At sunset they are especially rich in color; when it rains they are silver or steel gray.

The little city of Puno slopes upward from the shore of the lake, of which there is a view from every street, and is exposed to the winds of the lake and punas. With its fifteen thousand inhabitants, it is the largest city and capital of the Department of Puno. It has gold and silver mines, big cattle ranches, and agriculture. It is also the Peruvian port of Lake Titicaca.

Puno began to grow slowly into a city after the middle of the seventeenth century. Wealthy Spaniards never settled there because of its altitude and cold, so it has no aristocratic traditions and little rich colonial architecture. Its best building is the Cathedral on the Plaza de Armas, a massive structure with broad steps leading to the entrance platform, like the one at Cuzco. In the carving around the facade on each side of the door is a mermaid playing a charango, the small stringed, mandolin-like instrument so popular in the region. Even the better homes of the Mistis are simple, patios charming with plants and bushes, paved with tiny smooth black lake pebbles which form stylized birds, animals and flowers outlined with white pebbles. Puno and the region around it are barren of

trees, except for some few sturdy little collis with yellow or white flowers, and the eucalyptus, which was introduced at the end of the last century. Two rows of them grow on the block where the Hotel Puno is located, on the edge of the city toward the lake.

My second day in Puno, preceding the big fiesta of the Candelaria, February first, was filled with sun, color and sound. The sun is bright early in the morning and when I looked out of my window before seven, Indian women were already on their way to the market, barefoot, their bright green, red, orange and purple polleras or full skirts forming a procession of pleasing colors and showing their sturdy calves. They wear derby hats of wool. Their shoulders are covered with a square shawl-like lliclla of dark homespun with bright interwoven stripes, caught in front with a metal poto, a pin in the form of a spoon or animal's head. Their costumes seem planned by a style designer to attract the eye to the small, agile feet rather than to the dark, unsmiling, weatherbeaten faces, the straggling hair and queer headgear, yet the faces and firm bodies of many of the young girls are good to look at. The men wear sandals and ordinary shapeless wool suits, a poncho or blanket over the shoulders, sometimes a chullo cap, a derby hat and a wool scarf. The ponchos are of firm weave, of plain natural wood colors, narrow blue or green stripes forming a border. Children, after the age of eight more or less, dress like their parents. During their first years, they wear homespun bayeta wool tunics, and boys from five to eight years old a faldellin or skirt, which is afterward replaced by pants reaching to the ankles. Both boys and girls use the knitted chullos practically until their adolescent years—the girls of the Plains of Ilave until long afterward, if they are not married. Indian children follow this pattern of dress almost everywhere.

Cholo dress is generally of the same style but of better materials and fit. The women, always wearing shoes and stockings, usually of home-knit wool, and shawls instead of llicllas, also love bright colors. One attractive young Chola I observed wore a yellow pollera, cerise blouse, red and blue checked shawl, white high-crowned, short-brimmed straw hat stiffened with shoe polish, and silver earrings.

The market that Sunday morning was greatly enlarged by visiting venders from many places in the Department, including medi-

cine men with herbs, from Bolivia. My attention was especially attracted to two rows of squatting women facing each other, their merchandise between them and their polleras forming brilliant balls of color. I witnessed a silent barter scene, so common in the Sierra markets. Operating as pairs, two women place their products (potatoes, cereals and corn) side by side; if both are satisfied, the exchange takes place without uttering a word, and the customary "yapa" (a little something) is added as a gift, a symbolic expression of satisfaction over the transaction. There is seldom disagreement because of standards of values. Peruvian Indian markets are very quiet compared with Mexican, in which venders offer their wares, talk and laugh.

From early morning until late at night, groups of dancers tirelessly roamed the streets and performed at the door of the parish church of San Juan, on the Parque Pino plaza, housing the Virgin of the Candelaria. Late in the afternoon the entrada or entrance took place with all the mayordomos and groups of dancers to attend the evening church service. A specially interesting feature of this entrada is the arrival of the Aymarás from the Communidad of Ichu. They swarm in by the hundreds. As they come on foot, a distance of some ten miles, and drink all the way, they arrive gloriously drunk. The varayocs (head men in the community), carrying their large silver-adorned varas (canes of authority), lead the mob and do elbow swings with one another, followed by the rest dancing and yelling like demons (Plate 26).

The Ichu Aymarás are easily recognized because they dress differently from the others of the region. The men always wear black bayeta (coarse homespun) suits and the women long black polleras of the same material with colored ones underneath and a long, flaring band hanging down in back from underneath a flat, floppy, wide-brimmed hat. For a fiesta a well-to-do woman may wear a dozen colored polleras and a derby hat; the men, white bayeta shirts, white hats, their black trousers slit at the bottom to show white ruffs. They have a strong instinct for style (Plate 34).

Early on the morning of the second, the Plaza Parque Pino was filled with people and groups of dancers, each taking turns dancing at the church door for the Virgin.

The most numerous groups were the Sicuris, twenty or more

young men, each playing a panpipe of graduated canes, called sicuri or zampoña. They dance in a small trotting step, in a circle when in one place, around a bombo or big drum, performing the same step through the streets. Sometimes their music is augmented with a small drum, cymbals and a triangle. Mostly their suits are bullfighter style, richly trimmed with colored beads, and their headdress either a black montera or bullfighter's hat or else a chullo under a feathered headpiece. Some groups are accompanied by "decorative figures"—dancers representing animals, using their skins and wearing masks; others wear elegant colonial costumes of Spanish grandees, who dance daintily in front. They keep on playing the same huayno endlessly, but the music produced by a large number of sicuris is strangely rich with the sound of air and water running through it. I never tired of listening to it.

There was a dance of llameros (the shepherds and drivers of llamas), all young boys and girls, in bright new costumes, making graceful figures with their hondas (slings adorned with tufts of colored wool) as they stepped lightly to the music of reed flutes or quenas and a small drum (Plates 37, 38).

The most interesting dances were the choquelas from Ichu. Women carried tall poles connected with colored strands of wool and topped with feathers, with which they formed figures by winding the wool around the poles, while the men around them played quenas and drums. The men's fiesta costume included feathers in their hats and a piece of white cloth pinned to the back of the black coat. Some were dressed in animal skins and masks, representing vicuñas, llamas, sheep, foxes and others. One dancer was carrying a wild mountain cat; another a small stuffed vicuña (Plate 55).

The Choquela dance, undoubtedly of ancient origin, is performed in Ichu as a ritual for the purpose of bringing about well-being for the community through its magic. It is enacted on a hilltop as a hunt for an escaped vicuña, the poles carried by the women representing the trap. The music and the dancers show grief over their loss. Then the Pacco or Achichila, who practices white magic, invokes the spirits of the heavens, the mountains, caves and the earth to help them recover their lost vicuña, as he offers them chicha, sprinkling it ceremoniously in all directions and on the earth. Then the Pacco orders the "foxes" to set out in pursuit. The "monkeys"

follow, jumping and making funny postures for the amusement of the crowd. After much hunting, the foxes trap the vicuña at an indicated place, bringing the animal back in great triumph. Following prayers of thanksgiving by the Pacco, the vicuña is symbolically sacrificed, succeeded by the fiction of cutting it up and cooking it. Toasted corn is substituted for the meat of the animal and wine for the blood. All eat and drink joyfully.

The procession with the Virgin took place early in the afternoon. The tiny image stood on a tall pedestal, covered with fluffy white material with roses in the folds. In front of the litter, carried by men, were three acolytes with silver standard, cross and censer. Immediately behind walked three priests—two of them Maryknolls in the United States. On each side Indian women strewed the path of the Virgin with petals of the yellow wild sallihua flowers. Then came dancers, musicians, mayordomos, and the people. The procession took hours to cover a few blocks, stopping at the altars at the four corners of the Plaza de Armas to pray, and along the street as people threw flowers from windows and balconies. The altars were adorned with mirrors, colored paper and flags, images and silver, and there were arches formed with branches and flowers. Both plazas were crowded, the bright polleras of the Indian women relieving the drabness of the darker masses.

After the procession, the dancers continued performing on the plazas and along side streets. I followed an Ichu group of sicuris, for I was fascinated by an elderly-looking woman dancing alone in front of the men. She wore many polleras, topped by a green one, a red shawl and a brown derby hat—all brand new. She whirled about in one direction for a whole block, she whirled in the opposite, never stopping except to take a swig from a bottle of pisco she was carrying or to wipe her nose on the inside of her top pollera. She was the patroness of the group who had supplied the money needed for the fiesta.

Eight days later the procession of the octava took place. Everything was the same, but there was no one from Ichu. One new dance group appeared, called the Incas, composed of young men and women, who danced in couples, headed by the Inca and his attendants. The boys wore long wool tunics with colored lengthwise stripes; the dress of the girls, of the same material, had crosswise

stripes, bosoms covered with a mass of silver pieces in all sorts of forms—little fish, pitchers, ducks, birds. They also wore the usual derby hats and silver earrings. The Inca, a handsome Indian youth, was attired in a white wool robe with a flowing gaily striped cape and a gilded crown. His attendants were dressed in similar style but less elegantly. They performed simple figures, dancing lightly and gracefully to the music of wooden flutes called taracas and a drum (Plates 64, 66). The purpose of the dance is to show that the Incas are not forgotten.

During the week between the two processions the Sicuri groups kept on dancing in the streets and feasting with the mayordomos. After the second procession there began a series of despedidas or leavetakings (cacharpairi in Quechua), a South Sierra custom. Each day the group whose turn it is to depart orders a special mass, costing from thirty-five soles up. Afterward there is a banquet and some time later in the afternoon the dancers meet at the Independence Arch on the hill, where their leader makes a little speech to thank them for their cooperation, expressing the hope that they may be together again the next year. The men who have been dancing alone are joined by their compañeras—wives or girls—dressed in their best clothes, and they dance together down from the arch through the streets, around the two plazas and to their homes. During the days of leavetaking, the Sicuris visit public institutions to dance for the inmates.

The Sicuri dancers are Cholos, skilled, class-conscious workers, who belong to unions, yet preserve the Indian love of color and music. They practice playing and dancing together for weeks in advance of the fiesta out-of-doors in the cold night and take weeks off from their work. They spend much money on their costumes, often hiring them from establishments in La Paz, Bolivia.

The Aymarás of both Peru and Bolivia, who live around the lake, have much contact, attending fiestas on one or the other side. The Bolivians wear richer costumes and are more original in music, which the Peruvian Sicuris learn from them. The village of Italaque, in the Sorata Valley, Bolivia, is a "school" for Sicuri players. There during the fiesta of the Holy Cross, May third, the students go through a test. They are given plenty to eat and abundant chicha to drink, then they have to climb up, running and playing their instru-

ments, to the Calvary on a hill about fifteen hundred feet high and return immediately without resting. The maestros serve as judges of the contest. Nearly always a few fall by the wayside, sometimes dying from over-eating and drinking or a bad heart. If nothing happens to any one of the contestants, it is considered unlucky and the group does not continue studying together.

The fiesta days were full of excitement and I was busy observing everything, especially the Indians around the market. As they come from all parts of the Department, there is a great variety in the women's costumes. The Quechuas from the interior dress like those of Cuzco, whereas those from the Island of Amantani resemble the Ichu women in their dress, but have more style and their hair is more carefully combed, with twelve little braids on either side.

I was also making friends among the Mistis and seeing something of the region outside of the city. One day we went on an archeological excursion to the chullpas (tombs of Sullistanti, pre-Inca, tower-like structures, entered by a little door facing east). It was a clear, sunny morning and the hill around them was covered with wild flowers of all colors—the blue salvia, called "tears of the virgin," suncha, a deep yellow daisy used for the dying, the sacred red cantuta of the Incas, and others. The only sign of life around the place was at the caretaker's hut, and a lone balsero, paddling his balsa (reed canoe) on the blue waters of Lake Umayo at the foot of the hill. All around great snow-covered mountain peaks towered, gleaming white against the blue skies.

Another time I was invited on an architectural trip along the shores of Titicaca, and saw some of the magnificent churches for which the Department of Puno is so famous. We drove halfway to Bolivia over the Pan American Highway skirting the lake, always in view of its blue waters and the white Bolivian cordilleras. We saw Indians fishing or working their fields, and flocks of llamas and alpacas.

The loveliest of the towns is Juli, the plaza planted with flowering colli trees, the lake visible through arches and doorways from all its sloping streets. Here in the seventeenth century the Jesuits made the four Indian communities build four imposing churches and each one competed with the other to achieve the greatest ostentation.

Their interiors are rich in gold, paintings, and images, the motifs on the facades completely indigenous—the Inca sun, little Indian figures, monkeys, parrots, flowers, all incredibly fine carving in stone.

The most beautiful of all the churches I saw in Peru is at Pomata, twelve miles beyond Juli, in an excellent state of preservation. It is of a warm-hued reddish stone, luxuriously carved inside and out with Indian motifs, its altars richly gilded. Once Pomata was a lively, populous Indian community; now it is a sleepy little town, its only life a soldiers' barracks to guard the border.

Nowhere on the lake did I see any of the large picturesque balsas with their totora sails that are always photographed on its waters. The totora reed is found chiefly in the waters of Lake Titicaca. The waters of that lake are receding and the totora reeds are scarcer. But there were still many small balsas, the size of an average canoe, made of totora in the same way as the larger ones. The totora is tied into cigar-shaped bundles and left to dry in the sun. Then friends cooperate in making the balsa of these long thin bundles, the owners furnishing food, drinks and music. Offerings of chicha and coca are made to the "mothers" of the earth and sea. When the balsa has been put together, the owners ride in it first, then the friends. For the small balsas one long paddle, called a lloquena, is used, and the balsero either stands or sits. The Indians are able to brave the worst storms in these light craft and they despise the Mistis for being tenderfeet. A light rain they always call contemptuously "Misti manchachi"—white man's rain.

One of my constant companions in Puno was the poet Aurelio Martínez, who knows much about customs, and especially appreciates their esthetics. His favorite word was "lindo" (lovely), which he would pronounce caressingly. Another good friend, Professor Jesús Gómez, who plays all the local stringed instruments, sings the Aymará folk songs and knows all the dances. Señor Julio Jesús Areguedas, head of the government tourist office, sometimes came on trips I made, and both he and his wife were most hospitable. Numerous other Puneños were helpful to me and everyone was friendly.

I had come to Puno especially to see the carnival fiestas, which I had been told were the most interesting in the Sierra. Not till I got

to Arequipa did I hear about the prolonged Candelaria celebrations and I hurried on to Puno to see them. This year both fiestas happened to overlap, for the carnival is on a movable date.

The carnival was ushered in on February seventh, with the entrance of No Carnavalón, a grotesquely stuffed figure, on a llama, followed by a big crowd. At intervals the No Carnavalón halted to read a funny carnival proclamation. The next morning there was a parade of decorated floats, and from then on something was happening all the time for a whole week.

On Monday there was an all-day excursion on the lake, attended by the "best people." The boat was comfortable and the price of the ticket included food and dance music. It turned out to be great fun. We ate, drank, danced, chatted and laughed all day long, and I forgot all about the altitude. Apparently the Puneños never have to remember it, for old and young alike dance all the time. I became acquainted with the prefect and other distinguished persons and enjoyed the lovely views all along the lake.

A feature of every carnival, especially among whites and mestizos, is a water-and-flour throwing and bathing. People throw water and flour from balconies on innocent persons who happen to be passing. Groups of young men enter the homes of girl friends and battles follow in which the boys try to throw the girls into fountains or bathtubs and vice versa. At carnival dances in the best clubs, young men and women spray ether into each other's eyes from chisguetes (glass syringes) sold for the purpose.

In Puno there was little water throwing on the streets, but there was a water-throwing battle between sailboats on the lake and many in private homes. Every night at dances in the movie houses and in the private clubs there was throwing of confetti and a solution of ether. I went to one of the latter and ran away as soon as possible with my eyes filled with ether.

The big day, for which the Puno carnival is most famous, came on Friday, with the coming-out of groups of dancers called Pandillas in the afternoon. Everyone gathers on or around Huajsapata hill, overlooking the city and the lake, to see the Pandillas and their musicians. Venders come to sell drinks and sweets, and there is much visiting with friends.

The girls taking part are pretty young Cholas or Mistis of the

humbler classes, dressed in the Chola costume, with a short pollera, Spanish shawl, derby hat, dancing slippers and stockings, everything of the richest materials—silks and velvets. Their partners are young men of their own class, and an occasional blue-blood. They wear ordinary suits, hats pulled down over their eyes, and each a silk shawl, generally furnished by the Chola partner.

Their performance on the hill consists of preparing a lunch and dancing between courses. This takes hours, so by the time they are ready to dance down to the city around both plazas, it is quite dark. I asked Judge Gómez why they did not get started earlier so one might better enjoy the colors of their dresses and the street dancing. He answered with a shrug, "It's the custom," or as the Indians say, "It has always been so."

The Pandillas came out again on Sunday afternoon, when they ate and danced around the municipal swimming pool. They also took part in a big public dance in the market place on Friday and Saturday nights. Often a man in high public position would jump into a pandilla and take a girl away from her partner to dance with her. I saw the prefect and the military commander do that. They do it to make themselves popular with the Cholos, but they seemed to be having a very good time of it.

The Pandillas are said to have originated in Bolivia, but Puno has added original features, which surrounding towns have tried to imitate without success.

The bastonero or leader organizes the group, distributes the couples and directs the figures. The dancers enter in couples, form a circle and then follow the leader, who always dances with one or two girls. He may begin by caressing the girl, taking her hand affectionately and lifting it over his shoulder, then call to the dancers to make the "little arch," when each couple passes under the raised arms of the other. The leader may invent figures as he goes along but most of them have become classic and have special designations, such as imitating the lame as the dancers wave their handkerchiefs and "divorce and marriage," in which partners separate and join each other again. In the "little star," they form a circle first with the girls in the center, then the boys. There is a great variety of steps—a high jumping step, a short ordinary one, the filigree, i.e., moving the feet without lifting from the ground, the

"intimate," interlacing arms close to the body and turning to the right and to the left. During the entire dance a short turn to the left and then to the right is repeated.

At intervals the Pandillas take a rest from figure dancing and do stereotyped marineras and huaynos. They practice for weeks in advance. Many courtships begin and many marriages result from these happy contacts between the sexes.

The merit of a Pandilla depends on the leader, the number of couples, and the music, which must be new and original each year. Formerly the best musicians offered their services free but usually they are paid now. Originally the instruments consisted only of guitars, mandolins, charangos, and quenas, but some groups today use horns and cornets as well.

The Indians have their own carnivals, which they celebrate in their planted fields so that they may make offerings to Pachamama, Earth Mother. On Ash Wednesday afternoon, when they usually begin, I went out to Ichu. As our station wagon cut across the fields to the entrance of the communities, we saw groups from three of them join on a narrow rise in the ground, each with a Peruvian flag and musicians. All the participants were in a fiesta state of drunkenness and all were in fiesta costumes. One woman leader wore fifteen polleras of different colors and a Napoleonic hat. Before beginning to dance, all knelt down and kissed the ground. The varayocs, at a little distance from the rest, put their flags and varas together and, kneeling, made offerings of chicha and coca to Pachamama.

The following Saturday, accompanied by the poet Aurelio Martínez and Professor Gómez, I went on a trip to the lake villages as far as Juli to see the carnivals. When I had been in Juli before, the lovely little plaza had been silent and deserted, but this afternoon it had become a live flower garden. It was jam-packed with Pandillas of barefoot Indian girls in gay new woolen polleras, llicllas and derby hats, their partners wearing bright new Chinese shawls. The musicians, playing quenas and drums, wore fresh flowers in their hats. All looked clean and happy, none of them drunk. An occasional Pandilla of Cholos and Mistis danced among them, with stringed orchestras, imitating the Puneños in dress and steps. The

mayor of the town introduced me to his daughter, studying in far off Lima, who never failed to return to dance in the Pandilla.

On our way back, the whole forty miles from Juli to Puno, all along the lake, was turned into one big carnival pageant. Pandillas were dancing on the plazas of every town and from the highway we saw groups of Indians bearing aloft the Peruvian red and white flag, their Pandillas dancing over the rough ground of the fields, the colors of their dress mingling with those of the sunset reflected in the lake against a background of mountains swimming in purple haze.

Most of the Indian carnivals were too far away from the road, but we came to a spot where two very large Pandillas with many musicians and villagers were dancing a short distance away. About a hundred couples, swirling their usual dazzling colors, the women with atados (bundles) on their backs in bright cloths, and the men wearing similar ones over their shoulders, each carrying a little basket and a bottle of liquor with a bread doughnut hanging over its neck. The women also carried bottles and when the music stopped, each drank from the other's bottle. Once, during an intermission, the musicians ran toward each other and began talking in loud voices. We feared there was going to be a fight, but soon they were embracing and expressing their pleasure at the success of their two villages in having united for this carnival celebration. My companions, who talked with some of the men in Aymara, commented afterward, "Our Indians are becoming very civilized. Formerly they would have driven us away."

For the Indians, the carnival is more than a last orgiastic fling before Lent. Around Juli, those who have planted potatoes go out to their fields with food, drink, and music. They pull up a few of the plants to see if they have taken root. If all is well, the women wrap them in their llicllas and dance with them, while the men throw flowers, coca and chicha to the four winds and to Pachamama, and there is great rejoicing. If the hail and frost have harmed the plants, they drink in silent sorrow.

The Quechua name for carnival is Pukllay Taki, "Let us play." In many South Sierra villages the Indians make it an occasion for tests of strength and endurance, which permit personal grudges

and desire for vengeance to be displayed publicly with impunity and with admiration for the winner. The battle is always between individuals or groups of different wards or communities. It is preceded by an agreement as to what weapon is to be used and what constitutes victory. Generally the test takes the form of lashes on a bare leg, sometimes with a barbed leather whip, during a dance. The contestants face each other and the one who is to receive his punishment first extends his bare leg, all the time playing his instrument and singing as if unaware that his rival is bearing down on him with all his strength. Sometimes the dance goes on as if nothing were happening. Sometimes a circle is formed around the contestants and the spectators either watch in silence or cheer them on. The number of lashes is according to pact and no contender will ever ask for mercy. If there is any reason for suspending the fight, it is always at the insistence of the women or the group, for a contestant would rather die than be branded a coward. Leather ropes with metal prongs or just the fists are also used on legs and muscles. Another weapon used is the sling. First one combatant and then the other throws green fruit or roots, aiming at the vulnerable parts of the body previously agreed upon. Always the fight goes on rhythmically to music, as if no one were suffering. Generally, wounds heal quickly when treated immediately with herbs, a little earth, saliva or urine. But sometimes results are serious.

These tests of prowess as a carnival sport are reminiscent of preconquest tribal battles. They recall the special tests of noble Inca sixteen-year-old youths to show their stamina and indifference to suffering before being admitted to the order of chivalry. They had to exhibit their skill in wrestling and boxing, their endurance in long races, and by fasting for several days, in combats which sometimes resulted in severe wounds and death. During thirty days of trial the royal youth had to sleep on the ground, go barefoot, and wear ordinary tunics like those of the poor.

Another carnival custom among Indians and Cholos in the Central Sierra and all the rest of the country is to transplant a tree, adorn it with flags, serpentine and small gifts and to chop it down on the last day of celebrations. The chopping is done by couples as they dance around it and the one who finally fells it has to decorate the tree the following year. The scramble for the gifts is great fun.

In the village of Virú, near Trujillo on the North Coast, there is some phallic symbolism in this performance. Before using the axe both men and women "sharpen" it on each other's private parts (Plates 57, 65).

After the two long fiestas, ending February fifteenth, the streets of Puno were deserted and silent. The night life in Puno consisted of two social clubs for men and two movies, but the screens and sound track were bad. In spite of all, I found Puno attractive and interesting and decided to stay for another event on the twenty-second. The only other constant guest in the hotel was Frances Bramhall, a San Francisco teacher, who was spending most of her sabbatical year in Peru, studying folk dances. As practically all tourists stay only one night in the hotel, en route to Cuzco or Bolivia, the waiters began to think us queer and would ask us often if we were not leaving on the next train.

Professor Gómez and his friends often braved the freezing rainy nights and came to the hotel to sing and play for us, though they had to keep their overcoats on. For my benefit, occasionally they would sing Mexican folksongs, which they had learned from Mexican movies and which delighted them.

Among the Puneños giving me first-hand information on customs was Profesora Asunción Galindo, who had been teaching in Aymará villages for over thirty-five years. She speaks the language perfectly and has participated intimately in their life and fiestas. In the market she identified for me all the varieties of food, such as the chuños or dehydrated potatoes, and qunioa, the most important and nourishing of the cereals of the highlands, used in every possible form but especially in chupes, those thick satisfying soups which are favorites among all social classes everywhere in Peru.

Señora Galindo also helped me purchase all the objects necessary for a proper magical offering, as on the North Coast, called a "mesa" or table. The base is a paste of unto (llama fat) into which are stuck tiny flags of gold and silver leaf, half-inch lead figures of men and women in couples, animals, knives, forks, spoons, implements, a collection of cookies, and bits of serpentine. The Paccos or sorcerers use these mesas for curing, for bringing back the soul to a person who has been frightened, and for divining.

A divining session takes place at night in the dark. The Pacco invokes the earth and the hills, who come in the form of auquis or spirits. The chief auqui greets all those present, who answer with great humility. The Pacco then says to the Auqui, "We have made you come so that you may tell us which of your evil ones has" robbed or caused illness or whatever the trouble may be. The Auqui then answers with a name.

The tools from Profesora Asunción's school were stolen, and she had a divining session to find the thief. Once the Auqui mentioned the name, the lights were put on and there was great excitement—but the tools were never returned.

To make the auquis come, the interested persons have to prepare a "chair" for him, which means paying a certain number of soles, for he comes a long distance. Before his arrival, coca leaves are thrown from on high onto a lliclla on which stands a bottle of liquor. All present chew coca leaves. If they are sweet, it means good luck; if bitter, bad. The arrival of the auquis is announced with a noise that sounds like hand-clapping and there is a feeling of air and dust that comes with persons who have traveled a long distance. After the session, the Pacco and his assistant go away to some lonely place to burn the mesa and bury the cinders. Returning, they say, "Now the earth is content." These offerings and divinations are made to find out if crops will be good, if a marriage will be successful, or in connection with any venture about which there is doubt.

One day I visited the Ichu community of Ojerhani, where Profesora Asunción is principal of a government model school. The village is a little green paradise of Inca terraces, irrigated from springs at various levels. Vegetables, especially onions, and wild flowers were growing in profusion. Flowering colli trees were everywhere. Amidst all this verdure were scattered small white dwellings (Plate 9). When I got there, the women, who had returned from their day's trading, were preparing the evening meal. Two boys, who had learned Spanish at school, guided us around, and proudly pointed out the mottoes, which, thanks to the influence of the school, had been painted in blue letters on white walls of houses: *One should walk erect. It is necessary to begin a new life.*

The Ichu Aymarás, I found, are outstanding for industry and

aggressiveness. They are the traders and travelers of the region, the men going far from home to trade or work and the women to markets at some distance to sell their vegetables. One day I saw three Ichu women sitting on the plaza in Juli, thirty miles away from their homes, with bunches of onions at their feet, spinning and nursing their babies.

All Aymará women are serious and hardworking but have a good sense of humor, as I discovered once when I was traveling with some of them on a truck at night. When they got off at their villages in the dark, there was much quarreling in high-pitched voices. Suddenly there was silence and when I looked out of the window to see what had happened, they were sitting on the cold ground and shaking with silent laughter. They had apparently gotten their bundles mixed up.

In the head village of Ichu, I noticed most doors padlocked, the women being away to sell their products. Except during fiestas, this village is always quiet; but on June twenty-ninth, when San Pedro, their patron, is feted, thousands of people from Puno and other places overflow the rough little plaza. San Pedro is taken out in procession, while a man with a little balsa covered with freshly caught fish runs around the plaza to insure good luck. Various groups of dancers in elegant costumes take part and there is a mock bullfight (Plate 55).

The interiors of the small rectangular huts I saw were all similar, mostly dark and filled with smoke, for there is no chimney, and tola bushes or manure are used for fuel. The furnishings consist of an adobe poyo or bench to sleep on, a tiny stool or two, a few niches to keep things in and pegs to hang them on, an adobe stove and simple pottery cooking utensils and dishes, large water and chicha jars, and a batán or smooth grinding stone with a small one for the mano or hand. There are no bright altars as in Mexican huts, only a wooden or occasionally a small silver cross. Sometimes several huts form a compound but the members of a family usually sleep together in one hut to keep warm. There are also pens for animals.

This ayllu or cooperative community of Ichu has an organization similar to the many others in the country. In addition to the government officials there are the varayocs, Indian authorities, respected

by the whole community, who see that the laws are obeyed and look after the progress and welfare of the ayllu. The varayocs may be appointed by the governor of the province or selected by the one in office or elected by the people. They are the ones that receive the orders from the political authorities and the priest, usually after Sunday mass, and see that they are carried out. The members of an ayllu own and work land in common. Those who own or work their own parcels receive the help of their relatives and friends and return it in kind; this is called minga or ayne. They also help one another in the building of houses, and all such cooperative work ends in a celebration with food, drink, and music, furnished by the owner. When a couple marry, the members of the ayllu generally help build a house for them. They cooperate in public works, in building roads or a school, in digging ditches, in funerals, weddings and fiestas. In general, there is harmony within the community, but not with those outside. There is constant litigation over boundaries and other matters from which petty lawyers profit greatly. In Puno, Cuzco, and other cities there are whole blocks of houses with signs containing just one word, "abogado" or lawyer, on them. Some of the lawyers are just "tinterillos" (persons who know how to use pen and ink) but they all call themselves "doctor" and cheat the poor Indians to the limit.

The market continued to attract me all the time I was in Puno. It was the only alive place, typical of practically all other markets in the Sierra in larger towns. In one corner of the Puno market was a "restaurant" where Cholas cooked chupes and other typical foods on adobe stoves, in another, sewing machines on which they were busy making dresses. The rest of the space was occupied with stands selling vegetables, fruit, cereals, meat, medicinal herbs, magical objects, and everything saleable. The Cholo women monopolize the interior of the market, even doing the butchering. Male venders, both Indian and Cholo, as well as Indian women, always sell outside of the market building.

On regular market days there are no folk arts for sale, except occasionally a small bag with inwoven figures of animals, birds or flowers. Indian women are always spinning and both men and women weave, but not for sale, except occasionally a few ponchos.

The only handicrafts from the Department of Puno that reach beyond its borders are the chullos and sweaters from Juliaca and the pottery toys from Pucará.

Pucará, on the railroad between Puno and Cuzco, is a populous Indian center with archeological ruins. The toys are made in the nearby village of Santiago Pupuja, where there is one of those magnificent churches scattered about Puno. The fantastic clay bulls made there have much meaning for the Indians of the village. In pairs, they symbolize strength—the man and woman working for the welfare of the home. For fiestas larger "bulls" are adorned with serpentine and silver paper. Some serve as money banks; others are filled with chicha and the people dance around them. The bulls take part in all fiestas in one way or another. The clay bulls are made in all sizes, from a few inches to over a foot high. Their bodies are generally cream-color or beige, and they are painted around the head and body with brown or green (Plates 59, 43).

On one of my trips out from Puno, I saw an Aymará funeral. The dead person was being buried near the roadside, the mourners sitting around with bottles of liquor, all drunk, some weeping and wailing. Later a Puneño told me about burial customs and his own experience at the funeral of a young Indian friend.

He arrived at the cemetery just as the body was about to be lowered into the grave. An old woman walked up to it and said angrily, "You are leaving this world, you coward, because you did not want to face the responsibility of taking a wife and having children. Young men who die are like a rocky field; it yields nothing," and she slapped the face of the corpse.

Death is announced by a bonfire and loud wailing. Relatives and friends come immediately to help and bring gifts of liquor and coca, which are consumed along with food during the wake, while the life history of the dead person is reviewed and his virtues extolled. The burial takes place the following day.

The Pacco bathes the dead with aromatic herbs, for the corpse must be well cleansed for the grave, since otherwise Pachamama will not receive it with pleasure. The unmarried are shrouded in a white wool tunic; the married in black bayeta. A man is buried in his poncho and a woman in her pollera. A string of llama wool

is tied around the neck, signifying that the person is really dead and free of everything and will not suffer in the other world. In some cases the body is taken to the west side of the hut, the wool string drawn tightly around the neck and the belly pressed with heavy stones, to make the body even cleaner.

For a man, a male llama, preferably a white one, is tethered to his hands, as a symbol that it will accompany him as beast of burden on his long journey to eternity and to his new home. Then the animal is slaughtered and the meat is eaten by the mourners. Sandals are made from the skin of the animal's legs to protect the feet of the dead person from the rough roads he must travel. Food, water and a grass broom are placed in the grave.

The corpse is borne to the grave on a ladder-like litter. The bearers walk very fast because the soul is eager to enter the grave in order to continue its journey beyond. The first shovels of earth thrown into the grave by the nearest of kin are considered messages to the departing one. The grave is deep, and the earth is pressed down firmly, for if much is left over, it is a sign that Pachamama is hungry and will soon demand another corpse. Sick adults and young children are made to jump over the grave so that any ghost illness may remain with the dead. The mourners turn their outer garments inside out as a sign of sorrow and return to the house by a different route, so the ghost will not follow them. When they arrive, they wash their hands and mouth and continue feasting. Mourning goes on in the same way for eight days, after which the dead person's clothes are washed in a river, and either burned or distributed. All present are purified with smoke of herbs and ají, and the house is also ritually cleansed by an outsider, an old man or woman or the Pacco, and there is more feasting.

Mourning lasts a whole year, during which time a widow is expected to respect the memory of the dead by not showing interest in the opposite sex. During three successive years on the Day of the Dead, November second, mourning is resumed with food offerings to the deceased. After that the soul does not return to earth.

Children's funerals show more Christian influence. As soon as a baby is born, the Aymarás look for godparents to baptize it, so it may go to heaven if it dies. If the child dies before it is baptized, they bring the priest to bless the place where it died so that they

may not be punished by hail ruining their planted fields. They dress the dead child like an angel and turn the wake into a fiesta with food, drink, dancing and singing. They tie a light blue ribbon around the little corpse's neck, believing that it will pull the parents and godparents to heaven when they die. After the child is buried, the mourners return to the house dancing, "rejoicing that another angel has gone to heaven."

Death customs, similar among all the Indians of today, preserve many Inca traits. The Incas believed that after death life went on in much the same way as on earth, but instead of a llama, the wives and servants of nobles were strangled so they might continue serving them in the next world. The Incas mourned for eight days, following the funeral, served food and drink, wore mourning for a year, and believed in a better life after death for the virtuous.

Among the few North Americans who live in Puno, I enjoyed visiting with the Maryknoll Fathers, who had a comfortable home and were very hospitable to United States visitors. They are a missionary order, usually working in the Orient, but the war diverted some of them to South America. They have the San Juan church, run a high school for boys, and are doing good work in the villages. They stand out conspicuously among the Peruvian priesthood—young, tall, athletic in appearance, their robes always immaculately clean, heads unshaven. Only liberals in and out of the church fully accept them.

The Seventh Day Adventists, greatly admired by liberal Peruvians, are also doing splendid work in the lake region. They have about a hundred schools and temples, a normal school and a good hospital in Juliaca. In order to receive the benefits of their institutions, the Indians must stop drinking and chewing coca.

The use of alcoholic beverages is widespread but coca-chewing is limited to the Sierra and a few jungle tribes; both are utilized ritually and as an escape. Sierra men always keep a wad of coca in the mouth. They carry the leaves in bright little handwoven bags, called chuspas, and the quinoa ashes mixed with lime in tiny gourd containers. Coca, a bitter-sweet narcotic, mitigates hunger and fatigue. Both alcohol and coca are harmful to the underfed Indians but there is little interference with their use, for both commodities pro-

duce wealth and revenue. The Indians are addicted to both, yet some give it up when made to see its harm. As a general rule, men do not get drunk except during fiestas and ceremonies.

Among the public health officers, Dr. José Marroquín is doing excellent work in Puno, through his sanitary posts in the Indian villages, and he cooperates with the Seventh Day Adventists.

The event I was waiting for in Puno took place the last Sunday in February, a fiesta to celebrate the inauguration of a new cattle market in the new settlement of Laraquiri. We rode for hours over a rugged plain, ever higher into the Andes and nearer to the clear, blue skies. The only buildings completed around the little plaza were the school, sanitary post, municipal offices and a few dwellings. When we arrived around noon, the plaza was already filled with Indian venders, the women forming a circle of color with their bright polleras.

The attraction for me was the group called Carrabotas (high leather leggings), a group of riders who live near the snows of the western cordillera of the Titicaca Basin. Some were already camping in the fields, others were arriving on their sturdy little mountain horses, wearing gay ponchos and carrabotas, their women also riding astride their horses with their progeny in front and back of their saddles. The Carrabotas are greatly admired, and there are many stories told about their exploits, for they are intelligent and likable daredevils who ride many leagues to make love to a pretty girl, always taking along their liquor and charangos, playing and singing, whispering secrets to their instruments and giving them "drink" to help them win the girl's heart. They dominate their environment and cattle so perfectly that they soon work up to good positions in the haciendas, but being spendthrifts they resort to stealing cattle, which they do in groups and in style, and their own experience in this line also makes them good at catching cattle thieves.

The first official act on the program was a misa de campana—an outdoor mass. A young Franciscan priest officiated at an improvised decorated altar, blessing the new settlement, baptizing babies and blessing crosses brought in by the varayocs from the surrounding communities. Then followed brief speeches by the local authorities,

and a savory lunch. In the afternoon there was a parade with music, the Carrabotas taking part, after which young people danced a pandilla. A colorful fiesta, in a strange, rugged setting!

Five months later I spent the last week of July in Puno, returning this time to attend the fiesta of Santiago in Lampa, on July twenty-fifth, and the one at Copacabana, Bolivia, August fifth.

In Lampa, a small town near Juliaca, the fiesta began on the twenty-fourth. After the entrada and church services, the Indians danced around bonfires, and feasting went on until late into the night.

The next day, the twenty-fifth, Indians from the entire region invaded the town with their color. On the plaza were venders of food, drink, and sweets, and riding around it on spirited horses were the Ccaperos (the firemakers), also called Las Marchas, the Marches. They went about in several groups of four or five, each representing a community, wearing suits in the style of colonial or republican generals with many colorful ribbons hanging down the back from under Napoleon hats, and carrying Peruvian flags. One group of "Spanish generals" had full sleeves of fine white material instead of cloth in their coats to ridicule their former oppressors. As they capered about, they made their horses perform dance figures to music. Each Ccapero serves for three years, until he receives a sword and stripes, when someone else takes his place.

I was guest that day for lunch at the home of a Puno supreme court judge. Himself a pure Indian, he is always defending his people, who look upon him as a great friend; so that day the Indian governor of Paratía, a prosperous cattle-raising community near the mountain snows, came to eat with us. He spoke fair Spanish and told me something about his village. His folk seldom marry in church because of the high fees, and as the priest comes there only once a year, they keep track of all births and deaths and then they pay for services and baptisms en masse. The people from his village do especially fine weaving and dress like the Cuzco Quechuas instead of like the rest of the Aymarás of the region, the women using long dark polleras, colorful, lovely lliclas and montera hats.

The group of Ayarachi dancers from Paratía came to pay their respects to the judge and danced in the patio, where I was able to

observe them without the interference of crowds. There were six dancers and a leader, all wearing long dark homespun coats, trimmed with colored braid, and many white bone and gilded buttons, their dark trousers open from the knee down to expose a white bayeta pleated ruffle. Their headdresses were of long dark ostrich feathers, so arranged that they fell down over the head and opened like a fan at the top. Their shoulders were covered with a small white woolen shawl, over which hung a white brocaded silk band, resembling a priest's stole—the white symbolizing the condor, their totem. The costume was completed with a colorful little chuspa filled with coca leaves.

Each dancer played a small round drum hanging from his neck, the stick adorned with colored tufts of wool, and at the same time blew a panpipe with a double row of tubes, which he held in his left hand. Ayarachi means funeral music in Aymará, and they play what they believe was sounded at the funeral of Manco Cápac, a strangely primitive, lugubrious little tune, to which they move in a circle with great solemnity. Sometimes they are accompanied by their women, who keep step with them inside the circle.

The Ayarachis from Paratía leave their communities before sunrise and when they reach the river, some distance away, lie down on their stomachs, arms behind their heads, and imitate a condor washing its face. They say the condors are their ancestors and their god the Sun. As soon as they see the first rays of the sun, they weep. When they dance in their own communities, they do not perform the face-washing ceremony because there is no river, but when the sun rises they kneel and weep.

The Lampa church, with its magnificently carved facade and splendid images, is grand and imposing, and the procession was very dramatic. Just as the afternoon sun was falling, at the entrance appeared a life-size Santiago on a "spirited white horse" prancing on dead Moors. He wore a flowing white cape lined with red and was accompanied by Santa Ana, also in red and white.

The whole fiesta was delightful, but my real reason for planning to attend it was to see the Ayarachi dance, the most interesting one I saw in all Peru. There are hundreds of dances in the Sierra but the majority are European in costume and many intended to ridicule the colonial Spaniards and present-day Mistis. The Indians and

Cholos naturally invest those dances with their plastic, music and humor, so that they are a pagan expression. But the Ayarachi with its strange music and great dignity is reminiscent of long ago.

BOLIVIAN INTERLUDE

Titicaca, the highest navigable lake in the world, La Paz, the highest capital in the world! One knows about them from early childhood's geography lessons, and they have an irresistible pull on the imagination.

I went to La Paz from Puno by boat across Lake Titicaca. Unfortunately, the English company owning the railroads and steamers finds it more convenient to run the latter at night, thus depriving the passengers of a day's superb scenery. However, by getting up early in the morning one wins a few hours' views of blue waters, green banks, and majestic purple mountains, white peaks reaching far up into the soft morning sky.

The train from the Bolivian port of Chaqui to La Paz crosses a dreary plain, which makes the first view of the capital in a deep fertile valley a happy surprise. The houses run up and down steep hillsides. Adorning the city on one side like a white sculptured frieze is the cordillera of Iliamani.

La Paz is a charming city and, because it is so protected by mountains and is in the tropic zone, warm for its altitude of 11,500 feet, with geraniums blooming even in the winter. So steep is the Plaza de Armas with its Cathedral and government palace and many of its shopping streets that it is terrifying to walk down it. But the broad, handsome Avenida Dieciseis de Julio (sixteenth of July) is fairly level and at noon everyone strolls down to the Hotel Sucre or other restaurants and bars on it for midday drinks and visits with friends.

I spent only a few days in La Paz and they were filled to the brim with interesting things and hospitality. Some United States Embassy people gave a cocktail party in honor of their colleagues from Quito, Ecuador, whom I met on the boat from Puno. There was a delightful evening at Kenneth and Ann Wasson's, looking at a brilliant colored movie of the Indian carnival at Oruro. Kenneth

came to La Paz during the war for the Co-ordinator and has since gone into the professional movie field. Rewarding was my visit to Col. Medina's private museum of Tiahuanaco artifacts, containing statues, pottery, tiny exquisitely carved figurines and animals, and gold pieces.

I spent almost an entire day visiting the ruins of Tiahuanaco, situated on a bleak plateau almost fourteen thousand feet high, about twelve miles south of Lake Titicaca, where Viracocha "created the world." The ruins, scattered over flat terrain, are not very impressive, but there are interesting carved statues, relief slabs, and decorative heads, and especially the famous carved Gateway of the Sun. The church in the nearby town of Tiahuanaco is built of prehistoric stones and near it are ancient statues.

There is little sightseeing in La Paz but pleasant drives and delightful shopping. The many antique shops have old silver, lacquer, and other objects. There is the big central market but more fascinating is hilly Sagarnaga Street with all its gay folk art shops and herb stands, selling llama fetuses and many other magical objects. Besides the ancient handsome church of San Francisco, there is little colonial architecture—here and there an old patio. The plaza with the Tiahuanaco sculptures and the National Museum are interesting. On the hills near the railroad station, which afford superb views of the city, especially at night, one can see Indians and Cholos weaving on belt looms near their adobe huts. They are constantly having fiestas and putting on the devil dance with fantastic masks and brilliant costumes.

From La Paz I flew to Cochabamba, a charming little white city, in a semi-tropical valley, where I stayed a few days in the resort, Hotel Cochabamba. It was delightful to wander about the old streets, with sidewalks so narrow that two persons cannot pass by on them, and to visit the markets. There Indian and Chola women dress in similar style, except that the former go barefoot. They wear full short skirts, gay shawls, and most extraordinary hats with tall crowns, narrow brims, stiff and shining with white enamel. There I met several Bolivian writers. The most outstanding is Jesús Lara, author of *Poesia Quechua* and other works, a good writer and ardent Indianist.

COPACABANA

After reaching the lake, the ride from La Paz to Copacabana is beautiful. Villages nestle amid green hills along the enameled blue lake waters, and silhouetted against the sky are the ubiquitous majestic purple mountains with their eternal snows.

It took me some time to accustom myself to the idea of a Bolivian town called Copacabana, a name always associated with the fashionable, much advertised beach in Rio de Janeiro. But the name rightfully belongs to the Andes and was carried to Brazil with an image of the Virgin of Copacabana, who performed a miracle for some Brazilian sailors in danger on Lake Titicaca.

Copacabana, derived by the Spaniards from the Quechua Kopakjahuana, "Beholder of the Blue Horizon," and Cupakjahuana, "Beholder of the Precious Stone," was founded by the Incas and was the port from which boats embarked to their sacred islands of the Sun and Moon. It also served as a supply base and outpost. The town slopes up from the shores of a small, sheltered bay, and the big sanctuary stands on the site of the ancient Temple to the Sun. A few Inca ruins remain in the surrounding hills.

The importance of the place as an Inca shrine made a miracle necessary to establish the new faith among the Indians. It came about through Francisco Tito Yupanqui, a descendant of Inca nobility who, though not adept at sculpture and painting, was able to produce through both mediums an expressive image of the Virgin of the Candelaria. His first attempts were ridiculed but in the end his persistence and religious zeal won out and now his image, Patroness of Bolivia, is revered throughout South America. It is almost four feet in height, of maguey, wood, and stucco, the face and hands of plaster. The features and coloring are Indian, the expression sweet though austere. Indian garments are painted and gilded on the figure, but for fiestas both the Virgin and the Infant are dressed in costly robes and covered with precious jewels.

A small chapel was built for the Virgin in February, 1583. About the middle of the seventeenth century, a Peruvian viceroy ordered the construction of the present church in the form of a Latin cross.

In 1940, it was declared a basilica. The Virgin was first crowned with great pomp on August 6, 1925, during the celebration of Bolivia's centenary of freedom from both Spain and Peru, hence two fiestas are celebrated for the Virgin in Copacabana, one on February second, her day, the other August fifth and sixth.

The August fiesta is most attended because people are free for the Independence holidays, but pilgrims also come from neighboring countries. Pilgrims from Bolivia and Peru filled every available spot in homes and camped out in the hills, the plazas and the market place. In Hotel Copacabana, where I stayed, guests slept in the halls and several in every room. I had to share mine with a romantic little stenographer from La Paz, who came to this fiesta for the express purpose of asking the Virgin to return her lover, with whom she had quarreled.

During the days of the fourth and fifth, men were shooting off dynamite at frequent intervals from the slopes of steep, cone-shaped Calvary Hill, and at night there were bewildering displays of fireworks that lasted for hours. Without any intermission, one piece after another was burned: castles, showers of stars, bicycle riders, and animals. There were two prestes or women mayordomos, each responsible for one day and each one trying to outdo the other in the brilliance and amount of fireworks and the decorations of the arches at the church with old textiles and old silver pieces—tableware, fish and other adornments.

Early on the morning of August fifth all the dance groups came out. Those from the Indian communities had to do with agriculture and war, in which simple allusive figures were performed to primitive music on panpipes, flutes and drums. Their costumes were fantastic and colorful. One group wore black coats, white woolen faldellines or short finely pleated skirts over their long black trousers, pink ponchos with white bands and rising from their hats were bursts of artificial flowers. The "decorative figures" of the various Sicuri groups from mining towns wore exceedingly rich costumes, wigs and hats with tall feathers. On the night of the sixth two of the groups challenged each other to a musical test. As they were all drunk, it turned into stone-throwing instead of musical rivalry. Results—one dead and three wounded. A good fiesta!

The most extravagant of all the dances was that of the Incas of

Oruro, a historical fantasy with all the characters of the discovery of America and the conquest of Peru present—Columbus, Pizarro, Almagro, the priest Valverde, accompanied by a funny-looking angel in white with wings and a sword, Atahuallpa, Huáscar, Virgins of the Sun, chasquis or royal messengers, Spanish devils and Inca diviners. The Incas were magnificently attired in black embroidered velvet with silver adornments; the "Spaniards" wore comparatively simple suits. Fascinated, I watched the performance on the lake shore for hours.

The "Spaniards" talked Spanish and the Indians Quechua. After much discussion and a skirmish, Pizarro sentenced Atahuallpa to death. The director blew a whistle for sad music played by a band. Atahuallpa stepped out by himself and fell dead to the beat of the drums on a cloth spread on the sand to protect his costume. As Pizarro was gloating over the Inca's death, the Spanish devils, ashamed of the treachery of their countryman, carried him off the scene, "Probably to hell," one of the spectators said in answer to my question, "Where?" All the Indians wept over their dead prince and every once in a while would lift one of his inert limbs, as if to make sure there was no life left in the body. Finally Viracocha heard their tears and, pitying their sorrow, brought Atahuallpa to life. The band played a huayno and all danced happily.

A constant stream of people climbed the steep hill to the Calvary the two fiesta days, and one morning I joined them. At the first cross near the top were professional chanters of prayers, who blessed people in Aymara or Quechua, as they put a small niche with the Virgin in it on their heads. The charge was one Boliviano (a Bolivian dollar, at that time worth about one and a half United States pennies). Many pilgrims left a little stone at the cross as the Incas used to do in offering to the huacos. At the very top of the hill were other chanters, who blessed with incense, while you made your wish. All around was a make-believe world in which some wishes could be made to come true by using sympathetic magic. If you wanted to get married, there were "notaries" who performed the ceremony with a proxy and gave you a certificate. It was incorrectly worded and spelled, but it had the power to make the real marriage come true within the following year, if the proper fee

were paid. If you wished to own a house or farm with animals, there they were in miniature of pebbles and sticks, for sale, and a deed was made out as soon as the proper amount of Bolivianos was paid. The man who bought the "estate" treated his friends to beer, first spilling a little on the ground for Pachamama. It was all great fun and merely the view from the top made the climb worthwhile.

On the mornings of the fifth and sixth, colorful processions took place with the priests, acolytes and the Preste and her assistants in places of honor, followed by dancers and people. On the seventh a doll image was taken in procession on the lake to bless the waters. The original image of the Virgin is never taken out because the devout have noticed that she does not wish to leave her altar, for when it was last tried, there were storms and other calamities.

The Virgin stands in her niche high above the main altar on a revolving platform, so that she can be turned to face the church or the camarín (chapel) behind the altar, which may be reached by a flight of stairs. Here she is closer to the people. They can see the expression of her face, which changes with artificial effects produced by electric lights, the changes running the entire gamut of emotions "from happiness to tears." The devout rich have been generous with their gifts of gold and silver, elegant robes, even an electric plant. On the walls of the chapel hang several glass cases filled with artistic silver and gold ex-votos—hearts of all sizes, legs, feet, arms, hands, eyes or just a jewel. Her jewels and other silver and gold objects are valued at over a million dollars.

Groups of dancers come into the church to greet or take leave of the Virgin. They kneel, pray, dance and leave dancing or walking backward in order not to turn their backs to her. There is also a ceremony of "llegada" and "despedida" (arriving and leaving) for anyone who wishes to pay ten or more Bolivianos, not a small fee for the poor. It consists of the priest putting a sky-blue cape of the Virgin over the head of one or more persons and while he blesses them, a choir of young boys and girls sings hymns in Aymará. When there are few applicants, they are given a lighted candle to hold. There are also leave-taking ceremonies in large groups in the Virgin's chapel, when the priest preaches in Aymará, moving everyone to tears.

Something was happening every moment inside the church and

around it. In the atrium were venders of holy relics, stamps, sweets, dancers were performing, the streets and plazas were filled with people selling, buying, eating, drinking, and laughing. White sailboats took gay excursionists on the blue waters of the lake. Everyone was having a good time.

On the morning of the eighth, after four days in Copacabana, I started out with some pilgrims on a freight truck for Puno. When all goes well, it takes around five or six hours, but my trip was long and adventurous. Only a few miles out of Copacabana, the truck broke down. Another one picked us up but it went only as far as Yungay, the border town on the Peruvian side. There we found a truck that would have taken us to Puno, only it did not have sufficient gasoline. Because of the heavy fiesta traffic, it was all sold out. The owner of the truck looked like an important man. "He had influence." We stopped for a long time in every town along the way, while he begged a little gasoline from government officials. When we finally arrived in Puno it was almost midnight.

The day was interesting, however, with places, people and views, and I had the unique experience of crossing a border between two foreign countries without showing my passport, having my baggage examined or answering questions. The Peruvian officials took me for one of their own fiesta pilgrims. My passport had been properly stamped, I had nothing but personal belongings in my small bag, so my conscience was clear, and I enjoyed the harmless little deception. The following day, when I went to the immigration office in Puno to have my entry into the country stamped on my passport, the official laughed when I told how I had gotten by.

I stayed only one more day in Puno before taking the train to Arequipa, and felt sad at leaving. Henceforth it will not be Lake Titicaca and La Paz that live most strongly in my imagination, but Puno. The lake belongs to Puno and Puno to the lake. They are symbols of a region and a people for whom I have come to feel a deep affection.

CUZCO

Fabulous Cuzco, capital of the Incas, Queen of the Andes, was the city I most wanted to see in Peru. All day our train from Puno crossed upland meadows, wound through Andean gorges. It went over the same trail that the hero-god Viracocha took when he came into this region to teach his people the art of living. Their present-day descendants come to every station to sell food, fruit, folk arts, at Pucará, pottery, clay bulls, toys (Plates 39, 43, 73), and at Sicuani, fuzzy alpaca wool slippers and silver llamas. We followed the sacred Wilcanota River from its source as its high waters rushed musically over rocks toward the Amazon, thousands of miles away. As we neared Cuzco, Inca ruins and green terraces glistened along the slopes.

Cuzco, once the first city of the vast Inca Empire, is now the capital of the Department of Cuzco, and with its fifty thousand inhabitants is the fourth largest city in Peru. It was taken by Pizarro in March 1534, immediately after the Conquest and reconstructed in the grand Spanish manner by utilizing Inca foundations and walls quarried centuries before by Inca craftsmen. The blending of the two ancient cities, the narrow, hilly, cobbled streets and the strange brooding beauty that pervades all Cuzco make it the most unique city of the Americas.

Cuzco was the richest of Peru's colonial cities. The first Spaniards who settled there soon became wealthy and lived in idle luxury while the Indians worked their lands and mines. The aristocratic rulers built the magnificent churches, made them splendid gifts, and filled them with silver and gold and jewels, rich paintings and art. To break the monotony of their lives in their isolated mountain fastness and to impress the Indians, they celebrated frequent elaborate fiestas, watching the processions and other activities from their carved balconies, hung with costly brocades. There were dances, fireworks, and bullfights, the bulls ornately decorated with gold and silver, the reward for the fighters. Every evening there were sumptuous society banquets for which the guests wore elegant jewelled costumes. The Indians were permitted to take part in the street

dances, and to feast and get as drunk as they wished, which they continue to do down to the present time.

Cuzco remained important all through the colonial epoch and still is. Its university has produced thinkers and writers, and the city has a fairly large group of liberal intellectuals.

Lying in a narrow, sheltered valley on the Wilcanota River, 11,500 feet high, Cuzco is much warmer than Puno. The Hotel Cuzco, one of the three largest of the government chain, is comfortable, with a huge fireplace going every evening. It is the only three-story building in the city and, though climbing stairs is not easy in this altitude, I chose the top floor for the views. March was the time of heavy rains but frequently it rained only at night, so there were clear sunny days. Many tourists came and went. Some I had met in Mexico City, New York, San Francisco; others came from various South American countries, a few Peruvians from Lima. The majority stayed three days between planes or trains, using one to visit Machu Picchu. Even this brief glimpse sent them away enchanted with their adventure in the far away Andes.

Though Cuzco is small in area there is much to see. The present city dates largely from 1650, when it was almost completely destroyed by earthquakes. It is mostly built on hillsides, the mellowed reddish tiled roofs slope down toward the Plaza de Armas, on the site of the Inca "Leisure Square," one of the largest Plazas in Latin America, though greatly reduced in dimensions by the Spaniards. The central garden, with iron benches, is ringed by churches, arcades with stores, and dwellings with open carved balconies, tinted light green, yellow, pink.

The massive stately Cathedral with its broad terrace and stone steps dominates the whole plaza. The interior is filled with gilded chapels and altars, oil paintings, richly robed and mounted images, fine wood carving and silver work, and in the Sacristy are costly jewels—a monstrance set with emeralds, pearls and diamonds, and other pieces. The Cathedral is flanked on either side by two churches, the small Jesús María and the larger El Triunfo, the Triumph, so named because it marks the spot where the Virgin descended to save the Spaniards during the siege of Manco II in 1536. It contains a large painting depicting the miracle and the façade has inscriptions alluding to the holy event. This church

originally served as the Cathedral. In 1729, it was reconstructed, but is now seldom used. On another side of the plaza, where once was the Palace of Huayna Cápac, stands the Jesuit La Compañía, architecturally the most elegant and graceful in Cuzco. The lofty interior is enriched with handsome altars and large oils. One shows the wedding ceremony between San Ignacio de Loyola with the Inca Princess Doña Beatrice. Secret passages underneath lend it an air of mystery. It is said that during the colonial epoch, the heads of the church were able to listen to confessions of important persons through a system of tubes in the columns and thus gained power over them. On each side of La Compañía are small chapels. In the old Monastery alongside is the Cuzco University. Overshadowing the plaza with its Christian churches, the gigantic Inca stone citadel looks down from high historic Sacsahuamán Hill.

But all Cuzco is honeycombed with churches, on little plazas, along the streets, on hillsides, all with golden altars, images, excellent paintings and carvings. Each has something special that makes it worthwhile visiting. San Blas has an exquisitely carved pulpit all of one piece, Santa Ana, old canvases, depicting the Corpus processions of long ago, Belén, with its beautiful Virgin of Belén, patroness of all Cuzco, uniquely fine gold and silver repoussé altars. In the convent set in lovely gardens, the sisters take care of orphans and have a Montessori kindergarten. Handsome Santa Catalina is built over the Ajilawasi, the Imperial Convent of the Nustas, the Sacred Incan Virgins of the Sun, and others. Most important of all, outside of those on the Leisure Square, is Santo Domingo, built over the ancient Korikancha, Temple of the Sun, which retains many Inca inner chambers and an elegantly rounded Inca tower. In comparison, although of handsome proportions, the colonial part of it looks dilapidated, the patio ill-kept (Plate 8). Formerly, the banks of the stream near which it stands were landscaped into a beautiful garden, famous in Inca times for its plants and animals shaped from solid gold, which were stolen by the Spaniards.

The aristocratic church is La Merced, near the main Plaza. Both church and Monastery are Spanish Renaissance. Through a little window I could see the lovely patio garden, surrounded by harmonious arches. La Merced has fine altars, an exquisitely carved choir,

good paintings and images. Among its jewels is the famous elegantly shaped monstrance, encrusted with pearls and diamonds.

Though most old Cuzco houses are dark and gloomy, patios unpaved, unswept, without flowers or plants and many are now inhabited by poorer families, some old mansions are architectural gems. The noblest is the Almirante (Admiral), now used as part of the University, with a handsome carved entrance. A wide stately stairway with a lion and other fauna in stone leads from the patio to the second floor. Another historic house, now a tenement, is the Casa de Herodes, so named because from its old finely carved balcony from which "Herod" used to make his speech during the Holy Week representations, is another fine example. In its patio are carved Inca stones.

The cemetery, where the poor are buried in the ground and the upper classes in stone niches, is interesting. The doors of the niches are of glass, so that a picture of the occupant may be placed inside with flowers and candles. The poorer graves have wooden crosses, some attractively painted and some planted with shrubs and flowers.

There are two small but good museums, one, archeological, the other of paintings, with some fine old primitives. The Cuzco School of painting is a happy one—even its saints are painted with gold and gay colors.

The road to the northwest from Cuzco is over Sacsahuamán Hill, where the Cyclopean Acropolis towers over the city. Built around a spacious esplanade, it is surrounded by three series of colossal defenses. The bottom stones are immense, some weighing hundreds of tons. They are finely dressed and fitted so perfectly without cement that not even a fine knife blade can be inserted. In times of danger, Sacsahuamán served as a hiding place for the Inca Court, the priests and their precious relics. A stone throne from which the Incas viewed the imperial fiestas held on the esplanade, and other stone seats, still stand (Plate 14). Beyond is the vast Anta plain where many battles were fought, and a short distance away on a branch road are the Inca Baths of Tambomachay, a beautiful spot beyond which runs a swift river. Nearby is a small fortress.

Everywhere are Inca walls and stones. On the city streets one can touch them and follow their angles—there is a unique stone with twelve angles. Here are also Inca doorways and corner stones with carvings. On one there are seven serpents, after which the street is named (Plate 13).

Through introductions from Lima, I soon became acquainted with many hospitable friendly Cuzqueños of various social groups. Among my best friends were Dr. Francisco Ponce de Leon, head of the Tourist Corporation office, a university professor of law, his assistant Dr. Manuel Cuadros, authority on Cuzco architecture and a writer on customs, Dr. Delia Vidal, a young liberal teacher in a girl's high school, whose Doctor's thesis was on Cuzco textiles, and young Professor Efraín Morote Best who had an excellent library of notes on customs, especially medicinal. His wife Lelia was also a folklorist. Efraín was a follower of the late Professor Victor Navarro del Aguila, who introduced the study of folklore in the university and was founder and editor of *Waman Puma,* an excellent little magazine. Others, too, were interested in the things I wanted to know and helped me greatly, besides making my stay pleasant socially.

When the weather was good, I would meet such friends for the customary midday stroll around the plaza, in which university students and professors always took part. Afternoons we had long visits over tea or a glass of beer in the Cuzco Social Club. Occasionally we visited a picantería to eat spicy food, drink chicha and watch the sapo or toad game (Plate 20). Sunday afternoons we often met at the Club Internacional, away from the center, where we danced huaynos and creole waltzes.

One Saturday I was guest at the Rotary Club luncheon, to which the most important professional and business men belong. Replying to my welcome, I told the members—and it went over well with them—how happy I was to be among the Peruvians, especially Cuzqueños, who had added three new affectionate names to the many already given me in Mexico. Latins always call their women friends by their first names and often use the "ita" affectionately, and in Mexico I am called Frances, Francisca, Francisquita, and the corresponding nicknames, Paca, Paquita, Pancha, Panchita. Now

my Cuzco friends were calling me Sisca or Sisquita or Siscacha, the way the Indians abbreviate Francisca.

Cuzco is still the "Navel," which is the meaning of its Quechua name, and is still the sacred city for the same Indians. They come from far and near and when they approach the city, raise their hats, as the Mistis cross themselves when they pass a church. One sees them along the streets in their picturesque bygone costumes. Some time during the colonial epoch, the Sierra Indians were made to change their ancient way of dressing to one resembling the Spanish from Extremadura, whence Pizarro came, and today their clothing is a fusion of both Spanish and Indian. Hence their appearance harmonizes with the old Inca stones in which the modern city is embedded in the half-Spanish, half-Inca architecture, and they seem as enduring as the walls their ancestors built.

The men wear ponchos over their dark wool bayeta suits, sometimes with short coats, trimmed with colored wool trencilla braid and buttons, montera hats, and generally ojotas or leather sandals. They wear also bright handwoven sashes, and each has a little gay chuspa hanging from the shoulder in which he carries coca leaves. The costume of the women consists of a long dark, outside pollera, Spanish in style but indigenous in weave and adornments, a short jacket similar to that of the men, monteras trimmed on top and lined with yellow and red bands. The carrying cloths and lliellas, fastened with topos, are Indian. Women always go barefoot. For fiestas all wear better clothes, but even their daily dress, often so soiled and torn, has an air of real elegance.

Every village is characterized by differences in details of dress and weaving designs. In the mountains, near the snows, the women wear shorter polleras, more comfortable for the rough terrain. The most elegant costumes are from Tinta, where the women trim their monteras with silver bands that fall down the sides. From under them falls a long flaring band of the same material and as long as the pollera, with trimming around the edges. Often costumes distinguish the married from the unmarried. In Quiquijana, a married woman lines her montera with red; a girl with yellow. A young man in love wears his poncho folded over the shoulder.

Living in a more agreeable climate and environment, the Quechuas of Cuzco are friendlier than the Aymarás of Puno, better

looking too. The men taller, the women less bulky in their longer, more graceful polleras (Plates 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 25, 26, 32, 33).

Llamas stalk gracefully along the streets of Cuzco, singly or in flocks. While nursing her baby, an Indian woman sometimes leads a lone llama by a string, dragging her load (as much as fifty pounds) to market. One day I saw a llamero, trying to get his flock of llamas out of the way of an automobile, hit some of them with his honda. Indignant, they ran with heads high but quickly fell back into their steady, stately gait. When a llama is really angry, it shows its teeth and spits (Plates 14, 37, 38).

Life around the market is colorful. Along one side sit Indian and Cholo women in their bright dresses selling vegetables and cereals; on another, men sell pottery, notions and such modern objects as flashlights. The interior is monopolized by the city Cholas, who cook, sew, butcher, and sell everything from fruit to herbs.

Every Saturday afternoon the picturesque, animated baratillo or bargain market is held on the San Francisco Plaza. Venders sit along the garden paths and on sidewalks with fruit, textiles, jewelry, and secondhand odds and ends. Along one side, women make anticuchos, sell candies, toasted corn and beans and other food. Friends meet and stroll about, eating their favorite sweets.

During the rainy season the charming countryside around Cuzco glows with green and is alive with wild flowers. Gold is the predominating color—golden retama, golden sallihua, golden daisies. Everywhere, too, the red ñujcha, the sacred Inca flower, flames along the hillsides. The rivers are high and the white mountain peaks rise through a purple haze.

My first excursion was to Pisac, an old Indian community, in the warm fertile valley on the Urubamba River. Tourists in Cuzco over Sunday never miss going there, for the market is colorful with Cholo venders selling textiles. Inca terraces rise abruptly from the plaza and high above them are interesting stone ruins. After the bells calling folk to mass, numerous varayocs in black or colored ponchos carrying heavy, silver-trimmed varas, file through the plaza (Plate 26). They are accompanied by young men in varicolored ponchos and chullos, who play shell pututus, producing

hollow sounds (Plates 30, 71). When the Host is taken out in procession by the priest during mass, the pututus are sounded again. After the service, the varayocs wait for the priest at the church door to kiss his hand and to thank him for the mass, and follow him to his house where he gives them instructions concerning the work he wants done during the week.

We returned to Cuzco by the longer route, along the Urubamba River, with its corn fields, maguey plants, wild flowers, eucalyptus groves, beach and tall willowy pisonay trees, through small villages and the large town of Calca, which also has a picturesque Sunday market (Plate 22). Nearer to Cuzco is the lovely old colonial town of Urubamba, where a small tourist hotel on the river bank was being completed.

MACHU PICCHU

A WHITE stone city clinging miraculously to a green mountain side, surrounding a broad flight of narrow, stone-faced agricultural terraces; thousands, thousands of steps running everywhere to buildings on small plazas and ledges—that is Machu Picchu, a wonder city long abandoned by the Incas, perhaps the most dramatic and fantastic archeological monument the world over (Plates 10, 11).

We spent many morning hours walking up and down the steps, some narrow, others broad and stately cut out of the living rock. We peered into temples, shrines, houses of one or two stories with gabled roofs. Few had windows but some had more than one doorway, characteristically narrower at the top, lintels covered with stone slabs. Inside were utilitarian and decorative niches. Those of the palaces formerly contained gold statues and the walls were then hung with fine, colorful textiles. All are now open to the sky, for the roofs, probably of poles and thatch, must have been destroyed long ago.

The most perfect construction is the Torreón or Tower. Its semi-circular wall, the only one of that type, follows the natural curve of the rock and its finely polished stones grow smaller and lighter toward the top. In the curved part are two trapezoidal win-

dows, decorated with stone protuberances. In the rectilinear portion is an extraordinarily shaped door-window, ending in a double lateral stairway, with steps crossed by channels and perforations. An inner chamber, formed by the cavity of the rock, is believed to have served as a royal mausoleum (Plate 12).

Almost as conspicuous as the steps are stone aqueducts and slender canals through which water was brought down from distant mountain springs for the terraces, fountains, pools, baths, and to refresh the warm atmosphere.

In the late afternoon, I wandered off by myself and was overwhelmed by the mystery of that fantastic city in the clouds and the incredible grandeur of the views. From the top of the ruins, near the sun-pillar, to which the priests used to tie the Sun on the day of winter solstice, when he seemed to be going away to leave the world without light and warmth, rises the cone-shaped Huayna Picchu and in the opposite direction is the city stretching along the sharp ridge. Thousands of feet below the Urubamba boils white and green, its voice reaching to the very heights. Across the narrow ravine still higher and beyond are pile upon pile, mass on mass, of blue, purple and white mountain peaks.

For centuries Machu Picchu was reclaimed by the jungle. The Spaniards never saw this place and white man never knew it existed until it was discovered in 1911 by Dr. Hiram Bingham, a Yale University professor. In 1912, under the auspices of the National Geographic Society, he returned to explore it. Dr. Bingham believes it is the lost pre-Inca city of Vilcapampa and that it was used even after the Conquest as a refuge for nobles and the Virgins of the Sun. Modern archeologists consider Machu Picchu Inca. It was so well hidden that even after a road was blasted in the ravine below in 1895, no one dreamed it was there.

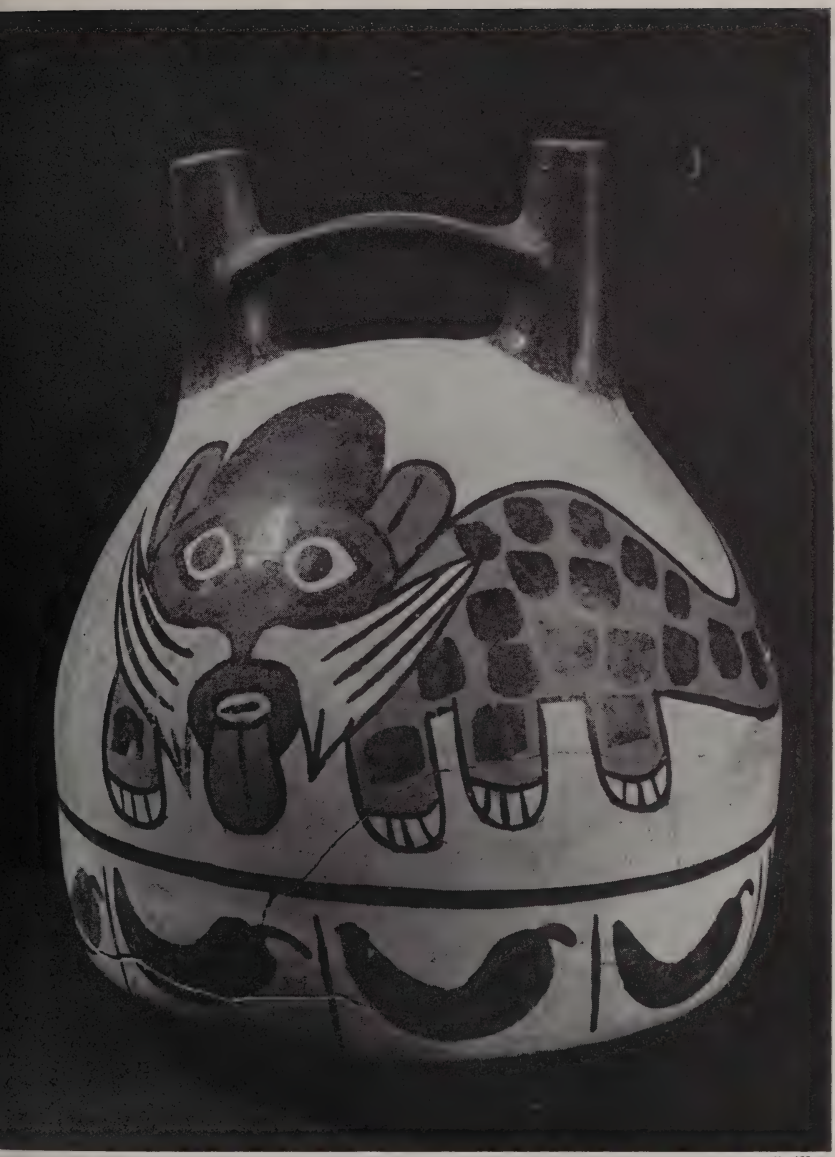
The city has been named after the higher of the two peaks that tower above it. Machu in Quechua means older, and picchu, peak; Huayna, the younger or smaller peak was used for a lookout. The ancient trail to the summit has been disjointed by earthquakes, and the sheer stone wall can be climbed only partly on a rope ladder and partly by hand and foot by experienced mountain climbers.

A. Guillen

1. MOCHICA PORTRAIT HUACO, NORTH COAST

A. Guille

2. CHIMÚ HUACO, NORTH COAST



A. Guillen

3. NASCA HUACO, SOUTH COAST

A. Guillen

4. A GOLDEN KNIFE, CHIMÚ, NORTH COAST

5. CATHEDRAL AND BISHOP'S PALACE, PLAZA DE ARMAS, LIMA

Courtesy, Corporacion Nacional de Turismo

Courtesy, Corporacion Nacional de Turismo

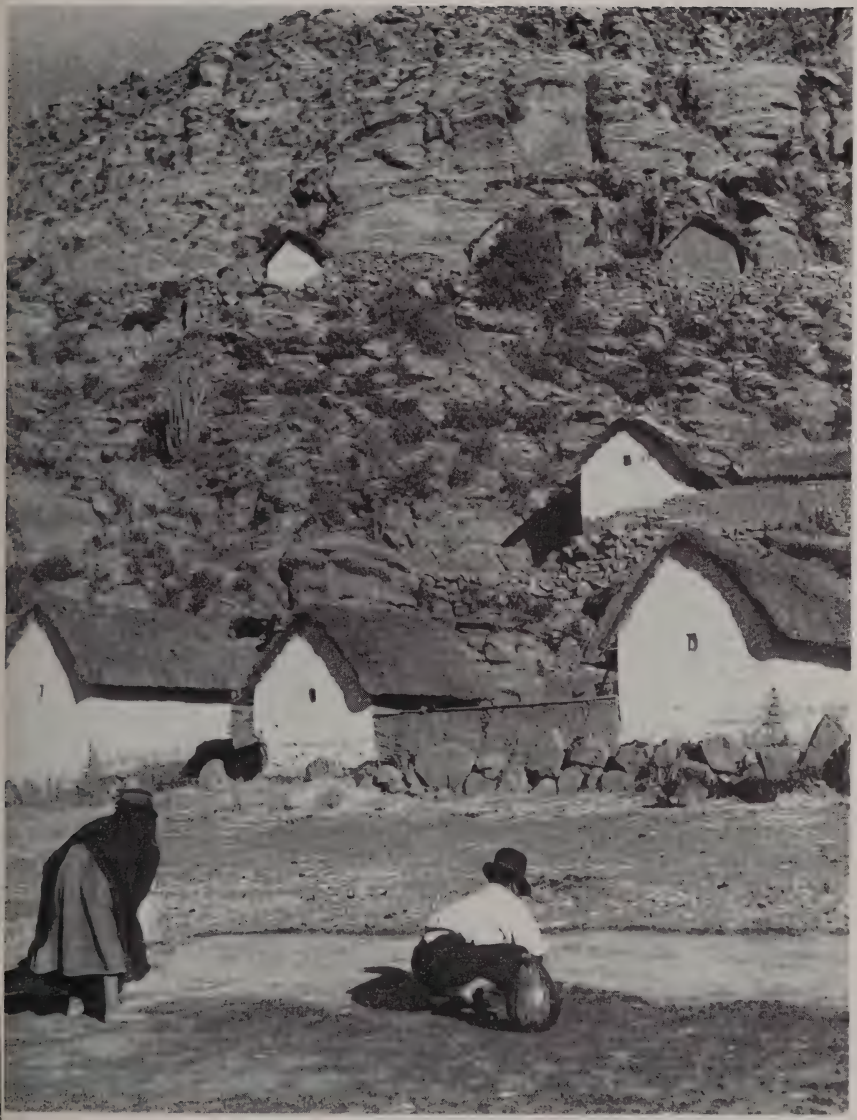
6. TORRE-TAGLE PALACE, LIMA

Courtesy, Corporacion Nacional de Turismo

7. DETAIL OF FAÇADE, CHURCH OF LA COMPAÑÍA, AREQUIPA

Courtesy, Corporacion Nacional de Turismo

8. TEMPLE OF THE SUN WITH SANTO DOMINGO CHURCH BUILT OVER IT, CUZCO

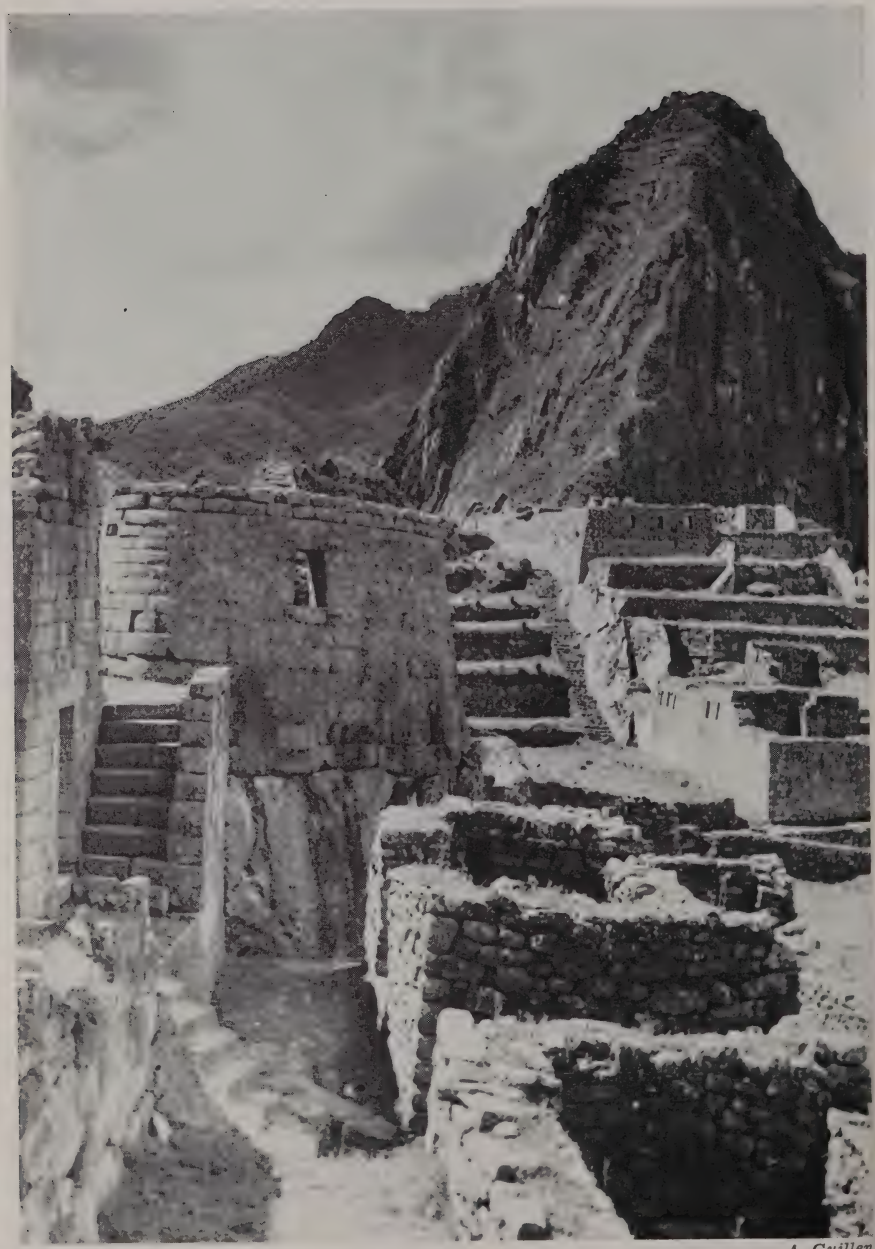


Pierre Verger, Courtesy, Museo Nacional de Historia

9. COMUNIDAD DE ICHU, LAKE TITICACA, NEAR PUNO

Martin Chambi

10-11. PANORAMA OF MACHU PICCHU



A. Guillen

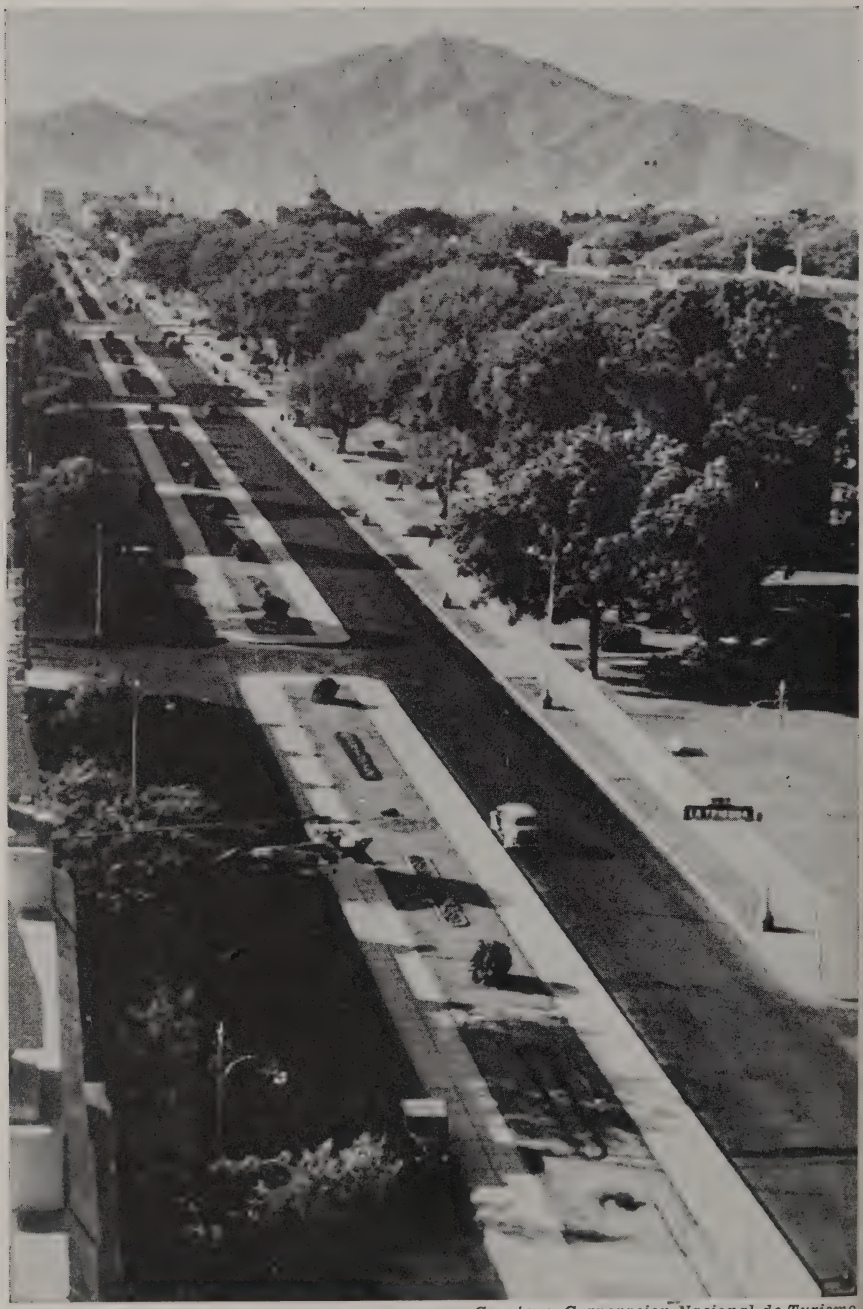
12. THE TORREÓN, HANDSOMEST BUILDING OF MACHU PICCHU

Courtesy, Corporacion Nacional de Turismo

13. INCA WALLS IN CUZCO

Courtesy, Corporacion Nacional de Turismo

14. RUINS OF SACSAHUAMÁN, ON HILL OVERLOOKING CUZCO



Courtesy, Corporacion Nacional de Turismo

15. AVENIDA WILSON, LIMA

Courtesy, Corporacion Nacional de Turismo

16. HOTEL CUZCO IN THE NEO-PERUVIAN STYLE

Courtesy, Corporacion Nacional de Turismo

17. HOTEL TRUJILLO WITH MISTI IN THE BACKGROUND

A. Guillen

18. A "LITTLE FISHING HORSE" OF THE SEA

Martin Chambi

19. A CUZCO INDIAN WEARING A CHULLO AND USING HIS ANCIENT PALA

Martin Chambi

20. PLAYING A SAPO GAME IN A PICANTERÍA (the Cholo's social club) IN CUZCO

Martin Chambi

21. SHEPHERDESS IN TYPICAL COSTUME, QUIQUIJANA, CUZCO

Martin Chambi

22. A MAN FROM CALCA, CUZCO

Martin Chambi

23. FIESTA DAY IN TINTA, CUZCO, AUGUST 24

Martin Cnambi

24. CHOLITAS, ABANCAY, APURIMAC

Martin Chambi

25. COUPLE FROM PROVINCE OF TINA, CUZCO

Martin Chambi

26. VARAYOCS FROM QUIQUIJANA, CUZCO

A. Guillen

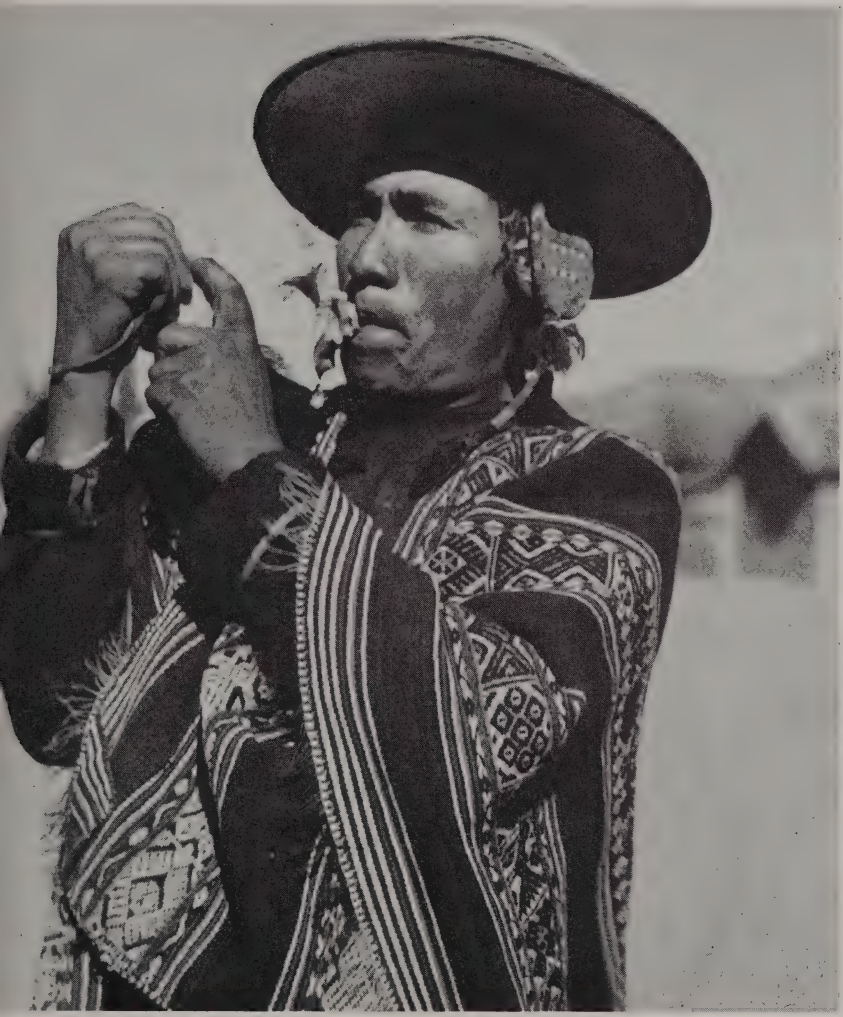
27. PIURA INDIAN WOMEN AT THE MARKET

A. Guillen

28. WOMEN OF ANDAHUAYLAS, APURÍMAC

Martin Chambi

29. WOMAN FROM PISAC, CUZCO (Note the many braids)



Martin Chambi

30. A TINTA INDIAN PLAYING A PUTUTU

Martin Chambi

31. WEAVING ON A PEGGED LOOM, PAUCARTAMBO, CUZCO

Martin Chambi

32. CARETAKER OF THE CHACRAS (Planted fields)

Martin Chambi

33. SERVING CHICHA, CCATCCA, CUZCO

Pierre Verger

34. AYMARAS OF ICHU, PUNO

Martin Chambi

35. FLUTIST FROM CCATCCA, CUZCO

Martin Chambi

36. SHEPHERD PLAYING HIS QUENA, CCATCCA, CUZCO

Courtesy, Corporacion Nacional de Turism

37. LLAMA WITH HIS LLAMERO, PUNO

Martin Chambi

38. "SADNESS OF THE ANDES," SANTA ROSA, CUZCO

A. Guillen

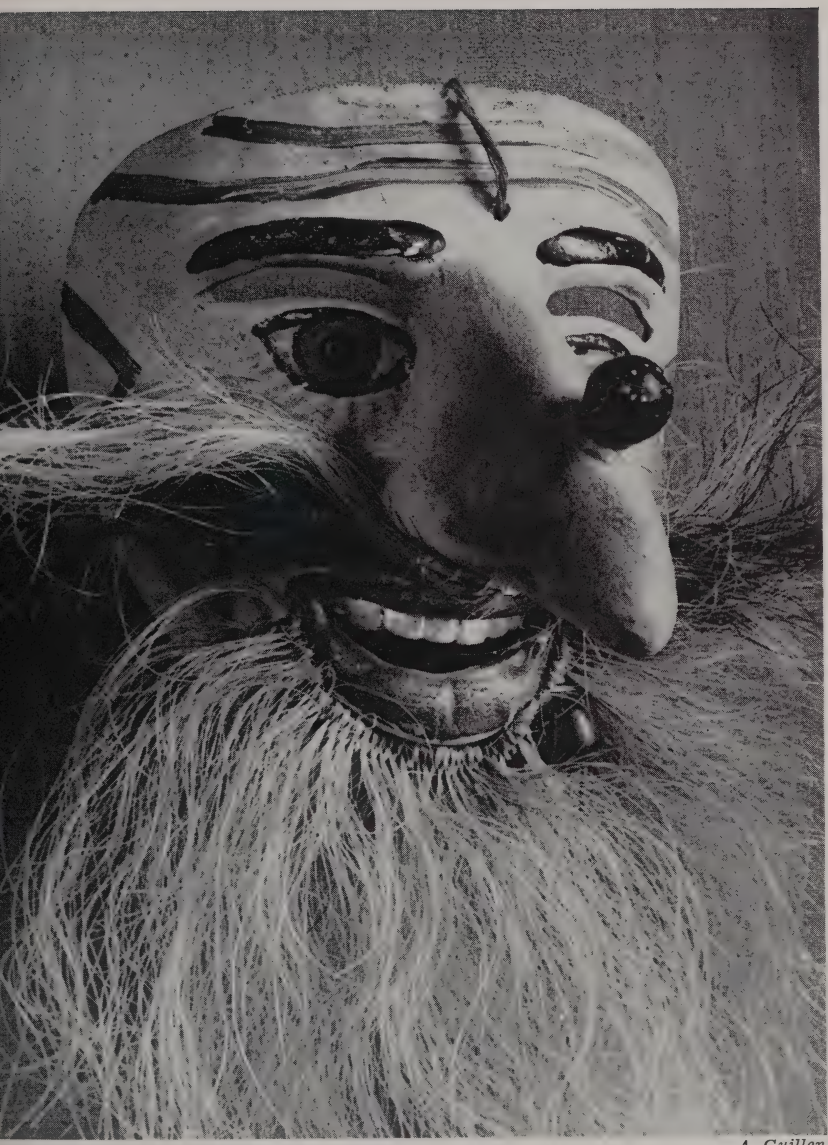
39. SANTIAGO ON HIS WHITE HORSE, PÙCARÁ, CUZCO

A. Guillen

40. KNITTED DANCE MASK, SAN SEBASTIAN, CUZCO

A. Guillen

41. VERSION OF THE CATHEDRAL OF AYACUCHO IN CLAY



A. Guillen

42. A CUZCO DANCE MASK

A. Guillen

43. THE FAMOUS POTTERY BULLS OF PUCARÁ

A. Guillen

44. CARVED GOURD FROM HUANTA, AYACUCHO

A. Guillen

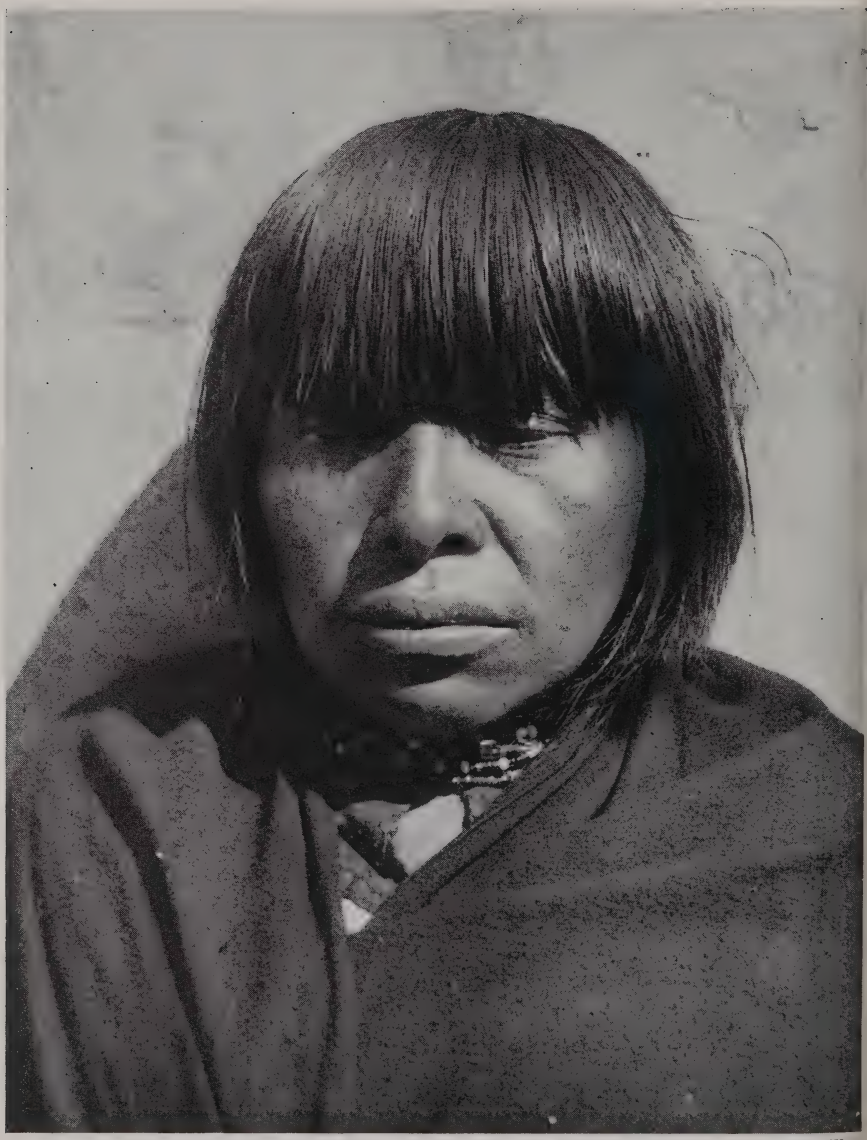
45. A LITTLE POTTERY BULL OF AYACUCHO

A. Guillen

46. DANCE MASK, HUÁNACO

A. Guillen

47. CROSS OF THE PASSION IN CLAY



A. Guillen

48. CHAMA WOMAN, AMAZON RIVER

A. Guillen

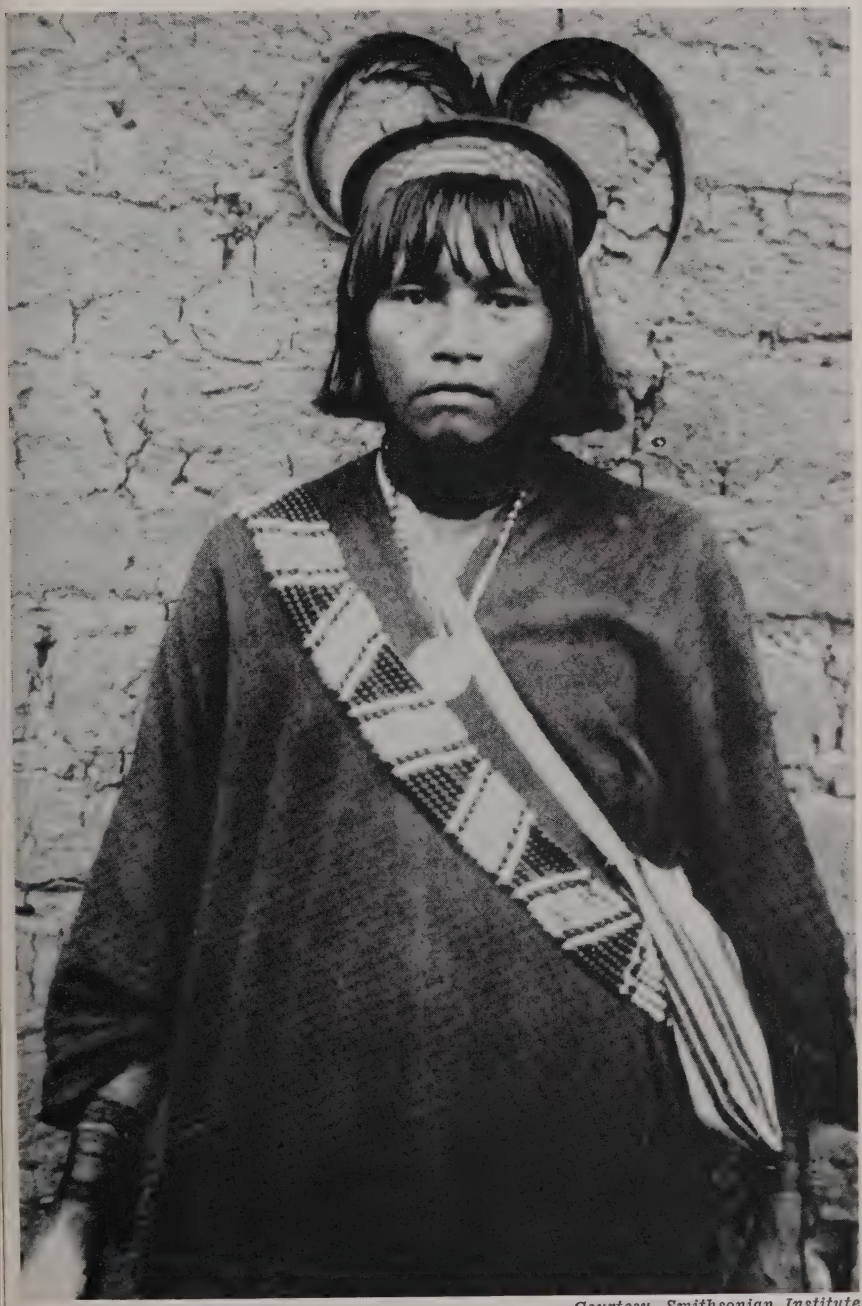
49. CAMPAS FROM CHANCHAMAYO JUNGLE

A. Guillen

50. WHEN THE AMAZON IS HIGH NEAR IQUITOS

Courtesy, Smithsonian Institute

51. CANIBOS, WEARING CUSHMAS AND ORNAMENTS, PACHITEA RIVER



Courtesy, Smithsonian Institute

52. CAMPA BOY IN CUSHMA

Courtesy, Corporacion Nacional de Turismo

53. DANCE MUSICIANS FROM PUNO

Courtesy, Corporacion Nacional de Turismo

54. DANCERS WITH THEIR INSTRUMENTS AND ADORNED HONDAS (Slings), PUNO

Pierre Verger

55. DANCE OF THE DEVILS AT ICHU, PUNO

Martin Chambi

56. DANCING FOR THE BULLFIGHTERS, ASILLO, PUNO

Martin Chambi

57. CARNIVAL DANCE IN THE FIELDS, TINTA, CUZCO

Martin Chambi

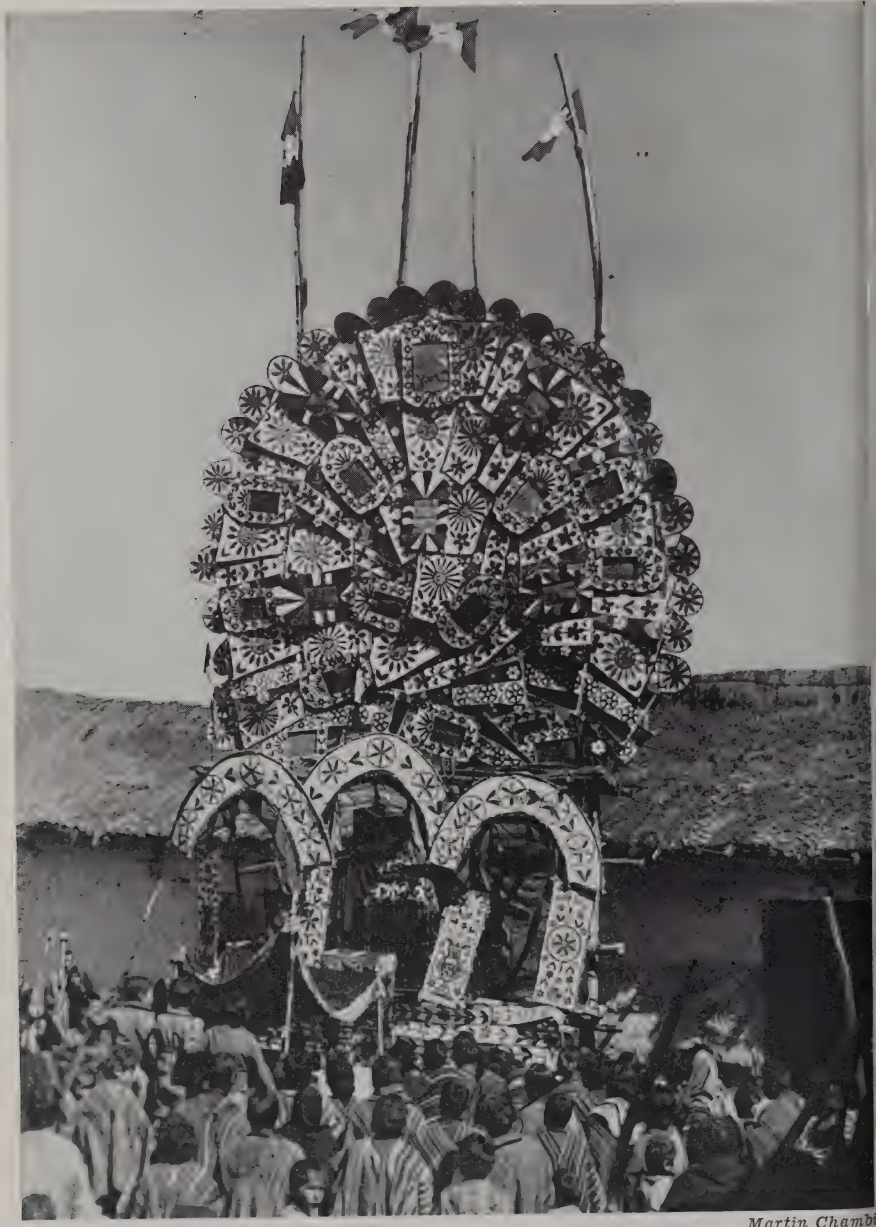
58. RONDA (Circle dance), CUZCO

Martin Chambi

59. DANCE WITH POLES 20 FEET LONG, QUIQUIJANA, CUZCO

Martin Chambi

60. MUSICIANS OF QUIQUIJANA, CUZCO



61. A FIESTA ALTAR, CCATCCA, CUZCO

Martin Chambi

62. PROCESSION IN TINTA, AUGUST 24

Martin Chambi

63. FIESTA AT PAMPACUCHO, CUZCO

Courtesy, Corporacion Nacional de Turismo

64. A DANCE RECALLING THE INCAS, PUNO

65. CARNIVAL IN CANAS, CUZCO

Martin Chambi

66. WOODEN PINCULLOS, SECUANI, CUZCO

A. Guillen

67. CLARÍN, CANE INSTRUMENT, OVER 3 YARDS LONG, WITH HORN AT END, CAJAMARCA

Martin Chambi

68. MAYORALAS, WOMEN IN CHARGE OF FIESTA, WITH SILVER STANDARDS OF THE MAYORDOMIA, QUIQUIJANA, CUZCO

Martin Chambi

69. FIESTA NEAR CCATCCA TO THE AUQUIS, LORDS OF THE MOUNTAINS

Martin Chambi

70. A TINTA WOMAN DANCING A HUAYNO

Martin Chambi

71. A CCATCCA YOUTH PLAYING A PUTUTU

Martin Chambi

72. LEADING BULLS INTO PLAZA WITH A CORNETA, ABANCAY, APRUÍMAC

A. Guillen

73. CLAY HORSE FROM PUCARÁ

The present is linked with the past in Machu Picchu by the Indian caretaker families with their children and animals, who live in a group of huts on the brink of an abyss near the entrance and who keep the ruins cleared of jungle growth.

The little government hotel is near the path leading to the gorge. Our group spent the night there, and we had a pleasant evening around the fireplace, with the Peruvian manager singing opera for us.

We planned to get up in time to see the sun rise, but the morning skies were filled with black clouds. The rain made the descent on the narrow cobble-stone path with its hair-pin turns at the edge of the precipice even more frightening than the ascent.

At the railroad station the little autocarril, a bus body mounted on railroad wheels, in which we had come the previous morning, was waiting for us. The weather cleared, and soon the tropical vegetation was glistening under the morning sun. The road followed the river between high granite banks until we reached Ollantaytambo, another famous Inca ruin, where nestles a tiny picturesque village, on a river, with agricultural terraces sloping upward from the large plaza, green with growing corn. Beyond lies the Yucay valley, where the Incas had their summer homes. The Ollantaytambo ruins, well perched on a hill, consist of palaces and temples of Cyclopean stones. At the foot of the hill are ancient stone dwellings, some of them occupied by Indians. The rest of the way to Cuzco was through an open valley, gay with wild flowers and fertile fields.

Most tourists take only one day for Machu Picchu. They leave at six o'clock in the morning, arrive at the ruins about eleven, go about with a guide for a few hours, lunch at the inn and return to the train. Gray-haired men and women—one man I met was over seventy, stout and with a bad heart—make that difficult horseback trip up and down the steep mountain side. But even the woman who fell off her horse, "would not have missed it for a million." An automobile road has since been completed from the ravine to the ruins. It is named "Hiram Bingham," and he returned to Cuzco for its inauguration in October, his first visit since 1912.

Except during fiestas, Cuzco is dead at night. Evening amusements consist of two unheated movie houses and the Salon Buenos Aires on the plaza, where one can drink and dance to record music. Every Saturday night the Tourist Corporation put on a program of folk and ceremonial dances by young Cholo boys and girls, who wore Indian costumes, sang Quechua songs, and danced joyously. Occasionally I was invited to parties in the homes of my friends.

One evening the photographer Martin Chambi, whose many splendid photographs are included in the illustrations, invited a group of Indian musicians for my benefit. Among them was a blind harpist and his little son who played the violin, adult violinists, flutists, guiatarists and a man playing a little harmonium, introduced into the Sierra by missionaries long ago. They sang and played huaynos, creole waltzes and polkas and everybody danced (Plates 35, 60, 66).

Thus a month passed quickly and excitingly and then came Holy Week.

Before I left Lima, Dr. Valcárcel admonished me not to miss the Procession of the Señor de los Temblores (Earthquakes) on Monday of Holy Week, which is for the Cuzqueños what the procession of the Señor de los Milagros is for the Limeños.

On Palm Sunday I went to Pisac, expecting to see a picturesque procession with palms and flowers as in Mexican villages. But although the church was filled with Indians in holiday garb, the only one who had a palm was the priest. First he blessed the congregation with it, then went outside, accompanied by acolytes. The doors were then closed, and he rapped three times to be permitted to enter again, thus symbolizing the entry of Christ into Jerusalem. In other places the image of Christ is brought in on a special burro, used only for that purpose. The rest of the year, this fortunate little animal does no work and is well fed and well treated by everyone. In the Cuzco churches, blessed palms were distributed to the poor gratis.

Monday morning there was great activity in the Cathedral, where the Señor de los Temblores occupies one of the first chapels. His mayordomos, assisted by a group of young men eager to help—for just to touch the image or his litter or anything about him

means grace—dressed him for the procession. They climbed a ladder, dusted and wiped the image with tender care, put on white, lace-trimmed panties, wrapped a white loin cloth around them and over it another of black velvet, embroidered in gold and set with precious jewels. The simple wig was replaced by a magnificent curly one, and a gold crown set in place, covered with a soft red cap, its ends falling over the arms of the cross. The work was constantly accompanied by musicians playing violins, a harp and harmonium and women singing Quechua hymns to huayno music in high pitched voices.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, the plaza was jammed. A battalion of soldiers and a military band entered the Cathedral to escort the Señor, preceded by the acolytes with the silver cross and censers. As the image came through the door on a heavy repoussé silver litter, carried by many strong young Cholos, little boys from on high threw down red ñujchu petals on it. Behind, came church dignitaries in elegant robes. As the procession advanced, Indian varayocs and their women threw more ñujchu petals, making a red carpet for the image to pass over. Then came the soldiers, their band and the people. The band played military marches, at intervals the players threw their instruments into the air or dexterously turned them over their heads.

The procession makes courtesy calls at various churches, where the litter is taken inside. Each time young shoulders contended for the honor of carrying it to the next stop. Those who are relieved snatch up petals from around the image, for they are holy.

Few persons are permitted to enter the churches with the litter. At the Merced the priest, who knew me, let me in. When we came out, it was already dark. The crowd surged around the litter so densely, I found myself being crushed and was pushed in among the priests and seminary students. A priest gave me a lighted candle, and I became a participant instead of an observer. At the Cathedral, those in front formed two lines, and the litter with all of us behind it passed on to the front steps. Here the Señor blesses the multitude and takes leave of it, the bearers in front lowering the litter in the three directions. Everyone kneels, the humble folk weeping, sobbing and asking for favors, but they avoid looking directly at the eyes of the image, for they believe the glance of the

Señor singles out those doomed to die during the coming year. Formerly, the procession passed by the penitentiary and the prisoners would howl, asking the Señor for their liberty.

Early in the seventeenth century, according to legend, some fishermen at Callao found a box floating on the waters. From its shape, they concluded it was a crucifix and so informed the church authorities in Lima. The box was ordered brought to Lima, but it became so heavy it was impossible to move it. This happened again when they decided to take it to Ayacucho. But when Cuzco was mentioned, the box became very light, a sign that the image wanted to go there. It was put in a chapel of the unfinished Cathedral and called the Señor de Carlos V, because it was believed he had sent the image. Shortly afterwards came the terrible earthquakes of 1650. The earth shook for three days. Neither prayers, penitence nor tears availed; only when the crucifix was taken out in procession did the quakes end. Scarcely a building remained standing, but the Cathedral was undamaged. Since then, the image has been called the Señor de los Temblores.

The Señor de los Temblores is the most beloved and believed to be the most powerful of the Cuzco images. While other chapels remain dark and unnoticed, excepting on special occasions, his always has candles and flowers. The rich have dedicated valuable lands for his use and have made him gifts of money from which the administrators make loans to the poor. The Señor is a judge as well as money lender. Often papers to be filed for suit are left on his altar overnight for a sign that will obviate court action.

Although all social classes are devoted to the Señor de los Temblores—even a radical told me he was fond of the image for sentimental reasons—the Indians especially prefer the Señor because the candle smoke has turned his complexion dark. And the Señor is always performing miracles for those who pray to him. To drive the devil away, one needs but say:

¡Satanás, fuera de mi presencia;
Refúndete, vil, en los profundos.
Me defiende el Señor de los Temblores,
Bestia maldita, no vuelvas jamás!

Satan, out of my presence!
Go, vile one, back to your depths;
The Lord of Earthquakes defends me;
Accursed beast, never return again!

There were services in the Cathedral every day during Holy Week. Ten o'clock mass on Thursday was attended by the high military, dressed in gala uniforms, and the civil authorities, the judges in black frock and Napoleon hats with long black plumes. They came marching to the Cathedral, escorted by a military band and a battalion of soldiers, who stayed outside in formation during the service. The Archbishop conducted the mass, while the distinguished guests sat in upholstered, high-backed chairs between the main altar and the choir. When the sacred host was uncovered, there were bugle calls, and the band played the March to the Flag. A male choir chanted the mass. The Archbishop blessed the holy oils and gave communion. Then the band came inside and headed a procession carrying the monstrance into a side chapel, where it was locked in an altar and the key on a golden chain was hung around the neck of the Prefect, a Colonel, who knelt to receive it. Afterwards the authorities walked up and down in front of the Cathedral to salute the flag. In all Peru military authorities always take part in church processions, for the State, Clergy and Army are closely united.

The lavatory ritual took place in the afternoon. Twelve beggars from among the lame, halt and the blind were selected to represent the apostles. They were bathed, dressed in cheap gray suits, light felt hats and white tennis shoes. The Last Supper took the form of a lunch given at the Bishopric. At two o'clock in the afternoon, the twelve frightened-looking beggars were sitting in the same chairs used by the authorities on the magnificent main altar. The Archbishop, wearing rich vestments, his miter, and holding his handsome golden staff, preached a sermon. Afterwards, removing his miter and accompanied by acolytes carrying a silver basin and pitcher with holy water, he wet the toes of one of the feet of each beggar.

In the evening, we visited "monuments" in the churches. Whoever visits seven, it is claimed, will get his wish or some favor, so

we were careful to complete the lucky number. The monuments, representing the Eucharist, are formed by adorning the altars with flowers, special lights, and other decorations. The upper part, containing the Sacred Host is in a gold or silver ciborium. Each monument is different, each church trying to outdo the other in lavish originality, so all were quite handsome. In each church an image of a bleeding Christ is placed where the people can kiss it and give alms. In La Compañía, the image was small and lay in the lap of an elegantly dressed Virgin.

Friday morning, an entire block near the market is filled with women selling Holy Friday herbs, plants and flowers, picked earlier that day. I bought a cross composed of long green nihua grass, garlic, and a little blue flower, called palchi, to be hung over the door in or out of the house, to keep evil out. Also, if someone talks evil of you, the nihua grass will cut his tongue. Panti, a purple flower with a yellow center is boiled for a sedative, and the juice of cooked ñujchu will cure a cough. More elegant is the cultivated man-high ñujchu plant on which the flowers are long and bell-shaped, with velvety red petals and a dark maroon jacket near the stem. But the little wild ñujchu is more beloved and more potent. Hundreds of other herbs and flowers sold that day served for as many cures.

Ten o'clock mass in the Cathedral was attended by the same group of military and civil authorities. This time the military band entered the chapel, and the official group formed two facing lines, holding lighted candles as the golden chain with the key was removed from the kneeling Prefect. The soldiers wore brand new uniforms and carried metal containers with ammunition. At intervals mounted soldiers arrived on the plaza with small machine guns and more ammunition.

The noon sermon of the "Seven Words" lasts three whole hours. From a side pulpit in the densely packed Merced Church an elderly priest told the story of the Passion. On the main altar, alongside the crucifix against a dark curtain, stood the Madre Dolorosa (Sorrowing Mother) in mourning, holding a white lace handkerchief, and San Juan stood behind a row of tall, massive silver candlesticks with lighted candles.

In village churches the priests tell the story in Quechua. In the

novel *Perros Hambrientos* (Hungry Dogs) by Ciro Alegría—he assured me it was a true incident—a young inexperienced priest had made the sufferings of Christ so vivid that men and women wept out loud. Moved to remorse by the sorrow he had wrought, he said, "Don't weep, my dear brethren. As this happened so long ago, who knows if it is true."

After the sermon, a long procession started out from the Merced, passing between two lines formed by all the poor urchins of the city holding ropes to keep back the crowds. First came three young priests in their white robes, carrying a large silver cross and censers, followed by a group of men all in formal black suits; two of whom held up a small table covered with red and the symbolical cross and nails of the crucifixion. Alongside walked women and girls, wearing the insignia of religious societies to which they belonged, holding large candles adorned with purple. Next came the Santo Entierro, the Sacred Corpse, in a magnificently carved wooden coffin, covered with red ñujchu petals, and all the high officials and important members of the church followed. After them came the pallium, under which the Commander of the Merced order in Cuzco carried a Bible and cross, he and the priests in elegant purple robes. The Madre Dolorosa, in a long black robe, adorned in front with spangles, wearing a fine lace mantilla or shawl and a golden halo and at her neck a golden heart with the seven thorns symbolizing the seven wounds, was carried on a high gray pedestal, covered with purple flowers and sprinkled with the red ñujchu petals. Her litter was followed by the military band and a battalion of soldiers. When night fell, the procession was still circling around the Plaza de Armas and the coffin and litter of the Virgin were lighted up with small electric bulbs and the worshippers' lighted purple candles—a dramatic spectacle! The little boys did their duty to the end, holding off throngs with their ropes.

At night I saw two Cholo processions in the upper poorer wards of the city. I followed the one from San Pedro to the church of Santiago. The body of Christ, in a red loin cloth and tunic, was carried on an ordinary table and the images of the Madre Dolorosa and San Juan on wooden, railed-in platforms, adorned with artificial flowers. Poorly dressed men and black-shawled women and

children straggled after it, while a band played out of tune. In the church an eloquent young priest spoke first in Spanish, then in Quechua. Soon he had everyone weeping.

The procession, at a later hour, from the church of Santa Teresa, was more orderly. The Madre Dolorosa, in black with lace and gilded thorns, on a wooden railed platform, went in one direction followed by the women; the Santo Entierro in a plain coffin, accompanied by the men, in another. All carried lighted candles. Later, the encuentro or meeting took place, when both litters were inclined in greeting three times, while women and girls sang glad little hymns in Quechua. Then the combined procession, led by a good band, climbed the hill back to the church, a mass of flickering lights in the dark night.

Early Saturday morning, the blessing of fire, water, incense and candles takes place in the churches. The lamp of the Most Holy is lighted, and after the chanting of prophecies and the major litanies, the Mass of Glory is sung. Then all is over, for in Latin American countries Holy Week ends on Saturday.

On Easter Sunday, Dr. Ponce de Leon invited Delia Vidal, a few other friends and me on a trip in his station wagon. We went as far as Urcos, on the railroad line, the historic Inca town where Viracocha turned some of his first creatures into stone. It was a lovely, clear sunny day, the countryside gay with wild flowers and fields of ripening corn. We sang all the way and stopped at villages. At San Sebastián, a few miles from Cuzco, is a fine church, noted for its carved façade, and its miraculous and elegantly clad saint. Here a group of Pharisees in purple cotton tunics and crowns of yellow wild flowers, with the Veronica also in purple, who had taken part in the Holy Week processions, were having their pictures taken. San Gerónimo, a few miles farther out, has a very humble church, but its altars and paintings in heavy carved frames are rich with gold. A lively market was being held on the plaza near the church, women butchering, others selling roasted meat, vegetables and fruit, the Cholas all freshly dressed and wearing white straw hats. The charming little chapel of the Candelaria, at Caninunca, was gaily painted with angels and its altar and pictures were of ornate gold leaf.

The blue waters of the Urcos lagoon, into which the Incas

threw some of their treasures to save them from the Spaniards, were glistening in the sunlight. To Urcos, situated on the highway to the Montaña as well as on the railroad, come Indians seldom seen in Cuzco. Its market on the plaza, shaded by old, gnarled pisonay trees, was filled with many types of Indians from the mountains, the women from Ccatcca, in numerous short polleras and finely woven, colorful llicllas. We had a delicious lunch at the home of Delia's sister, who prepared a special dish of chuños—dehydrated potatoes, stuffed with cheese.

We visited the jail to see a weaver, who was doing some work for Delia. About fifty Indian prisoners were herded together in a sort of corral. Some of their wives came with food and tears. I was interested in knowing what their crimes were and a lawyer in our party asked the keeper. Forty-eight had broken the law of abigeato (stealing cattle). The lawyer said it had been enacted by the representatives of the rich landowners, and was harsh and unjust as well as costly to the government. Anyone can accuse an Indian of abigeato without proof. He is put in jail without the right of bail, and kept there for years before his case comes up in Cuzco. Hacendados use it to get hold of good land owned by the Indians. The Sierra shepherds have to pay for all cattle lost from their flocks, whether they stray away or are killed by thunder, lightning or in any other way beyond their control.

On our return trip, we stopped in the little farming village of Andahualillas to see an amazing old church. The interior is brightly painted in stylized decorative designs, and the lofty altar and four huge picture frames on each wall of heavy gold leaf. All the robes of the saints were of costly silks and velvets.

Easter Sunday is a day for wholesale marriages. Twenty-five couples had been married there that morning. Some had been living together for a long time and had children. As we were leaving the village, we came across a wedding party dancing on the road in front of their house, to the music of a bombo, a small drum and cornet. All were gloriously drunk. We stopped and danced huaynos with the bride, groom and guests.

Peruvian Indian wedding customs include the "companionate marriage" idea, so "shockingly" advocated by Judge Lindsay of

Denver some years ago. In Quechua it is called "sirvinakuy," in Spanish, "matrimonio de prueba" or trial marriage. It is sanctioned by custom, and the parties enter into the agreement as if legal. After the trial period, during which time the couple usually lives with the parents of the boy, if all is not well, the girl returns to her home and no one thinks any less of her, even if she brings back a baby. But generally they go on living together with or without the sanction of the church.

The age at which trial marriages begin differs—usually from around fifteen up. Courtship days are, perhaps, the happiest those young people know. As children, their parents give them little care. They begin working from the age of five, learning the tasks of their parents and assuming responsibilities. Often one sees tiny shepherdesses and shepherds, alone with their flocks on the vast, lonely punas, the little girls spinning as their mothers do when their hands are free; the boys playing their quenas (Plates 21, 36). When the boys and girls reach the age of adolescence, they begin to make themselves attractive and to seek each other. They have much more freedom in choosing mates and in love-making than the adolescents in Mexico, where the parents guard their children carefully and usually make the decisions.

When a youth wants to tell a girl he loves her, he does not do so in words. He may play his flute or charango and sing to her, standing hidden near her house. At first she may send her dogs to drive him away, but when ready to capitulate, she answers singing. More generally, he watches for an opportunity to snatch her lliclla or some other piece of wearing apparel. If she becomes angry and runs after him to recover it, it is a good sign. Throwing pebbles or small stones is another method of wooing, and if the girl tries to hit back, it means she is interested. After the first battles are over and there is peace between them, instead of kissing, the boy may rub his chin on her forehead, and then anything can happen.

The isolated grazing lands, during fiestas, when the parents are too drunk to care, afford good opportunities for love-making. After the fiesta of the Assumption, August 15, at Pampacucho, near Secuani, Cuzco, many babies are born, who are called "the children of Pampacucho," because no one knows who the fathers are (Plate 63). During the harvest fiestas around Ayacucho, the young people

play a game in which the boys represent aggressive sparrow hawks and the girls passive doves. It is believed that the ñaupa (spirits of pagan ancestors) attend these fiestas in human form to dance and play around with the girls. They disappear at midnight and the resulting babies are blamed on them. Illegitimate children are not a disgrace among the Indians but the custom.

Carnival fiestas are favorable for lovers of all social classes and especially for Indian youths. In Pisac, Cuzco, bachelor girls go to one of the nearby hills, where they pick the purple panti flowers and prepare food. At about ten o'clock at night they are joined by groups of young men, playing their flutes. Each girl gives a bouquet of panti to the boy she likes best and from then on they are lovers. They spend the night on the hill, dancing huaynos and singing. The girls dance with hondas (slings) with which they beat the boys on the calves of their legs, and as they turn in the dance their buttocks and hips touch. At dawn, they come down to the village plaza, where they form pandillas and dance back to their ayllus. If a girl is left without a partner, she will offer a panti bouquet to any boy she may meet on the street, and if he accepts, they are sweethearts.

The water-throwing and bathing among young Mistis and whites during carnivals afford opportunities for many liberties. In Contumaza, Cajamarca, a young well-to-do Misti may catch a girl friend, lift her dress and slap her legs with the palm of the hand and say, "Give me that leg." The girls retaliate by catching a boy, lifting his shirt to slap his back, saying, "Give me that rump." In carnival rough-housing, girls romp around and have as much fun as boys.

Innumerable kinds of magic to help love along are used by Indians, Cholos, and Mistis. Indian sorcerers perform love magic and prepare herbs and mineral powders to put in drinks. Amulets or love charms often come in pairs, like cuya-cuya, a rough-shelled nut that grows in the jungle, and the huayruro or black spotted red beans. A dried hummingbird is a common one.

The following magical procedure for love was tried by the Misti girl who described it. While the witch is saying a prayer, smoke two cigarettes rolled in smooth silk paper, thinking of the person you wish at your feet, then make a cross on your left leg with some of the ashes of the cigarettes mixed with your own saliva. Next

gather all the ashes of both cigarettes, being careful that none spills, and spit on them three times to put out any remaining sparks. Then roll the ashes in the same paper and put the little package in your left shoe. Walk on it for twenty-four hours. After that, burn the package, repeating the prayer said by the witch. Within twenty-four hours, the person you have been thinking of will present himself in a humble attitude.

Fingernail shavings put into the food of the unsuspecting victim, will also make him love you. They must be from the "finger of the heart," the middle one.

Some Indian boys and girls simply decide to live together without any formality or boys steal the girl from her home; but as a rule the consent of the parents is sought even for the trial marriage. The parents of the boy go to the house of the girl with gifts of liquor, coca, cigarettes, sometimes food. After chatting casually for a while, they touch upon the purpose of their call in ceremonious language and offer drinks. If they are accepted, the matter is settled.

Usually church weddings are avoided, for fees are high, new and better clothing becomes necessary, and the feasting that inevitably follows is costly, lasting three successive days in the homes of the bride, groom, and godparents. Wedding presents are a custom, parents and near relatives making gifts of land, a house, animals, and the guests contribute small gifts of money, which are received in a basket or plate adorned with flowers.

When a girl has finished her trial period and is to be married, she returns to her home and marries as if she were a virgin, wearing during the church ceremony the white scarf which signifies innocence. After the first day of feasting, the bride and groom are "put to bed" by the godparents and guests, who dance around the house and sing allusive songs.

Dancing the "huahua" (baby doll) made of bread or a branch during a wedding feast is a widespread custom, even among Mistis. Sometimes the bride gives it to the couple she wants as godparents of her first-born.

Some Indians and Cholos introduce comedy elements into the wedding celebration. In the village of Mosocllacta, Cuzco, the groom sends a friend to the bride's house with a funny letter, beginning, "I want to make your daughter my wife with the con-

sent of San José" and continues in a comic vein. Even if no one present knows how to read, they know the contents by heart. Later, the same friend returns with a little bull made of burnt quinoa paste, adorned with tiny colored flags, and says, "My dear mother-in-law, here I bring you this fat bull" and he feigns at bullfighting. Afterwards the "bull" is beheaded and pieces are distributed among the guests. Then the messenger sings, "On this street, two doves have fallen. I have carried off one of them, dragging her away with chains of gold and silver." When the dance is finished, he takes leave, saying, "Only this I have brought you, mother-in-law; only this I have danced to gladden your heart." On the first day of the wedding celebration, the bride's parents take gifts to the groom's house. These a dancer carries through the streets with great ostentation, and at the house there is a flower-throwing ceremony. The second day, a doll of wood, plaster or rags is baptized in a mock ceremony with urine for holy water, and the godfather dandles it on his shoulder during his first dance with the bride. Afterwards all the guests dance with the doll.

The well-to-do peasants around Curahuasi, Apurímac, celebrate the "asking for the bride"—warmi tapokoy in Quechua—as well as the wedding after the trial period. The male relatives and friends accompany the boy and his parents on their first visit to the girl's house. They wear their best clothes, mount their best horses, well accoutred for the occasion, and take much chicha, liquor, and a great variety of food. Before leaving the boy's house, they drink abundantly to the success of the enterprise. They ride slowly, making allusive jokes amidst much laughter, and when they arrive at the girl's house, only the father and son enter; the rest wait quietly and decorously at a distance. At a sign that all is well, the others enter boisterously and an "angel" immediately passes around food and drinks. Three persons have been previously selected to play the parts of the "angel," who acts as a "butler," the other two as the "fox" and the "dog," who take advantage of the drunkenness of the girl's parents and "rob" household goods. For all get drunk except the boy and the girl, who sit apart in a corner of the house. Everything the fox and the dog decide to take along is placed near them to be packed and loaded on to a mule. The girl puts on new outer

garments, which the boy has brought her, for she must not leave the house in the dress she has been wearing. Her discarded clothes are made into a doll and hung over the doorway.

The boy and the girl, mounted on the strongest and fastest horses, start off at a gallop. They do not lessen their speed for a moment, for the happiness and the stability of the home is believed to depend on the speed with which the bride is "stolen." To avoid misfortunes, they must not look back, and if one of them tires it is a sign of bad luck. After a while the girl's parents pretend they have only just become aware that their daughter has been carried off and set out in pursuit of the "robber." If they are able to catch up with them, they then take proper leave of their daughter. The women who have stayed behind prepare food for the fiesta, which lasts for at least three days, with much eating, drinking, and dancing.

When the wedding takes place after a trial period, the newly-weds have to drink a quantity of chicha colored with ayrampo from the same vessel outside of the church door, while being showered with flowers. The banquet is served in an arbor, covered with branches and flowers. The bride, groom, parents, and god-parents sit together. Each has around his neck a ribbon tied to a wine bottle to remind him not to stand up until all have finished eating.

The famous Corilazos or "Golden Ropes" of Chumbivilcas, so named because they do wonders with their horses and in lassoing, also go through the farce of stealing their brides. The groom wears a bright new poncho and belt woven by the bride, a striped tocuyo shirt and a white, homemade felt hat; the bride has everything new of gay colors, some of the garments having been presented by the groom. Among the wedding gifts, as a token that she may have many children, are numerous baby dolls made of bread, which the bride ties in her atado (the woven cloth for bundles) and keeps on her back while she dances. The wedding feast goes on gaily for days.

Elements of pre-Conquest marriage customs form part of those of today. In order to live together legally, all young people had to go through a public ceremony. Boys over twenty years and

girls some years younger, on a certain day, formed lines on the plaza, and the boy chose the girl he wanted, probably by previous agreement. If there were rivals, the presiding authority settled the claim. When all were satisfactorily paired off, the chief joined their hands and blessed them in the name of the great Inca. Aside from this public betrothal, there was sexual freedom then as now, even among the higher social classes. While boys and girls were dancing together, a boy moved by desire, "would take the girl, whose hand he was holding, away from the chorus, go off a little distance, lie with her, and afterwards return to the dance." Trial marriages also existed.

Nobles were permitted more than one wife, but formal marriage took place only with the principal one. The public betrothal was followed by a ceremonious presentation by the parents of the bride to the groom in her home. In token of acceptance, if she were a virgin, he put a woolen sandal on her right foot—if otherwise, one of ichu grass—and took her hand. Afterwards both families repaired to the home of the groom, where the bride presented him with a finely woven wool tunic, a head band used by the nobles, and a metal ornament, all of which he put on. The relatives gave the couple advice as to their marital duties, gifts, and a feast that was their wedding ceremony.

My first stay in Cuzco ended on March 29 and I returned May 26. This time I came direct from Lima by plane, a thrilling experience. For almost an hour we flew at about twenty thousand feet close to the snow peaks of the Cordillera Salccantay before dropping abruptly into the green valley of Cuzco.

Returning to Cuzco was like coming home. Friends, acquaintances, and all the hotel employees welcomed me back with friendly smiles. There were not so many tourists in June and July as during March, but one day I was happily surprised by the unexpected arrival of my good friends Julio and Luba de la Fuente from Mexico. Julio, an outstanding ethnologist, had a commission from the UNESCO to investigate the possibilities for a basic education project in Cuzco. We all had a fine time together with my Cuzqueño friends, and they gave me interesting bits of information gleaned from their own trips to villages.

This time my third floor room at the hotel had a view of the Plaza de Armas, the Cathedral and the hills and mountains toward the north, east and south. With clear skies and sunshine practically every day, they seemed nearer. I could always see Sacsahuamán and farther away, the white head of Ausangate, the black peaks of Pachatusán (pillar of the world), and Huancuari, near which Manco Cápac's gold staff lies buried. In those mountain peaks and in all others of the Sierra dwell the apu or auqui, the spirits of the mountains whom the sorcerers and diviners call upon for help in their curing and divining sessions.

In the market a young Chola girl sold me twenty-five objects for a "despacho" for curing and divining. This serves the same purpose as the North Coast and Puno "mesa." The collection included incense, natural fat, cereals, herbs, earth colors, coca seeds, gold and silver colored mica, thin pieces of gold and silver paper, gold and silver colored strings, tiny crowns, tiny eggs, a minute steel cross, tiny steel knives, forks and spoons, vari-colored strands of wool, a small mollusk, a sea star and shells, two tiny breads with the image of San Nicolás stamped on each one, human calcium and blue sulphate of copper.

The sorcerer puts those things in a little pile, which he gives various names—Apu Salccantay, Apu Pachatusán, Apu Sacsahuamán, Apu Ausangate, Apu Mamá Simona, the name of a tutelary hill near Puno, and any other mountain spirit he may think of. After the session with his patient, he makes this offering at midnight in some isolated place with only his assistant present. He invokes the apus, whose names he has given to the despacho, and serves it to them with the tiny knives, forks, and spoons. As he puts each object in its place, he calls the name of the Apu for whom it is intended. Then he pretends to read prayers from a little pamphlet, entitled "San Cipriano," which he may be holding upside down. Lastly, he wraps the despacho in white paper and burns it as an offering to Pachamama, pleading to her that his patient may be cured or that some undertaking may be successful.

The Indians make the Apus or Auquis offerings of Chicha and coca, especially when they travel through the mountains (Plate 69). The auquis are the protectors of the herds and of timid Indians whom they pity, though they admire the brave and the

strong. Their power is in relation to their height and majesty, the tallest and most important lording it over all the others. They keep a watchful eye on all strangers who enter their domains, and those who break their laws by injuring their people, animals or woods are punished. The auquis make them lose their way, cause mishaps, or inflict mortal diseases upon them. Inside the summits, the auquis have palatial homes and haciendas. Their beasts of burden are the deer, their chickens, the condors, their dogs, the pumas and jaguars.

From my hotel window I could also see whatever was happening around the Cathedral. Almost every morning a special mass was taking place, and the band from the Ward of Santiago playing out of tune. At noon, when school was out, the hilly, cobbled street ending in the plaza would be filled with little girls in blue. That was the signal for me to join my friends for the noon paseo or promenade around the plaza.

Life on the street below my window was also interesting. Often early in the morning I saw a long line of school children being taken to church by a nun. Almost all the government schools, especially those for girls, are conducted by nuns—Spanish, Italian, German. That makes the situation difficult for lay teachers and many young women graduating from the University in Cuzco have to work as clerks in stores. Education is less scientific, too. A Catholic teacher in a girls' school told me the nuns teach that history is of divine origin and are inclined to grade pupils for their piety rather than their scholarship.

I saw more priests, monks, and nuns on the streets of Cuzco than anywhere else in Peru—there are more churches, monasteries, and convents there—and made friends with several cultured priests who loaned me books and gave me interesting data on customs. An outstanding personality, and one who had a very fine sense of humor, was that of the Comendador (Commander) of the Merced Church and Monastery, with whom I had several pleasant visits at my hotel.

I had expected to attend the second Inter-American Indianist Congress, to take place in Cuzco, June 24—I had been to the first in Patzcuaro, Mexico, 1940—but it was postponed because of un-

settled political conditions. However, on that date, the reconstruction of the Inca Inti Raymi fiesta to the Sun took place on Sacsahuamán Hill, a fiesta inaugurated recently to celebrate the founding of Cuzco. Indians represent the Inca and his attendants, and a llama is sacrificed. There were few dances this year, but the crowds themselves in such a grand setting made the spectacle magnificent.

June 24 is the day of San Juan (St. John the Baptist) who makes waters safe and is patron of sheep. Bathing and divining games are part of the celebration by both Mistis and Indians. The Indians also make bonfires on the hillsides and mark their sheep, which in some places they bring to church to hear mass and be blessed.

The Sunday following June 24, the Cholo butchers had a fiesta in the Triunfo. They decorated the church with banners, drapes and flowers, used altar decorations on the entrance and set up arches adorned with bright paper ornaments and flowers. Saturday evening they built a bonfire on the church steps and danced huaynos around it. Sunday morning several sheep, wearing gay ribbons, attended mass. Afterwards there was a procession, with music, around the plaza with the image of San Juan in a new blue gold-embroidered velvet loin cloth and a silver diadem, and holding a silver lamb in his arms. Fireworks in the form of adorned papier-maché cows and other small pieces were set off.

According to the early chroniclers, the custom of bathing on the eve of San Juan is both Spanish and Inca, and the bonfires are of Inca origin. In the month of Cituaquis, which corresponds to September, the Incas celebrated a fiesta called Citua, during which they arose at midnight and went to the river "to bathe until the day smiled and they took with them lighted firebrands and after bathing they hit each other on the back with them and they said it took away all pain and illnesses they had." This is one of the many examples of how the Indians kept alive pagan practices while celebrating Catholic ceremonies down to the present time, but their primitive significance has been long forgotten.

One Sunday, Dr. Manuel Cuadros of the Tourist Corporation, invited me with other friends to drive to Chincheros, nine miles distant in the hills near the white Cordillera of San Francisco. Chincheros is an old Indian community, where the church built

with Inca stones stands on an Inca terrace, and nearby is an Inca throne with steps hewn out of the living rock.

The plaza market near the church seemed like a play in pantomime with the setting of the Inca wall and mountains scarcely real. A circle of women venders, wearing lovely llicllas and monteras, were bartering and selling in silence. On the terrace wall sat men who occasionally addressed one of them. Nearby was the "restaurant," women cooking potato-fed pig meat, which we ate with our fingers as the Indians did, but not so gracefully.

For Mass the church was filled with kneeling Indian women who overflowed out the two entrances. They were clean, and when they removed their monteras, their hair was neatly combed with many little braids on each side of the head. The sermon was preached by a jolly little priest who had come with us. He and Delia Vidal had sung Quechua songs on the way out. He had a good voice and the women and children in church sang well with him. When he preached in Quechua, he made them weep. Afterwards he told us his sermon had to do with betrayal, because some of the Indians had sent in a complaint to Cuzco against the abuses of the resident priest. No one would confess to having sent it, so the priest took this method of touching their hearts.

Later, in Paucartambo, where I met Father Manuel Lavón, he told me he had been priest for six months in Chincheros and he liked the people very much. They were always responsive, and the young learned to sing easily both in Spanish and Latin. All of them sing when working in the fields and when they bring home ears of corn, they run and sing to them to make them happy and want to stay. The priest who preceded Father Lavón had been driven out of the village and almost killed because he was caught digging for the treasure of Túpac Amaru, the great Indian rebel. When Father Lavón left, he had to steal away secretly, for the Indians did not want him to go.

A pleasant high light event while I was in Cuzco was my visit with young Dr. David Yepes to Miraflores, his family rural estate, situated on a river in a valley of sloping hills. The field in front of the house was filled with Indian women in their many polleras, gay llicllas and dark monteras, cutting the ripe corn from the stalks and the leaves from the ears with pointed blades. Each

woman's blade was tied to her wrist, so it could be dropped at any moment leaving the hands free. The corn ears gathered into heaps and left to dry in the sun were of every imaginable color—yellow, orange, purple, bright red or various shades, and some were of mixed colors. Each color has a Quechua name and is good for a different purpose, for example the glassy white for mote or cooked grains to be eaten instead of bread, and all white for popping. A corn with grains of more than one color is called misa and is good luck. The finder brings it to the owners, who reward him with some chicha.

About fifty adobe huts house the workers. Those we visited were clean and light, and the families greeted the doctor and his sisters with smiles. Many asked for medical advice and medicines, which were furnished. This family, as some others, take a personal interest in their workers, who return it with affection. David's sisters told that when he returned from Lima after some years of absence, the Indians welcomed him with music, flowers, and tears, and some of the mothers offered him their babies as gifts.

The Indians may be humble in the presence of their masters but they never smile at them nor are they ever friendly with any Mistis unless they know them to be friends. They resent and hate those who ill-treat them and will never sell their animals or food to strangers who come to their huts. But when an Indian is well-treated, he is a faithful friend.

That same day I had tea in the home of two spinsters of a rich family, descended from the first Spaniards who came to Cuzco. They showed me their genealogical tree in a handsomely bound, gilded volume, which recorded noble birth since the sixteenth century. They lived in an old mansion, their sala furnished with colonial furniture and hung with paintings and mirrors in gilded frames.

After becoming acquainted with everything for sale in the markets and the tourist shops, I was disappointed in the Cuzco folk arts. There is little pleasing pottery made in the Department, though here and there are artists who make expressive clay animals and plaster dance figures. Other attractive objects are silver earrings and topos.

About the only Inca handicraft that has maintained any excellence is weaving. Among the noted weaving centers are Tinta, Paucartambo, Chincheros, but even in those places weaving is degenerating because of commercial dyes and other outside influences. Yet the Cuzco textiles are the finest in the Sierra.

Both men and women weave but few men are ever seen spinning. The implements and process have changed little in many thousands of years, excepting for the treadle loom introduced by the Spaniards. The ancient type looms still in use are the belt, with one end tied to a post or tree and the other to a band around the weaver's waist; the peg, with four legs imbedded in holes in the ground (Plate 31). In some remote villages, ancient dyes from walnut bark, wild plants and flowers are still used but their preparation is kept a secret. Commercial dyes of all colors, not always firm, are commonly used, and constitute gay sections in every market place. The spun wool is washed before it is woven, sometimes with decomposed urine, and rinsed with clear water.

Decorative designs are always of brilliant contrasting colors—red, green, yellow, orange. The motifs are either realistic, a reproduction of the fauna and flora of the region, or stylized and geometric. Thus colors and designs have regional differences. In the textiles of Chumbivilcas, the land of the Corilazos in the high barren mountains, lead-grey and black predominate, with stylized horses, heads high and manes bristling or standing on end. Whereas in Pitumarca, where it is warmer and there is more vegetation, the outstanding colors are green, red and white, and the horses are depicted in a tired attitude with bowed head and fallen mane. Some of the stylized figures are of objects: a staircase, a key, fork, or table. Others are of plants, animals and people.

There are numerous beliefs in connection with weaving, a mixture of indigenous and European lore, viz.:

When beginning a new piece, the weaver should chew coca, otherwise, the thread will be eaten up.

The weaver should beat down the threads with a little black stone to make them last.

If a woman enters during the warping, it is bad luck, a man, good luck.

Weaving should not be started on Tuesdays or Fridays.

A woman should not spin during the marking of cattle in January, because it brings bad luck.

One should not show the weaving to a stranger, because he "takes away" the weaver's hands and knowledge and the work will not progress.

One of the most notable of the Department of Cuzco fiestas for the Virgin of Carmen, July 16, takes place in the little white colonial town of Paucartambo, lying on a river in a warm green valley, surrounded by hills and near high mountains that separate it from the jungle. It is on the site of one of the four Inca Tambos or road houses, each about thirty-six miles from Cuzco, and picturesque even though many of its houses need paint badly and old wooden balconies and railings are quite dilapidated.

Paucartambo has no hotel. Accommodations are primitive, yet the fiesta is worth the discomfort. Three of us, the photographer Martin Chambi, Dr. Pablo Garrido, a Chilean composer and specialist in folk music and I, were guests of Father Lavón for meals, so we could ask him many questions, and I had a grandstand place from which to watch things from my second floor balcony a few doors away from the church, situated off the plaza at the end of a short wide street.

In Paucartambo, Carmen is a Misti fiesta with Cholo dancers and some Indian musicians taking part, but Indians in fiesta dress from the hill communities form colorful audiences.

The day before the fiesta there was great excitement in and outside of the church. The mayordomos were opening dust-covered chests and taking out heavy old silver candlesticks, crosses and standards with which to decorate the church. Women were exchanging the Virgin's century-old every-day robe of rich brocade, embroidered with genuine gold thread and bright silk flowers, for her new fiesta robe of heavy brown silk trimmed with precious stones and gold fringe, a gold-embroidered white cape, and silver crown set with jewels, and rosary of the same material as the dress. For the fiesta the image was placed on a high pedestal, covered with fine white ruffed material with bunches of artificial pink roses between the folds. Infant-sized angels with silver wings stood on each side, and in the back, a grown-up angel held a small canopy

over the Virgin's head while a doll clung to the bottom of her cape. Each group of dancers and musicians, who kept arriving at different hours of the day, first played and danced at the church door, then went to the plaza to continue performing.

The Cargo or prioste this year was a rich business man, whose duty it was to arrange all the details of the fiesta, entertain friends, dancers and others, pay for the masses and other services. That afternoon he gave a reception for which we received printed invitations. The large sala of his old house, opening to first-floor galleries, was filled with local high society, the ladies sitting on stiff-backed chairs inside while the men moved about on the verandas. The ladies were served soft drinks, the men hard. On a table in the sala sat five "flying baby angels"—baby-sized dolls in pink, yellow, blue, green and white silk dresses respectively, their wings set with precious stones, wearing pearl necklaces and silver adornments on their heads—a Spanish custom for showing off jewels. Later these were carried to the church by high officials and put on the Virgin's throne for the processions.

Following the reception, in the late afternoon the entrada or entrance to the church took place. After the band came the Cargo and his wife, the cargo for the coming year and his wife, the Sub-Prefecto, Mayor and other officials, all carrying the dolls. On one side of the street, the women who attended the reception carried brightly painted glass bottles with artificial flowers; on the other side, the men, decorated candles.

The groups of dancers danced along to music. A few of one group were mounted on spirited horses. Those belonged to the Majeños, well-to-do Mistis representing the wine merchants, who used to come there from Majes, Arequipa, to sell wines. They wore good riding breeches, sleeveless leather jackets, high boots, and Spanish-faced masks with long noses and beards. One man played the part of a "dama," wearing a Chola costume and mask. Their attendants, taking care of mules loaded with empty barrels, followed on foot dressed as "Indians" with short black satin trousers, embroidered with bright roses in front, jackets, gay knitted chullos and masks. After the entrada they went about without their animals, dancing. The "masters" took turns with the dama, while the others danced in pairs or singly to the music of a band.

Other dance groups were:

Auca Chilenos, from Sicuani, a day's journey away by truck. They represented Chileans and Peruvians, a reminder of the war with Chile. Some of the eight Chileans sported cloth riding breeches, high boots, white shirts and casks, adorned with colored ribbons, and hondas with bells hanging from the neck, crossed in front; others wore long white wool stockings instead of boots, tall white hats with red and green ribbons. The Indians were dressed in their usual short dark bayeta pants, gay chullos with knitted masks (Plate 40), and were horsing around with stuffed animals on canes, partridge, rabbit, etc. Other characters were a man dressed as a dama, in a full pink skirt, red shawl, and white straw hat, and a comic "doctor" in an old black frock and trousers, and an old-fashioned high black hat, who carried a thick book under his arm and was supposed to know everything. He was asked funny questions to which he gave humorous answers. Taking advantage of his superior social status, he monopolized the dama. When another dancer tried to take her away, he would knock him down cold and then bring him to by dancing around him. The whole group danced in figures with ropes in the form of a quadrille to the music of a harp, a triangle and bandore.

Another group of Chilenos from near Paucartambo were more humbly dressed in cotton breeches, fancy beaded belts and felt hats. They also had a "doctor" and a "dama," whom they called Emilia. Their dancing was similar but their music more Indian—quenas and drums (Plate 36).

Huaca Huaca or bullfighters danced in short skirts trimmed with beads. One wore a fancy dress with a bull's head on a painted frame. They went about satirizing a bullfight.

Chunchos or jungle "savages" dazzled with their short skirts of various colors, some red, blue, brown, green, trimmed with bands of contrasting colors at the bottom, white shirts with fancy beaded yokes or ribbons, a red beaded band around the head with bright tropical feathers sticking up from it, long false braids hanging down the back, one with a doll tied to his, others, silk rosettes on hair and shoulders, long white stockings, crisscrossed with red and blue ribbons, black shoes. Two dancers, masquerading as monkeys,

wore brown suits and expressive masks. Mostly they danced in pairs, making graceful figures with their chonta bows in the air or dancing around them on the ground to the music of two quenas, a bombo, and small drum.

Kollas, representing warriors of Lake Titicaca Basin, were picturesque in knee pants, sleeveless coats, fancy monteras with silver cloth pieces at the sides, trimmed with beaded fringe, bright varicolored chullos, stuffed baby vicuñas at the waist and hanging down in back, fancy wires adorned with colored wool tassels. They danced to the music of a harp, violin and quena, singing Quechua songs while beating each other on the legs with fancy hondas. A verse of one song, translated for me by a spectator, was, "Brother, you are not to weep for me even if you see me lying in a pool of blood; nor shall I weep when I find myself in a pool of blood."

Panaderos or bakers appeared in working clothes; one dancer carried wheat, another corn sheafs, others pans, flour, water, which they threw at the spectators during the day.

Tercianos (every third) gave a performance which is a takeoff on those suffering from malarial fevers every other day. The dancers wore gray cotton shirts and trousers, old hats and masks and the one representing the doctor carried a little stool. Whenever a dancer fell down, pretending to be stricken with chills and fever, the doctor would sit down near the patient, examine him and prescribe that his companions beat him with small white cloth bags filled with sticks that each one carried. They performed in the day time only.

All the dance groups also have cargos who pay for their costumes and expenses and give them banquets. The new cargos are installed in a church ceremony presided over by the priest.

It was dark when the evening service of the Rosario was over. Bonfires of heaps of chamiza were lighted on the street and the dancers danced around them, leaping through the flames like demons.

At dawn the following morning of the sixteenth, I was awakened by music. From my balcony I saw four lone Indian musicians

in old ponchos at the church, their hats against the closed door. Two with quenas and two with small drums were playing tender little huaynos to the Virgin.

At ten o'clock we attended the misa de fiesta (festival mass). The sacristan and acolyte, assisting the priest, wore soiled, shabby robes, the latter being barefoot. In the rear of the church was a group of attractively dressed Indian women. Two who dared to come toward the front, were ordered to return.

After Mass, the procession went around the plaza with all the dignitaries, dancers and people taking part.

On the afternoon of the seventeenth, the Virgin is taken in procession to the bridge, where her litter is inclined in the four directions so she may bless the people of the city and valley. Everyone kneels. Women weep and men implore, "I beg for your maternal benediction. Next year, perhaps, I shall not be here." This is called the "huatatieque" or the beginning of another year.

On the eighteenth, the last day of the fiesta, after high mass the Virgin is returned to her usual place on the altar. In the afternoon, she is brought to the door of the church where people who have previously agreed to enter the relationship of compadrazgo or god-parenthood, come to ask for a blessing for their god-children.

Feasting, dancing, drinking, and leave-takings continue until long afterwards.

Once we started out from Paucartambo after midnight and climbed for over an hour to see the sunrise from the Balcón del Universo (the Balcony of the Universe), which projects over a precipice dropping into the jungle. It was freezing cold, the sky was clear and brilliantly lighted with stars, but below a tropical storm was brewing. So, instead of a mass of flames, all we saw were dark seething mists, yet the whole scene was magnificently impressive. The government is planning to build a little inn there, so people can enjoy the experience in comfort, for nowhere else, it is claimed, is there a sunrise so grand. But the weather is not often good, even at times of the year when it should be. When a cold, miserable rain descended in Cuzco during the dry season, and I complained to my friends, they would chant a little verse, "Lágrimas de mujer, perro cojo, y los cielos de la Sierra no hay

que creer." (One must not believe in a woman's tears, the lameness of a dog or the Sierra skies.) This holds good for everywhere in Peru, except on the Coast.

After this fiesta, I had only a few more days in Cuzco. On my last Saturday, friends gave me a folkloric despedida or farewell party. It was held in a picantería restaurant on the edge of the city. Tables were set out of doors in view of Ausangate, my favorite snow peak, aglow in the rays of the setting sun. The special dish was roasted guinea pig with aji sauce, and we drank much chicha. Afterwards all danced huaynos and creole waltzes. The guests furnished the music, themselves playing quenas, guitars, mandolins, and singing in Quechua.

Two days later, July 21, I left Cuzco for the second and last time. When friends, who came to the station at 6:30 in the morning, said—"¡Qué pena that you are going," I echoed the phrase with deep emotion. I had spent more time in Cuzco than in any other one place in Peru, because the city fascinated me and I had such great affection for the Cuzqueños.

My journey was over the same route by which I came the first time in February from Puno, but now, at this time of year, the valley was brown, the river too low to make music. But before my eyes whirled the bright colors of golden Cuzco and through my veins beat the rhythm of its sad, strong huaynos, never, never to be forgotten.

THE CENTRAL AND NORTH SIERRA

The hut was cluttered with a bed, cot, table, chairs, clothes, bags, implements, guinea pigs, chickens, dogs. I sat in the midst of everything, desperately fighting off mosquitoes and wondering, "Has my good luck deserted me?"

That morning, March 29 (the Monday following Easter Sunday), I started out from Cuzco for the Central Sierra in one of the "pick-up" road-building trucks. After crossing Sacsahuamán Hill, we dropped down to warm tropical country, aglow with wild flowers, into the luxuriant Limotambo River Valley, under imposing snow-peaked mountains. At two o'clock in the afternoon, we

arrived at the bridge over turbulent Apurímac River, the border line between the two Departments. It had been arranged between the chief road engineers, Abelardo Ugarte of Cuzco and Raúl Valverde of Apruímac, that another truck should pick me up at this point, but the young Cholo guardian of the bridge in whose hut I was waiting, assured me that no truck had come, none had even passed by. The road had just been opened for traffic after the heavy rains and was still in bad condition, so I feared the other truck might have been mired.

My Cuzco driver had to leave immediately but he promised me, just in case I had not gotten off, to send a local truck at four o'clock to bring me back to Limotambo. I hated to return to the dirty little Hotel de Recreo there, but preferred that to spending the night in this topsy-turvy hut to be eaten by disease-carrying mosquitoes. Unless a truck rescued me, there was no way I could return a distance of over ten miles with my bags and typewriter. The bridge was in a beautiful spot with lush vegetation on the steep river banks, but the guardian told me cheerfully that everyone who lived around here had "tercianos" (thirds), their name for malaria with fever on alternate days. I did not want to show my anxiety, so remarked casually, "What shall I do if the road truck does not come for me?" He answered reassuringly, "When a serrano makes a promise, he keeps it. The truck will be here at four."

I looked at my watch frequently. A few minutes to four, I heard the sound of a truck, which to me sounded as gladdening as the opening chords of the Beethoven Fifth Symphony. The truck ground down to the bridge packed with the road crew standing up in back, and the capataz (boss) a bit bleary-eyed, in front with the driver. I squeezed in to retrace my journey to Limotambo. But a short distance out, we met a huge freight truck bound for Abancay with two passengers in the cabin, one a well-dressed Misti woman, and about a dozen up on top of the load. The driver said he would take me if I would ride in the open. Friendly hands helped me up bag and baggage, and made room for me in the already crowded space on the hard uneven bags of produce. Soon we crossed the bridge I had just left and were climbing up the steep, narrow mountain road, along the rim of a deep ravine. The high,

heavy load we were sitting on lurched so badly around curves it seemed as if any moment we might be plunged into the river hundreds of feet below. I quit looking down and fixed my gaze on the white peaks of the cordillera ahead, which reflected the warm colors of the setting sun.

Night was already descending when we came to a passage so dangerous we had to climb down and walk across it. As we were about to climb back up to our places, we found to our great consternation that the road was blocked by a big caterpillar machine. A warning had been printed in the Cuzco papers that no traffic would be permitted after four o'clock, but the truck driver started out late without paying any attention to the notice. All the men aboard tried to move, in vain, the machine, and finally several set out on foot to the village of Curahuasi, headquarters of engineers and road workers for this section. It was only some five or six miles away, and the judge travelling with us suggested we do likewise, for the cold would become unbearable at night. In the village we might get something hot to drink and at least a roof to stay under, even if there were no beds. So we stumbled through the pitch black night over stones and ruts. Once I turned my ankle but it did not hurt too badly. The young Misti woman from the cabin began a cheerful conversation about the probability that our baggage would be stolen. Being trusting and careless, I had left everything behind, even my top coat. Before we ended our trek in the dark, we met the men returning to the truck with the good news that the engineers were sending workers to open the road for us.

The main street in the village had electric lights. Yet, though it was only nine o'clock, except for a group of Indians in a store drinking and singing in one of their numerous farewell celebrations to Holy Week, the village seemed in deep slumber. However, we were able to get hot coffee and some dry bread in a primitive little eating place, which to us seemed like a banquet. Near midnight, we were all back on our truck. All my possessions were intact. As a matter of fact, in all my travels in Peru I never lost a pin.

From here on the road was improved and I was riding in comfort. The young salesman who was one of the passengers in the

cabin, gallantly ceded his place to me and I loaned him my heavy wool poncho for his cold ride up on top. By travelling at night, I missed seeing the country and archeological ruins along the way, but in compensation I saw the fine generous side of my fellow passengers. As I relaxed in my warm corner, I recalled the things I had read about this difficult and dangerous mountain road. Through here the conquerors had gone back and forth with their horses and heavy armor. Here Indians had lain in ambush for them. Even early in the sixteenth century, Spanish booksellers had come over this trail with the first copies of *Don Quixote* to reach the Americas, and that character was first portrayed in theatrical representations here in the remote Andes. Not until three o'clock in the morning did I get to bed—and a comfortable one it was—in the Hotel Abancay.

The little city of Abancay, capital of the Department of Apurímac, lies in a narrow warm valley, above which rise steep high mountains. It has nothing of architectural interest, but is white, clean, sunny and has a friendly atmosphere. Invariably Indian and Cholo women courteously took their hats off to me in answer to my greetings. The climate makes it possible for them to dress lightly—cotton or flannel polleras and waists called chamarras, small bright cloth lliclas, straw hats, no shoes—though some wear them high for fiestas. Then they trim their chamarras with lace and ribbons, put on plush lliclas, and silver earrings and topos with heads of animals (Plate 24).

I called on Ingeniero Valverde and met his wife and babies. He sincerely regretted his orders to meet me had miscarried and saw to it that I had transportation for the rest of the way in his Department. He introduced me to the Prefecto, in this case a very friendly civilian although usually a military official, and the three of us had a long visit. During the day the editor of the local newspaper called on me. He and the others gave me interesting local data.

In the afternoon I went out with a young German nun—twelve of them are running the girls' high school—whom I had met in Cuzco. Her Mother Superior gave her permission to accompany me and she was as happy as a school girl on a holiday. She took me to visit a sugar-cane hacienda and liquor distillery, explaining

to me that the North American wife of the son of the owner would like to talk to a compatriot. She had married the young Peruvian in Cincinnati, where he had been studying agriculture. I found her a pretty little blonde, totally unprepared for her new life, but everybody was so kind to her she was becoming adjusted. Her father-in-law owns four other large haciendas, covering thousands of miles and including whole mountain ranges.

After midnight, I was awakened at the hotel from a sound sleep by music and singing. A pandilla of Indians from the ayllus in the mountains was still taking leave of Holy Week. Their leave-taking had already lasted three nights and would go on until they wore themselves out, eating and drinking at a picantería and dancing through the streets afterwards.

At six o'clock in the morning, Ingeniero Valverde drove me and the Prefecto in his private car to Andahuaylas, my next stop, a thrilling ride over the mountains. We curved and climbed some eight thousand feet in sixty miles and then dropped down past fields of golden wheat, purple quinoa, white potato blossoms and many wild flowers to the rich agricultural capital of the Province of Andahuaylas.

Andahuaylas is a busy trading center, where many wealthy landowners live, but it is not an attractive place nor does it have any modern sanitation. A judge and a representative of the government Institute of Indian Affairs had been advised from Cuzco of my coming and my having arrived in the same car with the Prefecto was sufficient to set in motion immediately plans for my securing information about local customs and music.

The rest of the first day, I spent pleasantly riding around the country with Ingeniero Valverde, seeing places and meeting people. We were accompanied by his cousin Hilda, a pretty, charming young woman, modern in her ways and ideas, who looks after the family ranch, uses riding breeches and mounts spirited horses.

That night I ate and slept in the worst little hotel I had experienced in Peru, run by a Japanese. The only other one in the town was just as dirty or worse. I had to share my room with a refined, well-to-do Misti woman, who had come up from Lima to attend to matters on her hacienda, but she did not seem to mind the discomfort and dirt.

In the morning, I met Benjamín Almanza, an agricultural engineer, owner of several ranches, who invited me to occupy the guest room in his house on the edge of town. His pretty vivacious brunette wife Rita and his mother Doña Aurora, a beautiful gracious lady, welcomed me warmly and their garden and lovely views seemed like paradise to me. They were quite accustomed to having their guest rooms occupied and Doña Aurora told me when they lived on their haciendas, they always entertained distinguished travellers. Before roads were built, some ten years ago, it used to take six days to get to Cuzco on horse or mule back; now it can be done in a day by car. In those days, people used to carry their own cots and food on pack mules, and would stop for shelter at haciendas or towns.

Later that morning, with Benjamín, Rita and their two lovely little children, we set out in their truck to visit the Indian village and Lagoon of Pacucha. A group of Indian musicians was gathered to meet us. They played quenas, drum, triangle, stringed instruments, and a corneta of cow's horns, tied together with leather strips, an instrument peculiar to Apurímac, which I specially wanted to hear (Plate 72). It has a mouthpiece on one side and from the other emits soft, sad, hollow sounds. All the little tunes they played for carnivals, agriculture and dancing were in the pentatonic scale. The musicians wore old brown ponchos, and looked sodden for they were still celebrating Holy Week leave-takings. The women here dressed in similar fashion to those of Abancay with straw or felt hats, small llicllas, and long polleras. Several were weaving on belt looms (Plate 28).

We all had lunch on the veranda of Santa Elena Ranch of the Almanzas—good creole food, cooked and served by Indian women. The grounds on the edge of the lake were lovely, and all around were corn fields, irrigated by cold mountain streams. I picked many wild flowers but no one could tell me anything but Quechua names for them. The small golden, bulbous flowers, shaped like a tiny shoe and growing on bushes, were called "shoes for the dead." The red Inca flowers called cantuta in Puno and ñujchu in Cuzco, were known here as the "blood of Christ" because they blossom at Easter time.

Late that afternoon a program of folk music was tendered me

in the Andahuaylas Social Club, which was attended by all the important members and their stylishly-dressed wives. The stringed orchestra was composed of young Misti students, and a girl soloist, but they played only folk music, huaynos, sad yaravi songs and creole waltzes. They were so good they had recently won a prize in a contest in Lima.

I had already read and heard much about customs in Apurímac. They hold an original bullfight there. Instead of the usual barbed banderillas to incite the bull, a live condor is utilized. To catch the huge bird, a hole is dug in the ground and covered with a frame work of thick poles and branches, over which a dead animal is laid as a bait. When the condor swoops down to eat it, the hunters, concealed under the frame, loop a rope around one of its legs and thus imprison it. For the fight, the captured condor is securely tied to the bull's back, which has been cut in several places. In his desperation to get away, the powerful bird pecks at the bull till both are half crazed. But neither is killed, whereas men are sometimes victims. After the fight is over, the condor is fed sweet rolls with liquor or chicha until he is drunk. Then they let him go and observe his flight. If he flies up in a straight line, it is good luck; if he hits against something or is unable to fly, bad luck. A man told me he had once seen a drunken condor —sometimes the condor is also given liquor before the fight— confront the bull and by flapping his huge black wings in the face of the surprised animal and teasing at it with beak and talons, the condor won the subsequent fight.

My artist friend José Sabogal believes this unusual custom originated from a desire on the part of the Indians to humiliate the proud Spanish animal with their condor, for them a sacred bird.

I left Andahuaylas the next morning in a government truck, Benjamín and Rita accompanying me to the border of Ayacucho, where a truck of that Department was to pick me up. But we spent so much time on the way, eating and talking to their friends, that the second truck, after waiting for hours, had left. However, we were able to intercept it by wire, and the driver called for me at Ojechipe, a sugar cane hacienda and distillery, where we spent

the night. The owner of this and similar haciendas is Señor José Parody, one of the richest men of Ayacucho, of Italian descent, married to a Peruvian Misti. For some years he had lived in the United States, and his grown sons are now being educated there. His wife and daughters go often to Lima but he prefers sticking to his job from early morning until night. Their spacious house was almost barren, the only luxury piece of furniture a good radio on the wide, screened-in veranda, a cool spot where we sat in stiff-backed chairs to listen to the music. But the hospitality was not stiff. Everyone was cordial.

The next morning, I took leave of Benjamín and Rita, who by now seemed like old friends, and again I was off. The mountains and punas here are lower but just as metallic as in the South Sierra, the bright morning sun bringing out all their hard oxidized colors. My companions from the road building office of Ayacucho were friendly and talkative and the young Cholo driver to whom I had made a comment about the Indians we passed on the way, explained to me why he does not like them:

"They are not friendly, won't ever sell you any food, even when they have more than they need. Once when I was hungry, I saw meat in a hut and tried to buy some, but the Indian refused to sell it. Why are you sorry for them?" he asked bitterly. "They are better off than we are. They have their huts, a piece of ground to plant on, their quenas to play on, and chicha to get drunk with. What else do they need? When they come to work in a city, they undermine our wage standards by taking any job they can get at low pay. My living costs are higher than theirs. I have to pay rent, my family cannot wear homespuns, I must send my children to school, and pay doctors. I have many expenses and do not earn enough to meet them or to live in the way I should like to." Since he was intelligent, his tirade surprised me, though it is a fairly typical Misti attitude always to blame the Indian.

Some five hours after leaving the border we arrived in Ayacucha, capital of the Department, lying in an open valley, surrounded by low mountains and green hills with many magueyes, a landscape that reminded me greatly of Mexico. The Spaniards founded the

city immediately after the Conquest in order to have a resting place between Cuzco and Lima. They constructed an extraordinary number of big churches, filled them with magnificently gilded altars, and many wealthy families built imposing mansions here, for the city lies at a livable altitude of some eight thousand feet and its climate is agreeable. For several centuries during the colonial period the city was prosperous. But today, though it has some thirty thousand inhabitants, is the seat of a bishopric and a superior court, has high schools for boys and girls, it deserves its Quechua name, Ayacucho (Corner of the Dead). The spark has gone out of its life and in many ways it seems like a place of lost souls. Its cobbled streets lined with medieval stone walls are gloomy and deepen the silence that invades it, except during fiestas. Most of the intelligent sons go to Cuzco, Arequipa or Lima to study and never return. Others go away to work or to make money in business. Some of the old families have moved away altogether.

The building of a tourist hotel has now been started and may attract visitors to view the colonial splendor of Ayacucho, but its progress is very slow. I stayed at the Colonial in a suite consisting of a bedroom, a little reception room, and bathroom with a cold shower, not comfortable but clean, and took my meals at the Imperial, under the same management, where the creole food was excellent. The suite and board cost twelve soles a day or less than a United States dollar. The warm sunny days were delightful but the coldish nights pretty awful with electric lights blinking dimly from heights on the streets and indoors from bare cords high in lofty ceilings. José, the recamerero who took care of the rooms, scarcely understood Spanish and never could remember two things at a time, yet he realized that the nights were not pleasant for me and came to sleep with his wife and baby on the veranda near my door.

I arrived in Ayacucho in time to see the Quasimondo celebration, the Sunday following Easter. After Saturday evening services in the Cathedral, the plaza was lighted with bonfires. Sunday morning there was a procession headed by a band, the priests carrying the Sacred Host under a pallium, and Indian women, heads covered with gay cloth llicllas, with lighted candles, scattered

golden retama petals along the way. The purpose of this procession is to bring consolation to the homes of the sick, whose families have previously arranged for the visit.

Holy Week in Ayacucho is famous for the way the Sabbath of Glory is celebrated. People stay up all Friday night. After five o'clock mass, a huge litter, carried by a hundred men, emerges from the Cathedral and as if by magic, a figure of Christ rises above it. The procession followed by the multitude with lighted candles moves slowly around the plaza over a carpet of retama petals, until the morning light appears, then re-enters the church, as everyone in and outside kneels, praying, weeping, and begging for another year of life.

In the joyous outburst that follows, with the clamoring of church bells and blowing of horns, the Morochucos ride around furiously on their small mountain horses. Famous riders and fighters, they are some of the blue-eyed, fair-haired, bearded Spaniards, whom the Sierra has converted into Quechua-speaking Indians. Groups of dancers also take part. All of them, including the riders and the people then attend the fair in the nearby hills.

That Sunday afternoon the Lieutenant Governor arranged a performance of the scissor dance in the patio of my hotel. Two slender Cholo weavers, dressed in white wool hats, turned up in front and trimmed with colored wool rosettes and mirrors, green silk jackets, red vests, knee-length yellow silk pants, all embroidered with golden and silk thread, and yellow shoes with multi-colored ribbons around their long stockings, performed many fancy figures to the music of harp and violin, to which they clicked a rhythm with two loose scissor blades. First they danced together and then separately as if in competition. Sometimes they jumped high into the air and came down on their toes, sometimes dancing with bent knees like the Russian Cossacks. Many artisan dances were introduced by the Spaniards and this one, celebrating the wool-shearing trade is one of the few that has survived, only now it has changed into a sort of trick dance. The men told me they used to stick needles into their cheeks while they danced. Even the musicians hold their instruments in unusual ways—the harpist played his

harp on his shoulder instead of on the ground and the violinist his violin on his arm instead of under his chin. But in spite of such "stunts" they played their gay, lively tunes very well indeed and the dancing was light and graceful.

The market is the most colorful and alive place in the city, especially the Indian section out-of-doors around an old fountain. Both slender and graceful, the Indian and Chola women were all in gay dress, long full skirts, called "centros," belted-in blouses, small llicllas and becoming white straw hats. For fiestas the llicllas are of good imported English cloth of rich colors, with an extra one for the head in church, and they then wear long golden earrings, set with pearls, some in the form of an ear of corn.

Ayacucho has notable folk art: filigree silver jewelry and tableware, tiny figurines of colored Huamango marble, bright blankets with inwoven figures, small painted boxes with religious figures and animals, called retablos, fancy clay crosses and miniature churches. From the nearby village of Quinoa come unglazed pottery bulls and toys in brown with white designs; from the small city of Huanta, the famous expressively carved mates burilados (gourds carved with scenes and figures of dancers and types) (Plates 44, 45, 47).

Dr. Manuel E. Bustamante, author of *Apuntes para el Folklore Peruano,* received me cordially and gave me data not contained in his book, and the engineers of the road-building office took me out in their truck to see the surrounding country, lovely with trees and rivers, and to visit the homes of weavers and marble shops.

One day Sr. Parody from Ojechipe showed up on one of his periodic celebrations, and I introduced him to two new arrivals at the hotel, a nervous G. I. with a pretty young blonde wife, both graduates of the University of California at Berkeley, my Alma Mater; they had come to Ecuador to seek their fortune and vastly disillusioned, were now determinedly seeing Peru. We spent a gala evening together. First we had a wine dinner and then a hilarious time at the Ayacucho Social Club, where we had drinks and played games, using candles to augment the feeble electric lights.

Ingeniero Monge offered to take me part way to Huancayo in his truck. We left at five in the morning, early enough to meet

Indian women trotting to the market, carrying heavy loads, and spinning their wool in the dark. He, too, told me that the Indians never wanted to sell anything to a Misti, but unlike the Cholo driver, he understood the reasons because they have been mistreated by Mistis for so many centuries.

In the little white city of Huanta, we had a breakfast of churasco—fried meat with onions—bread, cheese, ripe olives and black coffee. From here on part of the road was rough and dangerous, but he was a good driver and we soon reached Mejorado on the railroad, where I changed to another official truck and continued my journey over a good road along the Montara River.

HUANCAYO

Huancayo, capital of the Department of Junín, is a small modern, progressive little city, famous for its Sunday market. It is connected with Lima by train and road, so many tourists come up for weekends and stay in the good government hotel.

My host was Dr. Sergio Quijada Jara, a young lawyer, and author of an interesting folklore book, *Estampas Huancavelicanas.* He is short, dark, slender, active and lively. The very first day he arranged an evening of folk music for me at his home. The musicians played harp, quenas, and guitars and sang huaynos and other songs, among them the "Mulizas," typical of the region. It is believed they grew out of the plaints of mule drivers, who flourished as carriers of mineral and agricultural products in the Central Sierra around the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In content the Mulizas are similar to the "Yaravís" or "Sad Songs" of Arequipa, but in their rhythm can be detected the sound of hoofs of mule packs. The folk composers of the music are, according to legend, inspired by a beautiful mermaid, who appears to them late at night in the waterfall of Paccha, a cave a few miles away from Cerro de Pasco, and sings to them in a "clear melodious voice." Here, as in Ayacucho, there is much folk music, and events are sometimes related in song, but not in ballad form as in Mexico. One sung to the tune of a huayno, told about the big earthquake of 1947.

No market in Peru is more fascinating than that on Sunday in Huancayo. The stores close, and the storekeepers and other venders set up stands all along the principal Calle Real, that day closed to traffic. Whole blocks of small white awnings line both sides with moving masses of humanity between them. The merchandise begins coming in Saturday on the backs of humans and animals, by train, and by truck. Products and many folk arts from the entire Republic are brought in. The market is departmentalized —textiles, silver jewelry, carved gourds all together, a whole block of a side street with nothing but coca leaves, another with herbs and magical objects from the Montaña, Bolivia and elsewhere. Dr. Quijada, an excellent "guide" to all the things that interested me and especially well-informed about herbs and folk arts, spent hours with me there.

This is a truly national market, its visitors international. One sees there persons wearing clothes from the most fashionable shops of New York to the most primitive from the mountains of Huancavilica. There the garments of some of the women are more Indian than the rest—a long black homespun tunic with deep colorfully embroidered cuffs, held in place by ribbons attached to the shoulders. The women from in and around Huancayo dress like those of Ayacucho but they are not so elegant looking.

Then, after a good Creole lunch in a non-tourist hotel, we drove into the country. Though Huancayo is a thousand feet lower than Cuzco, it is not much warmer because not so sheltered. However, in April, just after the rains, the weather was agreeable and the countryside richly green. Nearby are charming villages with progressive Indian communities, a Carnegie Observatory, the warm garden village of Concepción and the fine sixteenth century Franciscan Monastery of Acopo with old murals. About an hour away is Jauja, capital of the District of Jauja, in a smiling green valley, where Pizarro was going to establish the capital of the Spanish Empire before he discovered the Rimac Valley. Not far away is the little colonial city of Tarma, the gateway to the Montaña.

On the roofs of the Indian huts are fanciful painted tin crosses. I was able to examine one in the market, which had two flags, an olive branch, a llama, guardian angels, and a blue and white dove

representing the Holy Ghost, in the upper part the Inca sun and moon, and at the very top a little cock to make the inmates early risers.

These crosses are put on the roofs during a hilarious fiesta, called "Zafa-casa" or the finishing of the house. Male relatives and friends cooperate in the building of the roof and as soon as their work is done, the women prepare food and drinks. Late in the afternoon arrive two gaily dressed "nueras" or "daughters-in-law" and a "masha" or "son-in-law," as the godparents for the house-warming are called. The nueras bring small brooms of wild grass and the masha a cross, adorned with bright ribbons. Shortly afterwards, the owners of the house, looking like beggars, appear on the scene. The man leans heavily on a rough cane and the woman feigns walking with difficulty to indicate "they have spent everything they had and grown old in the building of their house." But their children are well dressed to show that their parents have not made them suffer and their inheritance will be generous. The family is followed by a multitude of friends bearing gifts, and mule-drivers disguised as negro slaves, their mules loaded with casks of wine and liquor. When all are in the house, the "decrepit" owners heartily embrace the nueras, masha and friends. Then the dancing begins, huayno following huayno until the house shakes.

Early in the evening the cross and brooms are imbedded in the roof, as the nueras and masha rain flowers over them, so that Taita Dios (Little Father God) may always bless the house.

A banquet is served on a tablecloth spread on the floor, the principal dish being cuy or guinea pig with a rich ají sauce. Chicha and liquor drinking, coca-chewing, dancing and singing continue throughout the night.

Many picturesque fiestas take place in Huancayo and surrounding country. On September first the sleepy little green village of Sapallanga comes to life, when it begins its eight-day celebration in honor of the Virgin of the Nativity, known in Mexico as Our Lady of the Remedies. There are processions, fireworks, and dances. In the dance called La Pandilla de los Incas, with about a hundred elegantly costumed dancers, appear Atahuallpa and the Spanish priest Valverde, who took part in his assassination.

The fiesta in the quaint old silversmiths' village of San Gerónimo

to their patron San Roque, August 16—with processions, dances, fireworks, and bullfights—lasts for six days. On the last day, a ceremony called the "despacho" takes place. Couples with arms entwined dance together as they take leave of the "Illustrious Doctor" until the coming year.

Cattle-marking fiestas are held on July 25, the day of Santiago or St. James. Some are branded with hot irons; others with special cuts in the ears. The ears of the females, particularly the llamas, are adorned with colored wool. Owners, friends, and shepherds spend the whole night in feasting, drinking, chewing coca, and dancing around an image of Santiago to the music of a corneta of cow's horns and a little drum. There are special songs and music for the occasion.

One of the ways to decide who will be mayordomo the coming year is by "jala pato" (pulling a duck), similar to the American folk custom of goose pulling. The fowl is tied to a high taut rope, and those who want the honor grab for it. The one who pulls off the head, wins. Another way of choosing the next mayordomo is by dancing around a tree that has been transplanted and adorned. As the couples dance, they take turns at chopping at the tree and the one that brings it down, wins the honor. This is called "tumba monte" (felling the tree).

A curious folk sport of this region is "la chueka" (ball game), played with a small hard lloque wooden ball and golf sticks. Three players constitute a team, which may play against another of its own or neighboring ward. Each has its own judge and musician playing a corneta. The place the team is to occupy on the field and the one which is to play first is determined by drawing lots. The players stand behind one another at certain distances apart, and the one in front, who is the best, sends the ball flying into the field of the opposing team, where the players try to intercept it. A game is won when the ball passes through to its goal freely. The game, which lasts from around noon until late in the day, requires endurance and skill, and is dangerous because of the hard wooden ball. It is generally well attended. At intervals the players stop to eat, drink, and chat, and there is music. The prizes are drinks.

Late that Sunday afternoon I attended a baptism in the church at which Dr. Quijada was godfather to a Cholo baby. The fiesta afterwards began with a pachamanca (pacha, earth; manca, pot) or barbecue. In a hole in the ground among hot stones was placed a layer of potatoes, another of well-seasoned lamb, together with humitas or small tamales of tender corn, white wild flowers, then green beans, covered over with more hot stones, sacking, earth, and all crowned by a little cross to be sure the pachamanca turned out well. While the baking was going on, we danced huaynos out of doors to folk music furnished by stringed instruments and singing. Afterwards the pachamanca and other delicious foods were served inside. The family felt too humble to eat with us, but the family was greatly honored by having a Misti godfather. After the repast dancing continued in the house with members of the family and relatives. From there we went to the Huancayo Social Club, where we danced until long after midnight.

At six o'clock that morning, I was in a seat of the buffet-car of the train bound for Lima. My companion at the little table for two turned out to be a young student from the University of San Marcos, who had been spending his vacations in Huancayo, his former home. His father, a rich landowner and merchant, had moved the family to Lima so he and his brothers might be educated there. Later I met them all one day at lunch in their home and found them cordial, simple people. His mother prepared a special Huancayo-style thick soup of chicken, rice and vegetables, called hualpachupe.

It was a majestic all day ride. The Central Railroad starts at Callao, crosses the great Maritime Cordillera of the Andes to the many smelters of Oruro and one branch goes on to the famous mines of Cerro de Pasco and another to Huancayo. This line over the Andes, the highest and most daring in the world, was constructed the latter part of the nineteenth century by Henry Meigs, a brilliant United States adventurer. For hours our train ran close to the snow peaks at over sixteen thousand feet, then it curved and switched back and forth through sixty-six tunnels, crossed seventy bridges and viaducts over yawning abysses of steep-walled ravines with turbulent rivers—a breath-taking experience! Not until late in the afternoon did we drop down into friendly farming valleys

under abandoned Inca hill terraces. Then the beautiful eerie world of the Sierra was behind me and soon I was back in the "City of the Kings."

HUANUCO

Late August, I took the trip to the Central Sierra from Lima by bus over the highway that for a time parallels the railroad. Though the road is less dramatic, the views are equally impressive and the bus has the added advantage of passing through the heart of the mining towns, with their well-built company houses and solid picturesque Indian huts. After leaving high cold Cerro de Pasco, the end of the railroad line, we dropped down into the warm fertile Department of Huánuco.

Huánuco, the small capital, like Arequipa, is an "eye-brow" city, situated in a green valley watered by many rivers, where the Sierra and Montaña meet and fuse. Its simple church and houses are all painted white, its streets neatly paved. Less than six thousand feet high, with a pleasant year-round spring climate and a good tourist hotel, it is an attractive vacation spot. I felt at home there right away and regretted it when the time came to leave.

The Indians from hereabouts are very intelligent and many of them politically conscious, a fact confirmed for me by a former local Senator. The women from the surrounding hill villages look oriental in long dark blue homespun skirts and white shawls. Married women knot their shawls at the nape of the neck; the girls have the knot on the forehead; both wear various bright-colored, visible underskirts but those of girls are trimmed with ribbons. The men are also dressed picturesquely in black wool trousers, slit below the knee with a white inset and held by white sashes. Dark ponchos and white cloth hats complete the outfit.

Their most important dance, Negritos or Negroes, is celebrated at Christmas time. The participants wear velvet jackets, heavily embroidered with gold and silver, tropical feather headdresses and carry silver whips. It has characteristics of an African ballet but is Indian in form and humor (Plate 46).

Wedding and other customs here are similar to those of the rest of the Sierra, but many spirits play an important part in the lives

of the people. Some of them are harmless, playing only innocent pranks, but the majority have to be taken seriously.

Here, too, the hills and mountains are dominated by auquis but they are called auquillos or little spirits. Some of them prefer to live in ancient ruins or in huge odd-shaped rocks. Men never fail to take their hats off in greeting and to make them the triple offering of liquor, coca, and cigarettes. Hunters are especially careful not to offend the auquillos, because in retaliation they make the animals invisible. For grave offenses they avail themselves of harmless looking stones that men sit on to give them venereal diseases, a belief that serves many husbands as an alibi. On the whole the people consider the auquillos benevolent beings and pray to them: "Father auquillo, of the family of souls, protect me and give me what I need."

The village of Tomaiquiche, near Huánuco, is much visited by duendes or elves—in Quechua, íchic órgoi (little men)—whose favorite diversion is to interfere with the smooth working of sugarcane mills and distilleries. They jump on the wheels to keep them from turning and exasperate the workers in many other ways.

Closely related to the elves are the shapshicos (little devils). Their pleasure lies in attacking merry groups of young people, returning late at night from fiestas, singing and dancing on the streets. But they only bother the girls, reaching under their skirts to their most intimate recesses. Then the assailants, whom only the boys see, disappear, jumping easily and gracefully over sharply pointed maguey leaves or other obstacles that no man, however fearless, is capable of scaling.

The numaillas or souls in torment of Tomaiquiche are also mischievous. They are given a few days' warning when they are to die, but they do not make the fact known to their bodies that go on performing their daily tasks with great tranquility. Meanwhile the souls are practicing their "torments" and pranks. When they are ready to leave this world they frighten their friends or enemies to death by "pulling their feet" in token of leave-taking. If the souls have not burned all the cuttings of their hair and fingernails, they are obliged to return to gather them up. And as they wander over their former "paths of sin" they delight in scar-

ing persons on the streets by throwing stones at them. Inside the houses, they run about knocking at doors, turning over chairs, putting out lights. They also climb on sleeping people and give them nightmares by trying to choke them, so when a Tomaquichino has had a bad night, he says he was visited by a numailla.

In spite of goblins and ghosts, the young people of Tomaiquiche always have a good time. They have many fiestas when they are free to drink, dance, sing and love. Even on All Saints' Day, November 2, when the dead are honored, young men serenade their girls as if it were their saints' day. They wait politely in the cantinas until dawn, leaving the way clear for the souls to return to their graves, consoling themselves meanwhile with frequent libations. After the cocks crow, they go out in groups, playing guitars, violins, and other instruments, singing the words of the responsories for the dead to the music of funeral dirges. And they paint skulls on the walls of the houses they visit, which they adorn with wild weeds. In return for their gallantry, the girls quickly open their doors or windows and sprinkle the singers with urine, kept in a closed vessel in every folk house of the Sierra for its curative properties. During the day, all meet at the cemetery to put flowers and candles on the graves and to pay for responsories. Food and drinks are sold at stands outside, and the young people make a fiesta of it, many continuing after they leave, until the next morning. In answer to the admonition, "Brothers, we must all die," the hedonist Tomaquichino says, "Bailemos y bebamos que ya lo sabemos"—Let us dance and drink now that we know it."

People from Huánuco and strangers who have heard about the fabulous lost mine of Conchamarca have formed expeditions to find it but without success. Some old families claim to have the secret of its whereabouts, but that, too, is part of the story which is told about it, entitled:

The Devil and the Hidden Treasures

Once upon a time there lived a "poor but honorable" charcoal maker, named Ulloa, whose humble virtues won him supernatural compensation. Once, when he fell asleep after an unusually hard

day's work, a strange white serpent with kindly blue eyes appeared to him and said,

"Poor man, you have suffered much in your lifetime but you will not have to work hard any more. Follow me and you will find your fortune. However, there are two conditions: First, don't be covetous; that is, you must never take any more than is necessary for yourself and your family. Second, don't be a tell-tale and show anyone the way to where I'm going to take you."

The man awoke startled and saw a white serpent crawling in the grass. He followed it until it disappeared and then he knew intuitively that it was the Virgin of the Candelaria, who is venerated in Conchamarca.

Upon taking note of the place where the serpent disappeared, Ulloa saw a shining silver rock covered by a thicket. He picked up a few pieces of the silver that had fallen to the ground and took them to Huánuco, where he sold them to the jewelers at a high price because of the good quality of the metal.

From that day on he went periodically to the rock with his burro. His daughter accompanied him, but he always had her wait for him half way up the hill. He would break off pieces of the metal with a chisel, all that he and his daughter and the burro could carry, to sell in Huánuco.

But the devil, envious that a good man should enjoy a treasure that he himself coveted, as usual made use of a woman to ruin a man. He inspired in Ulloa's wife an ardent curiosity to know where the silver came from, as well as an irrepressible desire to get rich quick, telling her if she succeeded in finding out, she could go there and take out all the silver she wanted. So she pleaded and begged and wept until her husband—who would have had to be made of stone to resist her—told her the way.

That same night Ulloa died suddenly.

His wife consoled herself with the thought that soon she would be swimming in wealth (the rich widow is said to weep with one eye and glory with the other) and thanks to her fortune, would soon have another, younger and better-looking, husband. But she was doomed to be horribly disappointed, for no matter how hard she tried she could never find the way to the silver mine and she died in misery.

Note: The serpent appears frequently as a personage in Sierra stories. In some, he transforms himself into a handsome youth and becomes the lover of a shepherdess.

CALLEJON DE HUAYLAS

The Huaylas Pass, in the Central Sierra north of Lima, is one of the scenic wonders of Peru. For some eighty miles the Santa River runs through it, its green banks lined with villages and towns. On one side towers the Cordillera Blanca, the White Range, with the famous Huascarán peak some 22,000 feet high; on the other rises the Negra or Black Cordillera. By land the Pass can be reached only from the Coast, and Frances Bramhall and I went there by bus from Lima in the month of April, when the striking contrasts of the landscape are at their best.

It took us twelve hours to reach Huaráz, capital of the Department of Huaylas, in the mountains at the top of the Callejón whose slopes are studded with Indian villages. The plaza had a festive air in the morning sun. Students sauntered about. Busses and cars were coming and going busily. Indian women in bright polleras, tight fitting cotton blouses trimmed with lace and ribbons, wool hats and a piece of cloth hanging down the back from under the hat, pattered through the streets. The narrow way leading to the market, lined with shops and bakeries, was alive with people. In the market we found crudely woven baskets, colorful handwoven cotton sashes and saddle bags.

Dr. Augusto Soriano Infante, a Canon of the Catholic church, archeologist and folklorist, showed us the museum he was organizing, with many interesting old sculptures, also his own private collection. Pointing to a huaco depicting a man emerging from a monkey, he said, "Look, our ancestors were ahead of Darwin."

Huaráz shows no signs of the great tragedy it suffered from a flood in 1941, when most of the city with five thousand of its inhabitants, was washed away. It has been well rebuilt with good new school buildings but the hotels are uncomfortable. However, the Hotel Monterrey, a few miles away at a lower altitude near warm mineral baths, was soon to be opened. We stayed at Chancos,

some six miles down the Callejón, in a small government hotel, near hot mineral baths and wonderful views.

Dr. Soriano Infante was most cordial in his invitation to me to return to the Callejón for some of the fiestas, as many have original features. The two most notable in Huaráz are in connection with the Cross. On May 3, the Day of the Holy Cross, the Indians come down from the hills to have their crosses blessed. Many of them are made of reed in fanciful forms, covered and adorned with bright vari-colored wax flowers. For the Exaltation of the Cross, September 14, the fiesta is bigger and the wax adornments more dazzling. They are a Spanish colonial art, still preserved only in Ayacucho and the Callejón, where they have greater excellence.

A brilliant fiesta is held in Huaylas, July 8, in honor of Santa Isabel "To commemorate the visit paid her by her cousin the Virgin Mary." Santa Isabel is patroness of the harvests, especially of corn, and the Indians have found double ears in which they have seen a resemblance to her image as she was being embraced by the Virgin.

The unique aspect of the fiesta takes place on the night of the sixth, when two good sized boats are brought on to the plaza by rival wards. They are of wood, their chimneys emitting smoke. They are covered with special cloth, hung with lanterns and garlands of flowers, and piloted by a "sailor," his face grotesquely painted. Each boat is followed by couples dancing to the music of a band and a hilarious crowd. Their delirium reaches a climax when the boats clash, but the ensuing skirmishes often cause animosity between the wards. This scene is called the "rompe" or break, and represents the heroic sinking of the Chilean war vessel La Esmeralda by the good Peruvian ship Huáscar during the battle of Iquique. During the war between Peru and Chile, 1879, the Callejón was occupied by Chileans.

Another dramatic fiesta takes place in La Villa de Macate, April 27, to reconstruct the miracle performed there by Santo Toribio. He passed through the place, legend relates, when people were about to abandon it because the stream that supplies it with water had gone dry. Pitying them, he struck the rocks near the spring three times with his staff and the water began to flow. The day of the fiesta the image of this saint is taken in procession, with music,

dancers, fireworks, and incense, to the place of the miracle, a mile distant from the church. There, the priest with the image at his side, prays and strikes the "same" rocks three times with a staff, causing the waters which have previously been diverted to flood the stream.

The custom of "ganar el alba" (to arrive before dawn) is part of another fiesta for Santo Toribio on August 22. On the 21, set up on the plaza and adorned are "Chapels," whose mayordomos and friends feast around them all night with fireworks, music and dancing. Before dawn, young couples with arms entwined steal away, dancing to the church, each group trying to show its devotion by getting there first. Often they arrive simultaneously and fight for the place nearest to the door.

A unique custom of Ash Wednesday is the "Cóndor rachi." The huge bird, after having been given some drinks and decorated with red and white ribbons, the colors of the Peruvian flag, his wings held by two young men, walks majestically amidst the multitude to the place where he is strung up high on a rope tautly stretched between two poles. Then begins the rachi. Men on horseback hit the bird as they dash back and forth. The condor defends himself, often wounding one of his assailants, even throwing him off his horse. But there are so many attacking him that he loses in the end. After the bird is killed, the peasants fight to get a piece of the tongue to eat while it is still warm, for it is believed to cure an illness called "cotacorral."

In some places cocks, vultures or ducks are used for the same purpose and the event is called "arranque de gallos" (pulling of a cock). The man who gets it has to furnish another fowl the coming year with double the amount of liquor. The custom of chopping down an adorned tree by couples dancing around it, also exists here, but the carnival sports end on Ash Wednesday with either a cóndor rachi or arranque de gallos.

Some of the stories told in the Callejón are unique and have a nice sense of humor. One of them that interprets the song of the thrush is of Indian origin and is called:

El Yuquis

Once upon a time, when man was forgetting his soul and devoting himself solely to the pleasures of the flesh, the Lord sent for the yuquis and told him to fly through the world to proclaim to the people in his name that they were to eat only once a day. But the mocking yuquis flew about singing, Eat! Eat, for God's sake!

The story pointing a moral about meddling in other people's affairs is translated from the Quechua and entitled:

The Sparrow-hawk, the Sun, and the Rooster

The Sun had borrowed money from the Hawk, who always found him journeying away from him when he went to collect. So the Hawk went to his friend the Rooster to ask him how to find the Sun. The Rooster said he could only be found very early and that he would crow to indicate when. Thus when his friend crowed the following morning, the Hawk set out for the house of the Sun, where he found him "shaving his whiskers." The Sun became angry that anyone should come to collect so early in the day, and made the Hawk confess how he came to find him in. When he heard it was through the Rooster, he got angrier and said the Rooster would have to pay his debt for him. When the Rooster refused to obey the Sun, the Hawk ate his little chicks one by one. Since then the Hawk is the enemy of the Rooster and all his kind.

The story of the Achicay, the horrid old witch who eats human flesh, so beloved by children of all social classes, is also told here in Quechua. A good story-teller makes it very long and relates it serially. This short version, given me by the novelist Ciro Alegría is in the form of

The Legend of the Origin of the Potato

Once upon a time in a far, very far away place Hunger stalked. The people were hungry and found nothing to eat. One day a family found an ear of corn. The father and mother, toasting the kernels, wanted to eat them themselves, so they put their little boy and girl to sleep. Whether the hunger of the people was so great

or whether in those days their hearts were harder is not known. Anyway, that is what those parents did, but as their children were also very hungry, they could not sleep and cried.

The father then tied both children in a bag and went to leave them in a very thick wood, full of all kinds of animals and wild beasts. Alone and imprisoned in the midst of the forest, the poor little brother and sister did nothing but yell and cry. Then the jaguar, either wishing to eat or to free them, broke open the bag with his paw and out they came.

They ran and ran and did not stop to rest until they were far away. They did not know what to do until they saw a sparrow with a potato flower in its beak. Then they walked on in the direction in which the sparrow had disappeared, in the hope of reaching the land of the potato.

They kept on walking and walking until they came to the house of Achicay, who invited them to enter, saying she would give them food, and she made prisoners of them. The witch used to eat human flesh and after a while, she cut off the head of the boy to devour him.

The birds of the woods advised the little girl to run away and to take the remains of her little brother along. She did that but the Achicay pursued her and no matter how fast she ran, the witch seemed to be on her heels.

Then the little girl asked a deer for help and the deer carried her on its back. Later a fox helped her and finally a condor came to her assistance. Thus with the help of the condor she reached to a great height and with the help of God her little brother came back to life.

The Achicay remained far behind because she could not ascend. The brother and sister lived happily on the highlands, because that was the land of the potato. Potatoes abound there—white potatoes, spotted potatoes, small potatoes, big potatoes, long potatoes, round potatoes, all kinds of potatoes. The children were never hungry again and they began a new life.

Notes by Ciro Alegría: "There are many versions of this legend. Moreover, the one I am copying for you has a scientific value. The ancient Peruvian, that is to say the Indian, comes from the

jungles of the Amazon where he already knew corn.

The difficulties of his life are represented by the very hardness attributed to his parents and the hunger lodged in the person of the witch Achicay.

As one ascends the cordilleras of the Andes, he passes through the regions where live the deer and the fox, until he reaches the great heights of the condor.

There the potato becomes the base of life and is the symbol of abundance and happiness."

Early one morning, we started by car to the far end of the Callejón, an unforgettable experience because of the great and overpowering scenic beauty and picturesque village life. In Mancos and Yungay, the snows of Huascarán seemed to reach down to the very top of the palms. On this cordillera are two peaks that legend depicts as two who were once lovers in human form. In prehistoric times, Wasca, a brave soldier of the army of a powerful king, won the love of the king's beautiful daughter, Princess Wandi. Her father would not consent to their marriage, so the lovers fled only to be pursued and captured by the angry king. He ordered them tied to huge rocks at some distance one from the other and left there to starve and freeze. Later they were transformed into the majestic peaks of Huascarán and Huandoy, and their tears became the ice that covers them.

The green of the flowering fields and the women in long black polleras, constantly spinning, contrasted with the white overhanging snows. At the end, the road through the Cañón del Pato (Canyon of the Duck) becomes dangerously narrow as it climbs higher and curves along the steep banks of a ravine, the river seething far below. At one point we passed through forty-two small tunnels cut into the rocky wall. The road ends at Huallanco, where we had lunch in the pleasant restaurant of the Corporación Peruana del Santa, whose engineers were blasting four-mile-long tunnels to make the waters of the river available for electricity, one of the most amazing hydro-electric developments of modern times, which eventually will provide power for a great industrial center near the fine port of Chimbote and give current enough for half of Peru.

We reached Chimbote on the Coast, where the offices of the

Corporation are located, at night, but were able to enjoy a walk on the splendid beach. The place is growing rapidly both commercially and as a resort but as the large new government hotel was as yet not opened, we decided to go on to Trujillo by bus, a fascinating ride even at night.

CAJAMARCA

A FEW DAYS after leaving the Callejón de Huaylas, we landed in Cajamarca—an enjoyable trip by air, only an hour from Trujillo. To go by land requires a day and a half.

Cajamarca with its royal baths of the Inca, was the summer residence of Emperor Atahuallpa. Now it is the capital of the Department of Cajamarca and is called "the Cuzco of the North." In a rich agricultural valley at an altitude of some nine thousand feet, it has, for the most part, an ideal climate, though it can get chilly and gloomy in the rainy season. The little city with its fifteen thousand inhabitants slopes down into one of the loveliest green campiñas (fields with trees and water) in Peru. Many of its white and pastel-color houses are colonial, with carved wooden balconies. The central plaza is a bit grim, not only because of the Spanish crime committed there against the Inca Emperor long ago, but because it has no trees or flowers and is encircled by a plain paved sidewalk. All the churches lack towers and have little exterior detail or adornment, though they contain good gilded altars and images, especially Belén, the most ornate, which has unique polychrome plaster figures. The carving of the churches and a few old mansions is rich with vines, palms, angels, but the architecture is mostly quite severe. In Belén Hospital is a good-sized room which Atahuallpa was supposed to have filled with gold for the Spaniards. A white line near the ceiling, probably drawn long after the event, shows that the pile of treasure was high.

A government hotel on the plaza is going through a slow agony of construction. We stayed at The Andes in the only room having a modern toilet. The people were very friendly and in a casual way we became acquainted with Bartolomé Novoa, an electrical engineer who had studied in the United States, and his wife Re-

becca. They proved to be my best source of information.

The valley is rich in agriculture and cattle and the Indians who came to the city market daily looked prosperous. The men wore long brown or wine-colored ponchos; the women, long black skirts pleated in back, colored sashes with colored kipes on their backs for covering or carrying a baby or other objects. They were always industriously spinning, keeping their wool on long sticks held under the arm instead of around the wrist as elsewhere in the Sierra. As on the North Coast, the men here are called Cholos and the women Chinas. All speak Spanish and send their children to school faithfully, even though they must walk miles every day down from their hill villages. We visited one primary school for Indian boys, some only six or seven years old, but dressed like their fathers. Before entering the school house, they washed their faces and hands in the nearby stream, a habit their teachers were inculcating. The teacher said they were eager to learn.

The market and adjacent streets with little shops were always alive. The handicrafts sold in them were few—crude baskets, simple pottery, reed mats and fans for the fire, and metal topos with animal heads. The best textiles are for personal use. Early in the morning Indian women came to the market with vegetables, and at about 11 o'clock with milk, butter and cheese wrapped in green leaves.

One day the Novoas invited us for a cooked creole lunch on the banks of the Mashcón River, so we could watch the Indians returning from the market late in the afternoon. At sunset, men, women and children began to emerge on to the bridge above us, their dark silhouettes against the reddening sky forming a strange pageant. There are many drinking places along the way and by the time they reach the bridge all but the children are mareados (seasick), the term used for drunk (sano-sober or healthy). One group, consisting of a man and a woman on muleback and a man on foot, was particularly conspicuous. The men were arguing drunkenly and one cried out, "I'm not afraid to die. Man is born to die anywhere." The other answered good-naturedly, "All right, let's make a bet then. We'll fight and either you kill me or I'll kill you."

Sr. Novoa arranged for me to hear a clarín, a typical instrument of the region, over ten feet long, formed of hollow canes. At one end is a mouthpiece, at the other a little horn, held so high the

music sounds distant and strange (Plate 67). The clarinista was accompanied by another musician playing a reed flute and a little drum at the same time. They played various little primitive tunes, and kashuas, the name in the North Sierra for huaynos. As we danced near the bridge, Indian couples soon joined us. We treated them to chicha and had a gay fiesta.

My favorite haunt near Cajamarca was the Baños del Inca (Inca's Baths) in a eucalyptus grove, a few miles out. Women came there to wash their clothes in the boiling hot waters from springs in the hills, while their children played around them. A group of individual bath houses stand around a little garden. Several had modern tiles, but the one where Atahuallpa is said to have bathed, is protected by huge hewn stones. At a small primitive restaurant nearby we ate roasted guinea pig and other good creole dishes.

Once I saw the beginnings of an Indian courtship at the baths. A youth was throwing small stones at a girl from behind some bushes and she was angrily trying to hit him back, which meant that the boy's prospects were good. Here and on the North Coast, the usual marriage customs have the added feature of the "appearance." After the boy and girl have come to an understanding, he comes to her house when she is alone. Her parents find him there unchaperoned and are duly scandalized. They scold them both for lacking in respect and send for the boy's father who gives him a beating. Conciliation with much chicha drinking follows, and the parents of both decide when the trial marriage should begin.

We had several pleasant visits with Don Mario Urteago, an elderly primitive-style painter of regional customs, about which both he and his son knew much. Young Mario told me about the local customs of his set. Girls, not permitted to go out with boys unchaperoned, tell their mothers they are going to the movies with a woman relative or friend, the same story the world over. "Where there's a will, there's a way." He also told me about a pretty courting custom in the town of Contumaza. From August 1 to the 3, there is a paseo or promenade on horseback. The young men ride their best horses, the harness adorned with silver, and wear gay ponchos. The girls put on their best frocks and Manila shawls and wait on their balconies, adorned for the occasion with embroidered cloths. As a boy passes the balcony of his favorite girl, he throws

an apple or orange to her. If she is interested, she throws it back and he must catch it, as he gallops by.

The big fiesta of the year in Cajamarca takes place at the Baños del Inca, September 8, in honor of the Virgin of the Nativity and is attended by as many as ten thousand persons, mostly Indians. They adorn and carry the litter, and pallas, young girls dressed as brides, dance in front of it. Other groups of dancers and a large number of clarinistas also take part, and at the very head is an Indian shooting off firecrackers. The procession, moving among the eucalyptus trees with the green hills in the background, is extraordinarily beautiful.

THE CORPUS CHRISTI FIESTAS IN CUZCO

Cajamarca was as far north as I went in the Sierra. All that I saw of it was fascinatingly interesting, but the high point was Cuzco—in the grandeur of its scenery, architecture, and peoples. So I was happy to return there for a longer stay and made an effort to arrive in time for the Corpus Christi fiestas.

Corpus is a joyous harvest celebration all over the country but nowhere is it invested with as much pagan grandeur as in Cuzco, where such fiestas go back to Inca days. Until a few decades ago, holy images from every province and district of the Department were brought in for the processions, each with its own music. Now only three images from nearby villages take part, but there are still enough elegantly robed saints and virgins to make the spectacle magnificent, and Indians come in from surrounding villages, their varied costumes lending color to the gala scene in which all social classes participate.

Corpus Christi is always on Thursday on a movable date, but on my arrival that Wednesday morning already great excitement bubbled in the Plaza de Armas and near the church of Santa Clara, where the most important saints had been assembled to escort the Virgin of Belén, patroness of Cuzco, to the Cathedral. Previously she had been brought down from her church on the hill to spend a week with the Virgin and nuns of Santa Clara, who dress her

for the procession. By noon all the saints had been carried into the Cathedral.

On Thursday morning, three two-story altars were set up on the Plaza de Armas. The ones on either side of the Cathedral were the most Indian and colorful, with little flags, mirrors, silver adornments, flowers, colored chromos of saints in frames on red cloth. One erected by the herb venders had a gay image of San Isidro. The butchers presented San Juan and his silver lamb. The bakers' altar, with a life-size image of San Francisco in a gold-embroidered red velvet robe, and with heavy silver candlesticks, was more sophisticated.

All around the crowded plaza were venders of sweets and fruit, golden oranges predominating. On the nearby wide Avenida del Sol (Avenue of the Sun) were more venders of fruit and the special Corpus food, achira, a cooked or raw white, slightly sweet root, and uchu, a cold plate of guinea pig, popcorn, rocoto or ají, fish, egg omelet, baked potatoes, sea leaves, quinoa. People standing along the tables eating and drinking chicha from tall glasses smiled at me when they saw me doing likewise.

On the plaza above the persistent music of Indian flutes and drums, rose the hoarse notes of the pututus. The first procession left the Cathedral at two o'clock in the afternoon with thirteen saints in splendid robes on heavy silver pedestals on huge wooden platforms borne on humble shoulders. They were preceded by musicians and mayordomos, their women dignified in long dark shawls and carrying lighted candles and censers—an exotic, colorful, pagan parade, with only Indians and Cholos participating.

The Virgin of Belén wore a white satin embroidered robe, a flowing cape, and a gold crown set with precious jewels. Clinging to her cape was a coquettish-looking, girl-sized angel in white, haloed with a silver crown and red feather, and holding a little red, gold-fringed canopy over the head of the Virgin to shade her from the sun. In the graceful folds of her red cape was a blond, curly-haired doll, dressed in white. The Virgin stood on a tall, three-tiered pedestal of heavy silver, embossed with stylized figures, flowers and leaves. Around her feet were silver goblets, filled with artificial blue flowers.

The Virgin of the Immaculate Conception of the Cathedral,

affectionately called "La Linda" (The Beautiful) was robed in white and gold, a blue velvet, gold-embroidered cape, and a gold and silver halo. Her elegant, massive pedestal, dated 1781, was similar to that of the Virgin of Belén.

The Candelaria of San Pedro was wearing a pale pink satin robe, a red gold-embroidered velvet cape, and a red and gold crown. The angel holding her red and gold canopy wore white and at the bottom of her pink cape was a doll dressed in green with black curly hair. Her silver repoussé pedestal was similar to those of the other two but newer and less artistically carved.

The other two Virgins in the procession, from poorer churches, were humbly clad. Santa Ana, all in red, stood on a simple latticed wooden litter, covered with red and white flowers. The Virgin of Poroy, a village five miles distant from Cuzco, looked like a peasant in her pink robe trimmed with lace and a purple cape.

All the male saints from both rich and poor churches were magnificent. San Cristobal towered above the rest, with strongly muscled legs, at his feet a river with several cardboard figures of Indians. A Cuzqueño, wishing to make fun of someone with over-developed legs, will say, "You are as big-calved as San Cristobal." The saint wore a brand new satin, gold-embroidered loin cloth and red plush cape. With his right hand, he held the white clad Infant Jesus on his shoulder; with his left, he carried the staff from which branches burst forth miraculously.

On a huge silver platform, in short red velvet, gold-striped trousers, a flowing white cape, Napoleon hat with plumes and silver stirrups sat Santiago astride his white charger, prancing upon images of life-size Moors. The Indians have great admiration for this dashing patron saint of Spain. Long ago they forgave and forgot that he helped the Spaniards against Manco II in his siege against Cuzco. They identified him with their weather god "Thunder" and still attribute thunder to Santiago galloping through the heavens, dragging a dried cow hide.

San Pedro, in pink and silver robe and silver miter, his silver keys in one hand and a bronze staff in the other, stood on a well-carved wooden platform, adorned with flowers—the gift of a Cholo mayordomo.

Bishop San Blas, surrounded by a group of priests of black

cardboard, was carried on a carved wooden platform with gilded boughs reminiscent of the gold work practiced by Inca artists.

San José, in red and gold and a silver crown, holding the Infant Jesus by the hand, moved along on a small repoussé silver platform.

The two visiting saints were from the nearby villages of San Sebastián and San Gerónimo. San Sebastián, the Lieutenant who won glory fighting against the Moors, in a blue embroidered satin loin cloth and a silver hat, was leaning against a tree shot through with silver arrows, two live parrots in its branches. He was borne on an ample gilded and carved wooden platform with gilded sculptures and flowers. San Gerónimo, also on a carved wooden platform, wore a red robe with a white lace slip over it. In his right hand, he had a silver pen; in his left, a book with a little silver church on it. Both saints were brought in by Indians and Cholos on foot, the first from a distance of about five miles; the second from almost ten. Formerly, there were pitched battles between the two villages, San Sebastián, nearer to Cuzco, trying to obstruct the passage of San Gerónimo so their saint would reach Cuzco first. The authorities stopped the fights but shouted insults continue.

The procession circled the Plaza, and all the saints were carried into the Cathedral. Immediately afterwards, the Misti procession, with high dignitaries in splendid vestments carrying the Sacred Host under a pallium, started out, accompanied by little angels (in pale blue, pink, and yellow dresses, with feathers and wings of the same colors) and by religious societies of women and little girls in blue with white veils. At the bakers' altar, the priests stopped to bless the kneeling multitude.

The center of the city was animated all that day and evening with ceremonies and people eating, drinking and visiting. The mayordomos of the herb venders' and butchers' altars stayed up all night, eating, drinking, and dancing huaynos, singing and reciting poetry.

The Sunday following Corpus Thursday, the Merced had its own procession with the Sacred Host, soldiers, military band, women's societies and young girls in blue with white veils. Three altars were set up along several blocks near the church, around which everyone knelt for the blessing of the priests.

The saints remained in the Cathedral all week from Corpus Thursday on to be taken out again on the octava, or eight days later. They were placed in two facing rows and visited by their devotees every moment the church was open.

There is much folkloric gossip about the saints and Virgins during their visit to the Cathedral, invented by those who love them and consider them human. They say the first night they spend there together, there is a jarana (a fiesta) when the saints and Virgins converse and dance together. The Linda of the Cathedral has a rent in her robe, which the mayordomos will not permit to be mended because it was made by the holy spur of Santiago in dancing with her. When San Sebastián used to stay overnight in the church of Santa Catalina, he would rap at the convent door and say, "Catita, (Kitty dear), open your door. I'm bringing you a present of onions." And the Virgin would answer, "But you will have to leave very early in the morning." And San Gerónimo used to say to Santo Domingo, with innuendo, "Brother, give me lodging for the night. I have brought you some beans." Santo Domingo would welcome him, "Come in, brother, and stay."

For the trip back over the dusty road back to San Sebastián, the saint is covered with a white cloth to protect his robes and is blindfolded so he cannot see the orgies of eating and drinking en route. For the same reasons Santiago is also blindfolded when he is returned to the church, the people not wishing to offend him with their feasting.

During the morning of the octava, the mayordomos and their women prepared the saints and Virgins for the afternoon procession, arranging their robes and restoring silver ornaments with loving hands. Women came in to pray and weep, one wearing a crown of thorns sobbed bitterly. All the time, a blind organist and a harpist played huaynos in a slow tempo. Now and then some high-pitched woman's voice sang hymns in Quechua.

As on the previous Thursday, a brilliant sun made the bright colors of the procession shimmer and glisten. Music of flutes and drums filled the air. After a week of feasting, the faces of the bearers of the litters were more strained but they still fought for the honor of carrying them, believing that in giving their strength to the saints, they increase it. Moreover, the women are proud of

their men when they carry the litters, and believe they themselves will share in the indulgence and grace thus earned.

San Sebastián was the only saint not returned to the Cathedral that afternoon. After the procession was over, his bearers stood with his litter at the north side of the Cathedral, and all the Virgins and Saints took leave of him with three bows, simulated by the bearers lowering their litters. He spent that night at the church of Santo Domingo, and early in the morning his bearers took him back to his village.

Friday morning after ten o'clock mass all the other holy images, except San Pedro and the Virgin of the Candelaria, left the Cathedral to return to their respective churches. Before leaving, each Virgin and Saint took leave of the Señor de los Temblores. When the turn of the Virgin of Belén came, men and women wept and wailed. They watch the expression of the Virgin's face closely to learn if she has been pleased with the attention she has received and if they may hope to live another year to see her there again.

The Virgin of Belén, escorted by San José who belongs to her church, and Santiago who comes from one nearby, stopped to make courtesy calls at several churches. At the Merced, the priests came out to meet her, and a place was made on the altar for her pedestal during the mass which was sung. Saturday morning, San Pedro and the Candelaria left the Cathedral and also made calls before returning home.

Beginning with the Sunday following the Thursday of the octava, every other church represented at the Cathedral celebrates its own Corpus, the fiestas lasting well into August. I attended the one at San Sebastián, where about a dozen little peasant saints accompanied the magnificent San Sebastián in the procession. I also saw the one of the Virgin of Belén at her church. But everything after the first two big processions at the Cathedral were anticlimax. Those were the most amazing and brilliant I saw in Peru, and more than any of the others revealed the mental and spiritual state of all who took part in them.

Part Three
THE MONTANA WORLD

THE plane was flying low over the dark mountains between jagged, snow-covered peaks cutting into the sky. Soon it dipped through the cloud banks below which was a vast stretch of green tree tops in the coil of silver rivers that looked like writhing snakes. It was my first glimpse of the fabulous montaña, the jungle world of the savage Chunchos, an empire of rubber, petroleum, hardwoods, strange fruits and animals, tropical deluges and fevers, rivers with exotic fish and gold, all enveloped in a glistening green splendor that is both hell and paradise.

It was the month of June, one of the milder winter months but still hot in the jungle; the dry season means only less rain and fewer storms. I was planning a journey to the central and northern jungle areas in August, when I expected to be able to visit Chuncho villages, not possible for me on this trip, but I had heard so much about Maldonado and Quince Mil, that I could not resist going there.

MALDONADO

About two hours after leaving Cuzco, we were landing in Maldonado. Here, as elsewhere in small isolated places, the arrival of a plane is an exciting event. People go to the airport just to see who is arriving and leaving. A group of persons in light tropical clothes gave me a smiling welcome. Sr. Carlos Lopez Aliago, head of the government road building office, was expecting me and received me cordially. It was near noon and the heat already intense, so I was driven the short distance from the port to the Corporación Peruana de Maldonado, a government organization dealing in

rubber and forest products. This building consists of offices, a store, and a guest house for employees, pilots and visitors. There Sr. Albert Craigg, head of the Corporación, and his pretty wife Iris treated everyone as a personal guest.

I had imagined Maldonado in a thick jungle forest but it was open to the sky and sun. The jungle had been cleared away some thirty years ago when the town began to grow. Now only a normal growth of trees remains, chiefly orange and wide-spreading mangos. The spacious plazas and grass-covered streets, with their greyish palm-wood and palm-thatched houses gave the whole town the appearance of a park. I found it as lovely as everyone had said it was. Nowhere else in the Montaña did I see a place so beautifully situated—on a hill in the embrace of two majestic rivers, where the Tambopata flows into the Madre de Dios.

Maldonado, capital of the vast Department of Madre de Dios, is named after Colonel Faustino Maldonado, who over a century ago explored more of this region than anyone else. Until 1920 only a few families lived along the lower banks of the rivers—some still do—but about ten years later, the new town was settled on higher ground for greater safety from floods and better sanitary conditions. It has about 10,000 inhabitants, but the road now being constructed to Quince Mil, which will connect Maldonado with Cuzco and Lima, is expected to bring more. Formerly, it took over sixty days from there to Lima by every possible means of transportation, including canoe and horseback; now only about five hours on the freight planes that come there several times a month. By truck it will take about five days. The planes have already brought prosperity. A movie was being installed, a social club established. The road-building had brought the first motor vehicles into the place, a lone jeep and truck. The only other vehicles on wheels were the ox-carts, bringing up the water in tin pails from the springs at the bottom of the hill near the Tambopata.

My first afternoon, the Craiggs took me for a ride in their motor boat. We went up and down both rivers between banks covered with lush vegetation growing on red earth. The next day we went out again after dark. The moon came up above the horizon in flames, but higher in the heavens it turned to silver and its beams danced on the dark waters. On both river trips, in spite

of the purr of the motor, for the first time I sensed the overpowering vastness and silence of the jungle, and its beauty.

My stay in Maldonado was extended from two days to five because the plane was grounded by fogs in Quince Mil, but even the five days seemed too short. The house was comfortable with a wide screened-in veranda, affording an extensive view of both rivers. It was especially lovely in the moonlight and every night a serrano (mountain Indian) played a nostalgic little huayno on his reed quena. Meal times were always pleasant with gay conversation and trying out montaña food. Yuca (manioc) and bananas, fried or baked, were the staples. Fariña, a flour made from ground, toasted yuca, is also much used. On June 24, the day of San Juan, we ate Juanes (Johns), a tamale made with rice and chicken, popular in the entire Montaña, fish, fowl, and fruit. Everything grows big in the jungle and yucas here weigh as much as eleven pounds.

During a good part of the day Maldonado is dead. The heat casts such a lethargic spell that leaves stop moving and birds quit singing, but in the early morning, late afternoon and evening the people love to visit. I got to know the life stories of some of the older inhabitants, who came here over thirty years ago not expecting to stay, but who never got away. The Montaña has tremendous power.

In the Corporation store a Dominican missionary introduced me to a Masco chief who had come up the river with him. He belongs to the friendly Mascos—the others kill a white man on sight—and was already a little "civilized," a little "Christianized." Tall, slender, straight as a sapling, he wore a black and white checked suit, shoes, and a little wooden plug in the hole under his lower lip—all the Chunchos perforate above and below the lips for feathers and other adornments. They also pierce their ears. Among the Mascos, lip-piercing constitutes a puberty rite for both sexes.

The Dominicans have been laboring along the Madre de Dios River since the days of the "black gold rush," early this century, living under difficult conditions and often in danger. Now things have improved. Missions and schools teach religion, reading, writing, agriculture, and better living in general. The Dominican nuns, who came to Maldonado around 1911, now have a school and chapel, all of brick, the best buildings in the town. The little

Chuncho girls dress in the same blue cotton uniforms as the whites but are conspicuous for the color of their skin, their straight thick hair and high cheek bones. They pronounced their Spanish queerly but learn quickly.

I had a long visit with the Dominican missionary, young and good-looking in his white robe and long black beard. He had been in the Montaña only two years, having come directly from Spain, and liked his work and the Chunchos. He said they were friendly to the missionaries, call them "humbani" (brother), whereas for the whites in general they used "amicos" (amigos or friends) but hate those who ill-treat them as the "caucheros" (those who exploit the rubber industry) generally do, and many a cruel cauchero has died from an unseen arrow, shot from the thick leaves along a trail or river.

"Such white men are our worst enemies," continued the young priest. "They teach the Chunchos to drink, gamble. They despoil their women and treat them like dogs. It is not true that the Chunchos are lazy. The men fish, hunt, and do whatever is necessary for a living. Once they acquire new habits, they also work well in agriculture and the women always work as hard as the men. Both are affectionate with each other and their children and they always weep at parting."

The missionary was also kind enough to answer all my questions about the customs of the Mascos he works with.

They do not like to be called "Mascos" because the word means "enemy" in their language. They always call themselves by the name of the river they live on. One group of Mascos farther up their river has never been conquered; they have killed off every expedition sent against them by the government. Their Curaca or chief is always the bravest man of the tribe, and they never do anything without consulting him.

They seem to have no fixed dates for fiestas but get together often for drinking parties, in which they sing monotonous tunes and dance without formation or choreography. The tipple in the Montaña is a masato or chicha made of yuca, which the women first chew to cause fermentation.

They believe illness and death are caused by witchcraft. When a person is very ill, the Mascos remove him from the hut. They

do not continue living in a hut where someone has died nor do they use any of the dead person's objects.

When they see a storm coming, they try to conjure it by talking, yelling, and threatening it with sticks. The same custom exists in the Sierra, where they also blow their pututus or shotguns.

Before the coming of the whites, the Mascos told the priest, they never suffered from colds. Now they catch them from the invaders. The fever makes them hot; they go in swimming and get worse. The leading citizen of Maldonado told me something similar: that everyone kept well until doctors came to live there, and they all got along fine together before the coming of the lawyers.

Several other persons were waiting to leave Maldonado and all of us would visit the radio operator and head of the Fawcet Company for information about the grounded plane. We were having excellent weather but I was told there were sure to be storms around San Juan's day, and if the plane did come in, it might not be able to leave. Then one day we were given a half hour's notice to get ready. We all got out as far as Quince Mil and were grounded again, for even with good weather there is never any assurance as to when a plane is leaving, because the length of its stay is determined by the amount of freight to be carried between Quince Mil and other points.

QUINCE MIL

Quince Mil (Fifteen Thousand) is now the Klondike of the Southern Montaña. Companies are drilling for gold and men are washing it up from the rivers. I heard two explanations of the name: a French Company went there to prospect with fifteen thousand soles and had to stop when the money gave out; an employee of one of the companies stole fifteen thousand soles which he lost in gambling and then committed suicide.

Quince Mil lies on a river where mountains and jungle meet, near foothills in a lovely tropical setting; but its one central street is ugly with wooden shacks, though it has a few well-built stores, hotels and bars with swinging doors, where Peruvians and for-

eigners drink and gamble, the gala night being Saturday. There are no electric lights but several nights a week when trucks come down from the mountains with agricultural products, the street is weirdly lighted with little flaring torches. Indians sit along the curbs, and the place palpitates with a quiet, pleasing current of life.

I was guest in the road-building camp, which had simple comforts and electric lights. I spent several pleasant days there. As I sat on the porch, chatting with the man in charge and his wife, gold-washers often passed by. Each man carried a wooden batea or tray on his head for the gold washing and on his back a bundle of clothes and food. They walk long distances and live for days on the river banks, but make a good living out of it.

The weather was good and one morning I had another fine view of the jungle when the Canadian pilot, with whom I had previously traveled, invited me on a trip to Iberia, a government rubber plantation on Madre de Dios River. We flew between walls of white clouds and so low that I could see the interlacing branches of the trees and colors of the waters of the various rivers, red, blue, copper, silver, and here and there beaches. We stayed long enough at the Iberia airport for the plane to load with bags of jebe (India Rubber) and then everyone waved "Adios" to us.

A new town is going up in Quince Mil, and the church and school house in charge of Dominicans were already completed. I had several interesting visits with Father José Alvarez, a fine looking man, his face beautiful with the light of kindness. He had worked in the Montaña for over thirty years and was still vigorous in spite of tropical fevers and a serious operation. When I asked him why he did not retire, he answered, "What shall I do without my little Chunchos? Even now when I am away from my settlement for a short time, my eyes fill with tears when I pray for them."

The missionaries have to learn the language of the tribes they work among, and many have made valuable contributions on languages and customs. Father Alvarez had lived with several tribes and gave me interesting information.

The Huayros of the Tambopata River believe that the sun is the moon's husband and that the morning and evening stars are his concubines. Once during a thunderstorm, one of them said to

him, "The moon is angry because her husband is out with another woman."

The Huayros always sleep on the ground, even when sick, so that the devil cannot shoot an arrow into them from underneath. They prefer to sleep on the beaches, and they put a little bag of sand under the heads of their dead for them to sleep on. Some bury their dead in hammocks and cover them with leaves to keep the earth from hurting their bodies. They put feathers on the head and around the mouth of a dead person, so that he may fly to the River of the Dead. They believe each person has three souls. When he dies, one goes to the River of the Dead, another stays on the river where he has lived, to cause shipwrecks, and the third stays among his enemies to do them harm.

Father Alvarez said the old man who told him about the three souls used such poetic language in describing the River of the Dead that he must have learned it from some white. He added that the Chunchos never tell the priests about their beliefs when they can avoid it, even though they may be perfectly friendly otherwise. In many respects they are like children, offering to exchange a few bananas for a hatchet or a big knife. When clothes or implements are distributed, if all are not treated alike they get angry and leave the mission.

The Chunchos have always been free. They were never conquered by the Incas nor ill-treated by whites until about the end of the last century, so they have none of the humility of the Indians of the Sierra. They look a white man straight in the eyes and generally despise him, even though they may become victims of his vices.

During my last visit with Father Alvarez, he said to me laughingly, "Here is something you can tell your countrymen who organize societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals. One day when I entered a Masco hut, near Maldonado, I found a woman nursing her baby from one breast and a pup from the other because the mother dog was not there to feed him. On another occasion I saw a Masco father giving food first to his dog, then to his family. When a dog gets lost, the Chunchos spend days looking for him and weep if they cannot find him."

One morning a light road truck was going up to Cuzco, and the driver offered to take me along. After driving for some hours into the mountains, we found the road obstructed by a huge boulder and had to turn back, but the drive gave me the opportunity to enjoy some superb mountain scenery and to visit a few interesting haciendas with modern furnished houses, owned by Czechs. They also own many of the big business establishments of the town and are responsible for most of its progress. The next day I left by plane, flying out of the dense green world into the white clouds and dropping down into the beautiful green valley of Cuzco.

Here I had the good fortune to meet several more persons who had lived among the Chunchos, about whom so little is known. The more I heard about them, the less savage I thought them. They are capable of kindness as well as of cruelty and when they are cruel, it is not in violation of their moral precepts.

Miss Ellen Ross, a United States teacher, young, blonde and quite good-looking, now a member of the Townsend Summer School of Indian Languages, lived for three months with another young woman in the Mochigüengue settlement of Shihuangoreni, on the upper Urubamba River, and was never made to feel uncomfortable or unwelcome. The Chunchos there helped them learn their language, gave them game they hunted, and were good neighbors in every way. In return, the girls began teaching the men to read and write Spanish. All were so eager to learn they never missed a lesson.

The men and women wear cushmas, long straight robes of white homespun cotton, dyed a light or dark brown, some in stripes. The men's open straight down in front; the women's, across the shoulders. Sometimes the women wear only a light skirt, leaving their torsos exposed. Young children are always naked. Their hair is shaggy, reaching to their shoulders and the men bind black feathers around their heads to mingle with their own hair.

Both men and women paint their faces either with black huito (genipa) or vermillion achiote (elsya) in geometrical-figures, wear silver or beaded ear and nose plugs, and stick feathers or flowers

in the holes of their faces for fiestas, when men change their black feather bands for long bright plumes that hang down their backs. Women always adorn themselves with strings of carved beads, monkey bones, little heads of birds and anything else that pleases their fancy. When near civilization, they may add a can-opener or anything that makes a tinkling noise.

All Chunchos love to repeat the noises of the world around them—the wind in the trees, the breaking of boughs, rustle of leaves when the light feet of wild animals tread on them.

Polygamy is the rule, and a chief may have as many as twenty wives, all of whom get along well together. Each has her own fire and heaps food on her husband's plate. Men and women eat apart, sitting on the ground in circles, the men generally around the chief of their group. When chupe, cooked fish or meat are served, the pot is placed in the middle of the circle, each picking up the food daintily with the fingers.

They have several drinking parties a month, when men and women dance apart, holding hands and forming circles to the music of flute and drum. Oratory is an important feature of those gatherings. They listen for hours while some member of the tribe recites its history and grievances in a low mumbling voice.

Dean Pittman, a young Protestant missionary, lived among the Huachipaires, on the Qqueros River, a day's truck ride from Cuzco. The young Peruvian ethnologist Oscar Nuñez del Prado also spent some months among the same tribe. Both gave me interesting data.

The Huachipaires live in long, oval houses, sixty feet long by thirty wide. Some have as many as fifteen platforms, one or two for each family. The men sleep on the platforms with their knees drawn up, resting their feet on a bar; they cover themselves with a hammered bark blanket. The women, who generally sleep on the ground, keep a fire under the men's feet to drive the insects away. Until about ten years ago, those Chunchos covered their nakedness with only banana leaves. Now more in contact with Mistis from Cuzco—a highway is being completed from the capital to their region—they weave cloth and make cushmas. Men sometimes use the same clothes as Cholos. They wear the same sort of ornaments as the Machigüengues and paint their faces in the same way. A

specialty of theirs is the weaving of fine mesh bags, baskets and plates from bark.

Their tribe is one of the few in the Montaña in which the men chew coca. They carry the leaves in tightly woven little baskets of the tamiche vine, chewing a few at a time instead of keeping a wad in the cheek, mixing them with wood ashes carried in a bamboo tube. For taking out the ashes they use a stick with a parrot's bill, which makes a clicking noise always heard when men are around.

Each man has but one woman, who is ruled by her elder brother, and every "long house" has its chief. A man does not have sexual relations until he takes his woman, which may be at a fairly late age. There is no marriage ceremony.

When a stranger calls for the first time, he is served six or eight hot yucas in a bamboo basket, and etiquette requires that he eat them all. His failure to do so is an indication that he is not well disposed toward his host. On subsequent visits no food is offered. Before saying anything, the men begin clicking their ash sticks till the host utters a word, which means, "We haven't started talking yet." The guest repeats the word, and conversation begins.

The Huachipaires have twelve different types of bows and arrows, which, like all other Chunchos, they make from the black flexible chonta palm on which feathers are arranged in a spiral, probably to make them fly better.

Three unusual methods of fishing are followed, as by other Chunchos: by diverting the stream to let the fish dry and die; shooting arrows into the fish in the water; poisoning the water.

Poison fishing parties take place about every four years and are merry affairs. All the women go to the river before sunrise, carrying the deadly plants to be used, mostly barbasco, which they grind and put into little bags that are moved to and fro in the water all along the banks. Farther down the stream the men pick up the dead fish and throw them on the shore, where women and children collect them in bags. The plants kill the fish but do not poison the humans.

The Huachipaires are now dying out, victims of tuberculosis, malaria and large bloated stomachs. The Machigüengues suffer from the same diseases but not from the stomach affliction.

ON THE RIVERS OF LORETO

EARLY ON the morning of September 11, Julia Codesido and I boarded the commercial Lancha Santa Elena and began our unforgettable journey from Pucallpa on the Ucayali River, then into the Amazon as far as Iquitos, in the Department of Loreto.

There was great excitement in the town that day—the President of the Republic was expected! Our friends wanted us to stay over, but we were happy when the soft purr of the Diesel engine announced that we were on the way, for sailings are always irregular, even more so at this time of the year and we had already waited impatiently for over a week for this chance.

We entered the jungle by land, via Huánuco, the little white city on "the brow" of the jungle, driving by car down into the exuberantly tropical valley of Tingo María. En route, I saw growing for the first time, on terraced hillsides, the sacred, dangerous coca, a slender, tall, ligneous plant, its leaves resembling those of the azalea but smoother and lighter in color, attractive and harmless-looking. Although coca also grows wild, for profitable production it is cultivated from seedlings started in nurseries. The plants mature in three years and continue reproducing for thirty, needing little care except cultivation and weeding. The leaves are cut three times a year, March, June, and November, cutting designated as those of Holy Week, St. John the Baptist, and All Saints' Day. The leaves are cut with the fingernails, care being taken not to damage them, and are left in the sun for a few hours until perfectly dry. Before being packed, they are dampened by being spread on wet ground, and if properly handled, they keep from three to six months. They are distributed throughout the Sierra markets and bring an enormous profit.

We spent several delightful days in one of the cottages of the Hotel Tingo María near the town, with the Huallaga River making music at our door. All around were palms, banana, breadfruit and other flowering trees. The hills on the opposite shore were dense with rich green verdure. Caves there were filled with huge black bats and dangerous insects.

Since it is now possible to reach Tingo María from Lima by car and plane, it has become popular with tourists, but has other than tourist interests for it is the center of the government Estación Central de Colonización. Ten years ago, colonists were encouraged to settle there by the offer of a small wooden house, fifteen hectares of cleared land, six months' free maintenance and five hundred soles in cash. Now some of them own automobiles and trucks and are building good homes. One of the model farms we visited belonged to Sr. Caycho, an Indian from the Coast, who with the help of his sons has beautifully growing banana plantations, oil-producing palms, the cubé insecticide plants and others, all cared for scientifically. Another was that of Federico Tong, a Chinaman from Lima. He bought three hundred hectares of land and after only eight years employed over a hundred people, whom he supplied with good living quarters, a school and hospital. He said he had fourteen children and to my question if all were living, he answered smilingly, "One does not count the dead."

The United States Government is interested in the products of the region and is cooperating by furnishing experts and in other ways. The Station has good office and laboratory buildings and modern, comfortable homes for employees. Besides the agricultural experts, social workers help in the homes. The town, busy and growing, has good stores and a movie.

Everyone discouraged us from continuing our trip. It had been raining, and the last twenty miles to Pucallpa were said to be impassable. Unable to find seats on a freight truck, we finally got a ride on a station truck as far as Ahuaytía. There were six hours of marvelous scenery, especially at the far end along a river flowing between high sculptured red and white walls, the white spotted with black figures like animal heads, rich vegetation and birds.

Ahuaytía, a small growing town, boasts of the longest steel river bridge in Peru, almost a mile in length. There are several small wooden shack-restaurants that cater to truck drivers. A nice young Cholo and his pretty wife served us beans, eggs, fried bananas, yuca and coffee. In the stores one sometimes finds attractive pieces of pottery, with cream colored background, painted with red or black geometrical designs, and beaded bracelets, brought

in by Chuncho tribes living several days away by canoe on the Ahuaytía River.

A road camp is located there, and the engineers have a guest house on the hill, but it was occupied so we slept in the main building near the road. That night I had my only real scare in the jungle. Before we went to sleep, we heard animals running around under the building. Later I was aroused from a sound sleep by the noise of wild animals running on the roof. I moved and felt something falling on me. I jumped out of bed screaming, remembering all the gruesome things the head engineer at the Government Chinchona Station had told us at lunch that day about the Pucallpa hotel rats with diabolic clutches that carried away his shoes. Now, trembling with fright, I saw that what I thought to be a rat was only my electric lantern. Julia, with her pillow stuffed in her mouth, was shaking with silent laughter, so I had to join in.

The next morning we were on our way in a freight truck to Pucallpa, a trip of about eight hours. Julia and I took turns in riding on top of the freight. While it was less comfortable than in the cabin, we enjoyed the view better from on high. The green forests, the vari-colored birds and their songs, one of them flirtatious, were fascinating. I distinctly heard the "wolf whistle" of the huishuncho, a bird that imitates urban curb loungers or vice versa. The huishuncho call helps orient the Chunchos when they tread the forests. The bird is never mimicked, lest it fail to help them find their way. With most of the country uninhabited, there was only one fair-sized village on the way, where we ate stewed motelo or earth turtle in a Japanese restaurant. All the passengers on the truck were friendly. One woman gave us marañones, a large russet plum with juicy, yellow meat around a big stone.

Pucallpa was "awful," we had been told, "hot, dirty, uncomfortable; nothing to see or do there," but we found it friendly, attractive and interesting. It is just waking up and growing after the establishment of air connections with Lima and with other parts of the Montaña. The new road from Lima was expected soon to be all-weather surfaced. Pucallpa is the main port of the Ucayali River, from which steamers and small boats take freight and passengers to Iquitos on the Amazon. Loaded trucks come in

several days a week to meet the boats and planes. The busy place with its white sandy streets and evening breezes has the real feel of a seaport. The wooden houses are gaily painted and now some brick ones are going up. The stores are busy; people bustle about, among them quite a few boatmen.

A new, fairly-comfortable hotel had just been opened, but through an introduction given to Julia, we were guests in the home of Justino and Lydia Rios, who turned their large cool living room into a bedroom for us, and we spent nine delightful days with them while waiting for passage.

The Rios household was interesting and charming. Justino, a business man, sang and played the guitar, and Lydia, young and good looking, had been a school teacher in a Chuncho village. Their pretty little daughters, Camila, ten, and Inez, six, were happy little song birds. Their maid of all work was a Chama, as all the Chunchos along the river here are called, who had two babies without a visible father. The eldest, Esparta, though only three, was already helping her mother and carried dishes of food between the kitchen and dining room, without ever spilling anything or breaking a dish. She talked intelligently and understood everything.

The noon and evening meals were always long and pleasant. Lydia introduced us to all the regional food: paiche, the huge codfish of the Montaña—over six feet long—fried, cooked, baked; bananas of all sizes and flavors and yuca, roasted, baked, boiled, fried, mashed; the meat and eggs of the charapa or water turtles and the motelo or land turtle, meat, chicken, rice, beans, and soups of different styles, strange vegetables—one a light green cayhua; the delicious salads of the tender white veins of the chonta palm, that looked like noodles, dressed with lemon and salt; slices from sugar-sweet pineapples, weighing twenty-five pounds.

In the evening, Don Justino sometimes brought his guitar to the table and sang dance-and-love songs for us. We would sing and talk and laugh for hours. I always had my note book and pen nearby and asked many questions, for they were always glad to give me information and went out of their way to provide me with exact data. Don Oswaldo, a frequent guest at meals, was a good teller of tall tales, but he also knew much about Chuncho

customs, as do most of the people who have lived on the rivers for a long time.

He told me about various love charms. If a man takes the bone of a small wild peacock and looks through the little hole in it at the girl he wants, she is sure to fall in love with him. But he must hide the bone after it has been used, fast all day and must not be seen by the girl, to make his wish come true. Wearing the vaginal bone of the buféo (fresh water porpoise) as a bracelet also attracts love. Other charms, in the form of nuts, bones, pieces of stone, parts of animals and birds, and the love magic performed by sorcerers called pusangas, are all supposed to make the desired one fall madly in love.

During midday hours there was little life on the streets, but at night the two movie houses, one next door, were blaring out music. Around them flocked people dressed in white, flirting and eating ice-cream cones before those attending went inside. Both movies were new, quite good, and well patronized.

Early mornings and late afternoons, Julia and I would go to the river bank to watch the boats, the boys swimming, and to look for Chama Indians coming in from the village of Yarenacocha, located on a lagoon not far away, to trade in the stores. Though most of the men now wear ordinary clothes, they were fascinatingly different from all the Indians I had seen in Peru or elsewhere—muscular, of medium height with straight black hair cut in bangs and reaching almost to the shoulders, good features, high cheek bones and bronze skin. The women, many of them quite pretty, have round slender bodies and wear a short tube-like skirt, called a pampanilla, usually of black or brown homespun cotton, painted with geometrical designs in red or black earth colors, a chupa or short loose bright cotton blouse with a yoke in back, trimmed in various ways, leaving the midriff exposed, and a black shawl over the shoulders which is also used to cover the head or to carry babies in. They paint their faces with stripes and dots, the older women, black, the girls red. They are fond of silver or beaded earrings, and many have a little silver ornament shaped like a minute cup, hanging on a string from the nose septum. Some older men in the villages, especially the authorities, wear long cushmas of light or dark colors, sometimes painted like the women's skirts.

Young men use beaded bracelets and bands and occasionally slit trousers and a fancy shirt. For fiestas all paint themselves and wear plumes and beaded and silver ornaments.

All the Chunchos in the region of Pucallpa and on the rivers are called Chamas by the whites but they belong to different tribes —Conibos, Shipibos, Shetibos, Piros—forming the Panoan group, speaking their own languages. However, their physical characteristics, dress and customs are similar, as well as their pottery and other arts, and they utilize the same geometrical designs and colors in their cushmas, on their faces, pottery, and they engrave them also on their paddles and macanas, their bamboo or chonta swords.

The Chamas make the most beautiful pottery of present-day Peru, a little like the ancient Nazca huacos. I saw a collection of hundreds of pieces, belonging to Sr. Raúl de los Rios, in Pucallpa. The most popular type was a tall, round jar with a small opening at the top; there were some huge ones with large openings, made especially for masato-drinking parties, after which they are either broken or sold to whites. Smaller ones of the same shape often had faces with openings in the head; many small pieces were in the form of animals. These are given as presents during fiestas. This pottery is made of special clays found in the ravines, which is mixed with bark. All are perfectly shaped by hand and after the first baking painted with brushes made of human hair. After the second, while still hot, they are varnished with resin. The background is always cream-color, with geometrical designs in dark brown, red or black.

In the same collection were fine cushmas, adornments of brilliant plumes, carved paddles, bows, arrows, macanas, and musical instruments—elongated drums, bone and reed flutes and panpipes.

Raúl de los Rios, a native of the Northern Sierra, had come to this part of the Montaña in his early twenties and had already lived there almost twenty years. All the time that he was trading with the Chunchos along the rivers, he was attending their fiestas, learning their language and customs and collecting the best of their arts. He had already had one exhibition in Iquitos and another in Lima, where he sold eight thousand pieces to the government.

We dropped in several times to visit the Hawkins, Protestant missionaries, who lived in a pleasant house on the river bank, with

books, magazines, a good radio and six cute youngsters, all born in ten years at Pucallpa. Both were trained in field medicine, which they practiced in addition to their religious labors. Mr. Hawkins literally has pulled thousands of teeth. I went to a service in their little church, well attended by Cholos and some whites, singing "Rock of Ages" and other hymns in Spanish. The sermons were preached by a Peruvian from Iquitos. The Chunchos also come to the Hawkins for help.

Thus days in Pucallpa passed by happily and profitably among interesting, generous people. I was filling my note books, Julia was making sketches. One day we would drive to a nearby lagoon, surrounded by exuberant vegetation, reflected in its still waters; on others we visited with the friends of the Rios, and every day we strolled along the river bank, watching the Chamas and the life on the river. The sunsets were lovely, but different from those of the Sierra. The sky was lower, less clear and deep, and the colors softer, more blurred. The earth and the people were hungry for rain and after several days tropical storms fell at night. Thunder and lightning rent the air, and the heavens opened. In the morning the streets were wet and muddy but they dried quickly.

A few days before the Steamer Santiago, the "best" of the large ones was to leave for Iquitos, we met Shalóm Azerrad, a friend of our hosts and owner of the Santa Elena, which suited our purposes better, for little more than a launch, it is smaller, slower and makes many stops. But though he was himself a cultured man and understood our interests and wishes, it took us some time to convince him that we would not mind discomforts or taking more than twice the length of time to make the trip. We had only one day in which to make preparations—borrow cots, mosquiteros to sleep under and purchase odds and ends. On the morning of the eleventh, after a stormy night, we slid down the muddy river bank and on to the launch. Don Justino and little Camila came to see us off, she clinging to us affectionately with tears in her eyes.

THE TWELVE DAYS ON THE UCAYALI AND AMAZONAS

THE MAGNITUDE of the great river was overwhelming. It seemed more like an endlessly long lake, curving between distant banks and around large islands, even though at this time of the year the water was low, leaving banks high and exposing many white sandy beaches.

Our small vessel had only one story, with a small dry goods store opening on the aft deck, and a freight hold below it; behind was the engine room, a tiny kitchen, a combination toilet and shower. A freight barge was towed alongside. It was the only boat on the river that was freshly painted—white trimmed with blue—and probably the only one with a good Diesel engine. Besides Shalóm, the crew consisted of two silent, sturdy helmsmen, the dapper young engineer Carvajal, his assistant, the elderly cook Miguel, who displayed several gold teeth, and two young boys, called criados or servants, one a happy smiling Cholo, the other a sulky Chuncho. Ten of us in all, crammed into a small space! Yet it never got too crowded because everyone was friendly and cooperative. At night our cots were set up under our mosquiteros on the aft deck and Shalóm slept in a cot in the back; the rest of the crew slept on the floor or in hammocks, also under mosquiteros for the mosquitoes are pitiless day and night. We used the store for a dressing room.

A banana plantation was always the sign of a settlement. They were numerous in addition to small villages and several good-sized towns or little cities. Our first stop late that morning was at San Antonio, a small village of whites and Cholos—gentes or people as distinguished from Chunchos—their young governor who had come down with us from Pucallpa told me. While the townsfolk were trading with Shalóm, the woman teacher offered to show us about. The village looked like a wild tropical park, the ground covered with rich, green grass, palm houses high off the ground among beautiful trees—mangoes in bloom, calabash with large green balls hanging from the branches, marañones with pur-

ple fruit, tumbos, the melon-like fruit with delicate flavor, orange and pacay trees, the latter with white cotton balls which, after the black seeds have been removed, are used for mattresses, the very tall capirona, a spruce with gray trunk, the branches of which open high from the ground like an umbrella, where wild bees build their hives so no one can get at them. There were slender gray setipes, covered with branches from the bottom up, and the lofty lupuna that grows over a hundred feet high and serves as a landmark. In the teacher's house we were served refreshing drinks and tasted some of the strange fruit. Both girls' and boys' schools were built like houses of wattled palm and furnished with cedar benches and desks—pleasant, light, airy places, much better than the dark grimy ones in the Sierra. All the villages and towns we visited here had good schools; in the larger places, brick buildings.

The stopping of our launch usually created great excitement. Men, women with nursing babies, children and young people hurried down to trade or just to greet Shalóm and stand around talking and flirting, especially when we put in at night in the moonlight. While the people were buying yard goods, notions, patent medicines, boots, flashlights, cases of beer, soda pop, the helmsmen brought in bags of rice or beans for which Shalóm had already contracted. He also bought hundreds of skins, mostly of alligators. The whole skin is called an "overall"; the incomplete one, a "jacket." Some alligators are yards or more long. They abound in lakes and do not attack anyone in a boat. The men kill them at night, first blinding them with light, hence the great demand for flashlights.

Before we left Pucallpa, everyone who heard we were going to travel with Shalóm, had told us we were very fortunate, and each day of our journey we realized how true that was, for he was the most considerate of hosts, never too busy to look after our comfort or to go out of his way in order that we might see what interested us. He was agreeable and helpful to all. Once he anchored merely to deliver a letter to the school teacher from her mother. We were fed royally with chicken, fruit, drinks, fine food not on the menus of the big boats. Fish was easy. The helmsmen would throw out a large tarafa net with weights around the edges and as soon as it sank, pull it up with dancing palometas—a small, white,

fan-shaped fish, all jaws and razor-edged teeth. They travel in enormous schools and attack and kill human beings, eating their flesh away. The smell of fresh blood drives them slightly insane.

Shalóm, a Sephardic Jew from Casablanca, had come to Iquitos over twenty years ago. He had married a pretty Loretana and now has six children. Most of the time he worked on the rivers as captain of large steamers and now in his own craft. At the age of forty-two, he is a fine-looking man with a very low gentle voice he never raises, even when he scolds the boys. Everyone knows, respects and likes him. The Chamas like him, too, and often invite him to be godfather to their baby boys, who according to custom, are named after the padrino. So numerous little Chuncho children throughout Loreto now bear the Hebrew name Shalóm, which means "peace."

When the river is low, it is dangerous to travel at night because of branches and logs, so we always anchored at some point as soon as night fell. Thus our second night out, Julia and I could sleep in comfortable beds in the home of Erwin H. and Lucile Lauriault, missionaries in the Chama village of Royaboa. Mrs. Lauriault gave us good homemade doughnuts, and we had an interesting evening. In the morning she and her pretty young daughter Louise took us around the settlement, and we visited several huts. The Chamas received us with smiles and the women showed us the fancy belts they were weaving, the pots they were making, and their pet animals—in one instance, a little wild peccary. The huts, high off the ground, are without walls or furniture, but with reed mats to sit on and tocuyo mosquiteros to sleep under. Though it was an ordinary Monday morning, it looked like a fiesta day. The women were dressed in Chama fashion, like those near Pucallpa, faces painted, strings of colored beads, earrings, fine beaded bracelets, rings on many fingers, tiny silver plaques hanging from the nose, and anklets. The men wore ordinary clothes, some beaded neck bands and bracelets, and the Curaca had on a handsomely painted cushma. Royaboa, like San Antonio, high above the river, also has all kinds of trees, palms, flowers and orchids, beautiful sweet-singing birds and colorful butterflies. The natural beauty of the place and its exotic looking people seemed so theatrical that it was hard to believe the scene was real.

Until ten years ago the Lauriaults had been missionaries in another town on the river, when the chief of Royaboa invited them to move here. During those last ten years their two eldest children have grown up. James, the oldest, interested in linguistics, is working on a dictionary. Louise is doing medical work among the children. Little Erwin, the "baby" under ten, plays and studies. The whole family speaks the Shipibo tongue fluently and works together for the welfare of the village, helping the Chamas in all their problems—economic, health, and spiritual. They have an organized church with sixty members and a school in which Louise teaches. Louise, still in her teens, told me she liked visiting in Iquitos but was perfectly content in Royaboa. Everyone knows the Lauriaults of Royaboa, and Peruvians who have been on the rivers for years back told me about the little blond boy who comes to the boat with the Chama children as if one of them.

The following night we slept anchored near Catamaná, capital of the Province of Ucayali, and the next morning the Sub-Prefecto and the principal of the school came down to the launch to welcome us, for they had received a telegram from Iquitos about our arrival. Catamaná's five thousand inhabitants all live along the river bank, on a street three miles long, lined with luxurious mango trees. It is a progressive little city with good school buildings. We met several cultured people, educated in Lima, eager for contact with the outside world, which has been brought nearer now by airplane service. Julia and I walked about the town in green slacks, sport shirts and red kerchiefs. Two men, evidently believing us to be gypsies, stopped us and wanted to know if we were "suertistas," fortune tellers. I said "yes" but when the man wanted to bring his wife to me, I hastened to explain we were just turistas.

Shalóm finished up all his business by afternoon, but the authorities asked him to stay on because they wanted to give an "homenaje," a special reception in our honor, and as usual he kindly obliged. At five o'clock we were escorted to the school house and there in the patio all the dignitaries of Catamaná and about a thousand school children were lined up. We were given seats of honor and greeted with a flowery speech. One of us was expected to answer. Julia poked me and said, "You must do it, I cannot speak on my feet." I expressed our thanks, apologizing

for the way we were dressed, since we had no way to change. Then I talked to the children:

"You look like the Mexican children and speak the same language. Like you, some of them come to school barefoot. North American children speak English and all wear shoes. But all of you have things in common. Some like school; others play hooky. In Mexico we call it pintar venado (painting deer) and here? [A chorus answered, 'hacer vacas' (make cows).] I am sure if you were all acquainted, you would like each other, just as would the adults of those countries, if they knew each other."

Afterwards the children sang and did gymnastics for us. We enjoyed every minute of it—a beautiful and touching homenaje, a kindly warm gesture to two passing travelers, the sort of thing that makes the Southlands, however humble the setting, so charming, gracious and unforgettable.

In the evening Sr. Federico Odicio invited us to his house, where he told me Chama legends and customs which I took down on his typewriter. He had a lumber camp on the Pisque River, a tributary of the Ucayali, where he had been employing Chamas and living among them for fourteen years. He spoke their language, attended their fiestas and knew them well. When he and his friend Judge José Renafarje took leave of us, they begged us to tell the truth about Catamaná and not to make it seem as if we had had a dangerous adventure there as some journalists had done. For us it had been a happy experience.

Shalóm said he would get us to Iquitos in twelve days, and he kept his promise. It was a long time to live under conditions scarcely suited to the fastidious, but Julia and I laughed away discomforts and we thoroughly enjoyed the beauty and life about us.

Each day was different and interesting. Sometimes there were brief tropical storms, and the waters became rough with little white-capped waves. At sunset, all would be over, the still waters reflecting the river banks. We met or passed large and small craft. Two gun boats came up from Iquitos to Pucallpa to honor the President. And always there were canoes with short, wide-bladed paddles, picturesquely loaded with green bananas. Once we stopped at a beach to look for charapa eggs. The huge water turtles lay as many as a hundred and fifty or more at a time, and protect them

by digging holes in the sands and covering them up so not one suspects anything is hidden underneath. During the dry season the Chamas live on the beaches to gather the eggs and hunt the charapas. It is easy to find the latter by following their tracks in the sand. The hunter turns each one on its back so it cannot move and returns to pick them up. Dr. Allan Holmberg and companions caught about two hundred charapas in one night on the beaches of the Guaporé River in the Bolivian jungle.

After the heat of the day, the sunset hours were refreshing and beautiful. Graceful herons perched like white flowers on the bare limbs of a tree near the water to spend the night or paced the beach in pairs as if conversing. Some were marked with black around the head like monks wearing black hoods. All through the day as the boat moved downstream, the bufëos (fresh water porpoises), huge pink and white mammiferous fish, raised their heads out of the water to breathe. They are harmless and, except for their oil, useless to man.

One morning, Shalóm took us to visit the inland lake and Chama settlement of Tambomayo. Many such have been left behind by the river when it has changed its course. We had to walk over a half hour through the woods between a thick growth of bushes, the tall branches of the trees so tightly interlaced that the sunlight scarcely penetrated. We visited several Chama families, saw their pottery, and spent time in the school, where children were learning their first Spanish words. The place was lovely with trees, flowers, and ripe corn fields. On our way back, just as we got out of the forest, a violent storm arose and trees fell. Several Chamas accompanied us to the launch, among them a young man in purple cloth trousers, trimmed with black braid and open from the knees down. He wore a beaded neck band and bracelets—the most dressed up young Chama I had seen, without any apparent special reason for it.

The beaches were tempting for a swim but not the river with its dangerous muddy waters. The Cholo women and children were always bathing and washing their clothes in large, flat wooden basins or canoes that protected them from predatory water-life. The Chamas bathe but few ever wash their clothes. We saw so many children and babies that I began to wonder if the period of gesta-

tion were less than nine months. Not only Chunchos and Cholos but also whites of the better social classes had swarms of offspring.

Everywhere we stopped I always got off the boat to explore and I never tired of watching and listening to the people who came to buy at the store, though when the launch stood still for hours, the heat and mosquitoes were very trying. Shalóm would try to make it easier for us by saying in an apologetic tone, "Here we shall stop only for an hour," but the hour generally stretched to two or three, and it was a relief when he finally called loudly, "Arranca, Carvajal," which meant that the engine was to be started. I told Shalóm that the title of my favorite song was, "Arranca, Carvajal." He retaliated by telling me the song he liked least of all was, "When do we reach Requena?", the last stop before Iquitos—one of my oft-repeated questions.

Toward the end of our trip, we had full moon and the nights were ravishingly beautiful. The banks where we stopped were lined with silhouettes, for people loved to linger around the launch. One night, after everybody had gone home, a good looking young Cholo, wearing a fresh white suit, sat talking for a long time with Shalóm. His story was tragic. A few months earlier, when the river was higher, his and another family started out for Iquitos on a log raft. It struck an obstacle and capsized and his wife and two children were drowned. He saved their infant who is now being nursed by a friendly neighbor.

Everything happens on the river. It is the great pulsating highway, providing communication and sustenance but also taking its toll of human lives. When the river is high, men float logs down to Iquitos; platforms on which they live for days, and often there are accidents. One log raft we saw had a little palm hut on it, where apparently two families lived, the women washing and cooking, the children playing, while the men propelled the clumsy craft.

On the evening of our second Saturday out, we stopped at a sugar-cane plantation and distillery. There was much activity around the little wharf. Several canoes with Chamas were setting out for a Pishta, the fiesta for deflowering of young virgins at puberty, a custom of those tribes and others along the upper Ucayali and lower Urubamba. For months in advance, the families prepare food, masato and guarapo (fermented sugar-cane juice),

and pottery, and when the moon is full, men in canoes go up and down the river beating drums to announce to the scattered families that the fiesta is to take place. All those attending wear their best clothes and adornments with many-colored plumes.

The Pishta begins with drinking, smoking and dancing, while the older women prepare the young girls, around twelve years old, for the operation. All girls when starting to menstruate, have their hair cut and are kept apart in a corner of the hut, not being permitted to go out until it grows back, when after the Pishta operation they are ready for marriage. The old women at the Pishta get the girls tipsy and with the long thumb nails, which are allowed to grow for the purpose, soften the flesh and cut the hymen with a bamboo knife. The wound is cured with herbs and a clay penis is inserted to keep it open. Some Chamas say the operation makes the girl better looking; others, that it makes intercourse cleaner; others, "It is the custom." The girls are already promised, and often their young men hold up the firebrands to provide light to perform the operation.

The Pishta fiesta is also the occasion for settling old scores between men. A man may have taken a friend's wife, who tells her husband about it, or there may be some other grievance. When they are heated with drink, accusations begin. The accused then bows his head, while the offended friend inflicts cuts on the back of his neck with an usate, a small rounded knife. When the guilty one has something against the one punishing him, his turn comes next. If the offences are slight, macanas or clubs are used. The wounds, seldom mortal, are cured with herbs by the women, who remain sober for the purpose.

A feature of the Pishta and other fiestas is to kill a deer or some other wild animal, which is caught and adorned for the occasion, when each man shoots an arrow into it. The women cut up and apportion the meat. If they show any favoritism, fights arise with scratching and hair-pulling. The fiesta lasts as long as the food and drink hold out, and each guest takes home a gift of an attractive piece of pottery.

Boys are often circumcized. At the age of six, their fathers give them liquor. At puberty they file and blacken their teeth, and they

begin to paint their faces when they fall in love. They are oversexed; many are homosexuals. All men are pornographic, always talking of sex. Marriage simply means living together; sometimes it is sanctified by a fiesta. When the husband of a wife's sister dies, the brother-in-law takes her as a wife. In some cases a man marries all the sisters in a family. In some tribes the family is matrilineal with clan characteristics. Each family lives in its own hut. A father welcomes baby girls, for a son-in-law must do all disagreeable tasks and is spoken to only through the daughter.

Head deformation begins soon after birth, when the mother keeps a board tied to the forehead to flatten it. Babies' teeth are also blackened.

Deformed infants are drowned, as they are believed to be victims of witchcraft as are those of elderly mothers, for only the devil could have made them conceive. Sickly children are often sold to whites as servant slaves. Yet Chama parents love their children deeply.

All believe in illness and death being brought about through black magic, which the sorcerers cure with white magic and by bleeding, sucking objects from the body and in other ways. All know the properties of herbs. Women use them for abortions and for making the foetus small so they never suffer from childbirth.

The dead are buried in canoes and in the ground and the corpse dressed in its best clothes. In Roaboya, ashes and leaves are strewn over the grave and a man with a bow and arrow watches for the evil spirit to leave, ready to shoot arrows into it. Some widows cut their hair, dress in white, and spend eight nights with their women friends, telling the husband's history in high, sad voices. They wait some months before becoming the wife of another. Some of the dead go to the skies, but the souls of the bad roam the woods as ayañahuis (little yellow lights) which explains the origin of fireflies.

The Chamas have stories and legends but no defined creative myths. Most believe that the first people were born of the Sun and the Moon, who are husband and wife.

Their myth about the origin of cultivated plants is that a bird called Masentari visited the hut of a little girl when her parents left her alone and told her to strike his knee from which fell

plantains. The second time he came, the child struck his other knee and this time came yuca, sweet potatoes, yams, maize, and other plants. Then Masentari told her how to plant them.

They all believe in evil spirits, calling the devil Supay. He despoils their fields, plants his own vegetables and bananas and does other harm. Yacamama, an enormous serpent, is the mother of the waters and lives in the rivers. If one sees her, he becomes enchanted. There are many stories about phantom ships, all lighted up, with whites on them, that suddenly disappear. The tunche, in the form of a bird or just air, appears often and with its three lugubrious and prolonged whistles, frightens children and strikes fear into the hearts of adults. Some whites also believe in the tunche.

Chama men drink only at fiestas; then they go the limit. Otherwise they are industrious, excellent agriculturists, steady at their work. The women also work hard, generally harder than the men, weaving, making pottery, and helping in the fields, as well as sewing and cooking. They know the value of their labor and products and are not easily deceived.

The Chamas make a great show of generosity; for them the worst insult is to be called stingy. Very proud, they consider themselves superior to the whites, whom they blame for all their ills. They love their rivers and claim that before the coming of the white man, half of it flowed upstream and half down, so they never had to paddle.

The Chamas have a strong instinct for decoration and good taste and craftsmanship. They carve their paddles and even their weaving swords and spindle whorls with great art, do exquisite bead work, make beautiful pottery, and paint their cloth so perfectly that it looks as if it had been blocked.

The men make their own graceful canoes and musical instruments, which consist of reed and clay flutes, cow horns, musical bows, fruit and shell rattles, small and large drums. They use the latter for sending messages. Children are skillful in making their own toys, imitating the activities of their elders in their play.

Their choreography is simple, but young men play complicated games. There is one game in which neither the hands nor feet touch the ball that is used. It is hit only with the head. The rules

are similar to those of football and winners and losers remain friends. Some play at bullfighting with wild peccary.

We spent our last evening on the Ucayali at the Island of the Flor de Punga, named after its lovely flowering punga trees, remaining there until the moon rose. Then we set out at full speed—the first time we travelled at night. I went to bed without undressing and asked the helmsmen to call me before we reached the Amazon. At 1:30 I got up and sat on a little stool on the uncovered prow. The river was flooded with moonlight, casting a silver sheen over the dark woods. Orion gleamed brightly overhead, among soft clouds. Soon I saw the Marañón flow into the Ucayali, and Sandoval who was behind me at the wheel, sang out, "ahora estamos en el Amazonas." Now we are on the Amazon!

I felt a strange emotion, though nothing had changed excepting the name—the beauty of the night and the course of the river remained the same. But to be on the Amazon, even under less extraordinary circumstances would be exciting. The Amazon, King of Rivers, named long ago after those strange, legendary, masculine women warriors of the deep forest.

At first the river was called after Francisco de Orellana, the Spaniard who discovered it and who sailed its entire length in 1535. On this voyage he and his men claimed to have encountered and fought with the Amazonas, whom so many other Spanish adventurers vainly sought to find. It was a case of "Das ewig Weibliche zieht uns hinan" (the pull of the eternal feminine)—not for their beauty or charm but their wealth in gold and silver.

The Amazonas, tall and fair, fought like men but were stronger. They occupied seventy inland villages, connected by fenced-in roads, along which guards collected toll. In the one in which their Chief Coñori lived, were five temples dedicated to the Sun, adorned with gold and silver female idols. The wainscotting, about three feet high, was of thick gold panels, covered with multi-colored paintings; all vessels for the services were of gold and silver. The women of the upper classes lived in good stone houses and ate from gold and silver dishes. Each wore a blanket of finest wool, reaching from below the breasts to the ground, a cape fastened in front with cords and a gold crown over loose hair which reached to the feet.

The men of neighboring villages paid them tribute in kind and in service; with others they fought battles. No man was allowed in their villages after dark. When they had a desire to reproduce, they waged war on the subjects of a great Lord, whose lands were contiguous to theirs, and kept the men as long as they wanted them. The girls that were born afterwards they raised; the boys they killed or returned to their fathers.

The Amazonas fought naked, only their private parts covered, hair in braids around their heads. One tale says they cut off one breast in order to be able to handle their bows with more ease.

Besides its strange peoples and lore, its metals, fine woods, animals, and all sorts of products, the Amazon Basin, if properly cultivated could produce sufficient food for many countries. The UNESCO has formed a committee called the LEA, composed of their experts and those from other interested countries to study the possibility of exploiting and developing it properly.

IQUITOS

When we landed at Iquitos, September 22, twelve days from the time we left Pucallpa, a committee of teachers, headed by Profesora Isabel Aguilar, Directora of the Kindergarten, was waiting to receive Julia and me. They took us to the school, a good building with open classrooms, and installed us in a pleasant apartment where we were guests during our entire stay.

We owed this fine courtesy to Profesora Emilia Barcea Bonifatty, the founder of this and almost two hundred other kindergartens in Peru. Her introductions opened all doors to us all through the Montaña. She now lives in Lima, but her heart is still on the far-off Amazon. She was born in Iquitos of a Spanish father and an Italian mother. The kindergartens we saw were the finest school buildings in the region. Officials and private individuals helped her to build them, for no one can withstand Emilia's charm and her earnest desire to make life happier for the children of all classes.

Iquitos, capital of the immense Department of Loreto, with its

thirty thousand inhabitants, is *the* metropolis of the Montaña. It was settled by Franciscan missionaries over a hundred years ago among the Iquitos tribes, and grew with the "black gold rush," or rubber boom, which began at the end of the nineteenth century and ended with the First World War. Peruvians and foreigners made and lost fortunes there. While the boom lasted, they built elegant homes, adorning the façades with imported tiles and went often to Paris—in those days much easier to reach than Lima—to squander their money on luxurious, showy living. The nouveau riche women of Iquitos flaunted diamonds the "size of eggs" and the finest gowns and furs. There are still many foreigners in Iquitos, for the Montaña throws its magic over everyone who visits it, and there are still many possibilities for making money there. Iquitos is the center for all sorts of jungle products; it is the port from which vessels sail for Brazil and the Atlantic, and it is now connected with Lima and other parts of the Montaña by plane.

Señor Américo Pinasco, a wealthy business man and artist by avocation and the Beau Brummel of Iquitos, called on us soon after our arrival. He presented us to his friend, Sr. Manuel Llerena, one of the outstanding intellectuals and a person of much charm, and through them we learned to know the lovely little city and its people.

Few places are more attractive and delightful than Iquitos, with its gay, tiled houses, its plazas, its fine paved malecón (mole) high above the river, a colorful promenade with a gorgeous view of river and deep jungles on every side. Even its unpaved streets, some with open ditches, have the same carefree character as the people, who are friendly, smiling, always dressed in white or light colors. The girls are unusually pretty and willowy—the famous Loretana beauties.

In Iquitos, as in the rest of the Montaña, folk "live" only in the early morning, late afternoon and evening. During midday hours they stay at home in cool tiled, shutter-drawn rooms. We reveled in eating fish dishes in the outdoor restaurant on the Malecón. We had cocktails on the social club veranda, overlooking the plaza, where we met naval officers and their wives. We visited homes, among them that of Shalóm's charming family. His wife, Dolores, made unfermented masato and creole dishes for us.

I met Sr. César Lequerica and Prof. D. M. Cepeda Guzaman, local writers on customs, and Julio C. de Pina Peña, composer and singer of folk songs, and all were generous with their data and publications. Many others also knew much about customs, some from personal experience.

One of the most interesting was that of "the taking of ayahuasco." Ayahuasca ("rope of death" in Quechua) is a creeper, which, when mixed with other plants in a liquid form, produces a delirious psychosis, that alternates with prolonged hallucinations and dreams. First there is a hyperexcitation in the body, an agreeable itching in the epidermis, a feeling of being suspended in the air. The "takers" do not lose consciousness but sit with open eyes and a vague, stupid expression on their faces while everything happens as in a moving picture. Reactions differ. With some the hallucinations are purely intellectual or phantasmagoric. The imbibers see beautiful landscapes and monstrous animals. Snakes wind themselves around their bodies, or they may take part in a fantastic hunting party. The objects that one loves or hates present themselves with extraordinary clarity and color. Everyday scenes take on the most beautiful and emotional forms. Others see more clearly who are their true friends or enemies, who have been false and hurt them, the causes of illness, and the remedy for it. The drug is highly aphrodisiacal and produces exaggerated passion and jealousy.

The drug is prepared by a sorcerer, called the ayahuasquero, who presides over the sessions, which are held at night and last for hours, in the open a little outside of the city. The participants sit in a circle with their backs to each other. While the drug is taking effect, music is played on a bow with only one tightly drawn string. The first tune is an invocation of the spirit of ayahuasca, the second to a certain bright star to make the mind clear, the third to the spirit of sorcery, asking for the support of the ancient diviners of the jungle. The music, which is accompanied by a rhythmic rustling of leaves, sounds strange and distant, as if coming out from the darkness of the night. The first effect of the drug is to make the takers yawn and vomit. The ayahuasquero helps them through this unpleasant phase by rustling corn leaves around them and saying unintelligible words. Immediately they quiet down. As the

potion takes hold, he answers their questions when they do not understand what they see. The addicts are mostly men and they come from all social classes. By special arrangement with the ayahuasquero, one may come merely to observe.

One observer of good society told me many of his friends had taken ayahuasca, and he believed some gave each other magical herbs, for it was not normal otherwise for any man to permit his wife to have a lover openly, often his best friend. In my own brief experience in the Montaña, I had seen a similar case and heard of others. However, the Montaña has its own moral code and in general the church has less influence out on the frontier and morals are less stereotyped. Life there has its own peculiar rhythm—languid, indifferent, sensual.

Indians also take ayahuasca. The "take" is a fiesta at which they wear their best clothes and adornments. They take the potion for the pleasure it gives them, for divining, for the vice its aphrodisiacal properties provides, and for its medicinal content, a sort of purge. Before the fiesta they fast the entire day and for eight days afterwards they eat nothing greasy and use no salt. The fiesta takes place in the moonlight and lasts until dawn.

The most picturesque place in Iquitos is Puerto Belén, which extends along the lower river bank, below the center of the city. There Cholos live in huts on tall poles, for when the river is high, it becomes a Venice. The people live in the open—uninhibited by curious eyes. Pretty young women nurse their babies and young couples sit together in affectionate proximity or perhaps lie in a canoe. Every afternoon is market day. Fruit, vegetables, fish and fowl are brought in canoes. There are small stores, and venders sit along all the paths. Young girls carry bananas on their heads—purple blouse, green bananas—bright pictures everywhere. Julia kept busy making sketches and my notes grew fatter.

Saturday night, friends gave us a supper party in one of the Creole restaurants of Belén. We had special fish and chicken dishes and songs by Prof. Pina Peña, and afterwards danced in a mutal aid club, where people of humble means were enjoying themselves.

Iquitos has few folk arts—the making of artificial orchids, perfect in form and color, reed furniture and fiber bags and belts,

the latter made in a vocational school. Pleasing glazed pottery is made in a nearby village.

We had been having excellent weather, except on our last evening, when Profesora Aguilar gave us a supper party at the school. We ate "juanes" and Professor Pina Peña sang and played marineras and creole waltzes to which we danced. Suddenly, everyone took hurried leave, for a storm was coming—the Iquiteños can feel it in the air. They left just on time. In a few minutes there was a tropical deluge (Plates 48-51).

The next morning at the airport, our friends bade us a "buen viaje." Soon we were looking down at a world of green forests, rivers, and lakes, which some writers call "The Green Hell," but which the Iquiteños call "The Green Paradise." In a little over three hours, we were back in Lima.

This was my last trip in Peru and it was a "broche de oro"—the golden broach—as we say in Mexico when the last number of a program is very good, for the Montaña is stranger and more fascinating than any other part of Peru. Whatever the risks, I should have liked to see much more of it. I did not experience any of its horrors—the huge black bats that suck one's blood at night, armies of ants and wild animals, nor being shut in behind a steel curtain of everlasting rain. But that is part of the mystery and magic of the Montaña.

APPENDIX

CALENDAR OF FIESTAS

Fiestas give the best idea of the colorful side of the life of Indians and Cholos. Their costumes, music, dances and fireworks are conspicuously displayed and make brilliant spectacles. Fiestas gather people from over wide areas, wearing their best dress and bringing their best products and arts to the festal markets. Important fiestas are big religious-commercial-social affairs, in many respects similar to those before the conquest. They afford an opportunity for fraternizing with gods and men and for exchanging ideas and commodities.

Big and small fiestas are constantly taking place. In addition to those of the church, marking the seasons—Christmas, Holy Week, All Saints and All Souls—innumerable saints' and Virgins' days are celebrated—many more than in Mexico. All follow the pattern already described but differ in detail. In practically all of them, the Indians continue performing their pagan rites under cover of Christianity.

This calendar does not pretend to include all fiestas; it aims only to present a general over-all picture of the various kinds, and to add a few more dates and examples to those in the text.

RELIGIOUS FIESTAS

THE MONTH OF JANUARY

On New Year's Eve people attend midnight mass and afterward parties in homes, social clubs or cabarets. The poor frequent the plazas, where food, drinks, and sweets are sold on all holidays.

In Cuzco, midnight mass is celebrated at the Cathedral entrance so it can be heard by the multitude in the plaza. Some people go home to a party supper; others visit bakeries that remain open, to eat meat pies, drink hot punches and liquors. Others take tamales, hot teas with pisco and punches at the tables of vendors in the cold

out-of-doors. The following day people visit with friends and eat well. Everyone tries to spend the day as pleasantly as possible, for the Cuzqueños believe the rest of the days of the year will be as the first.

In Puno, some Indians attend midnight mass and afterward greet the rising sun with pagan offerings.

As a general rule Indian officials everywhere take the oath of office on New Year's Day and the ceremony is followed by a banquet, often with music, dancing and fireworks. In Acos Vinchos, a hacienda near Ayacucho, the outgoing Taita (father) Varayoc and his assistants turn over their silver-trimmed varas or canes of authority to the incoming officials with bows and embraces. Then all go to church for the blessing of the varas. There the new officials kneel at the feet of their predecessors and receive from them three resounding lashes in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

On January sixth, the Epiphany, the altars of the Nativity or mangers, set up for Christmas, are taken down in churches and homes. In Puno young Cholo boys go around visiting to sing to the Christ Child, in return for sweets. Friends visit each other and eat special tortas or cakes, baked with little surprises in them.

Some villages venerate the Reyes Magos or Three Wise Men with fiestas. In Sicuani, Cuzco, they are represented by Indians, wearing costumes and masks, as the white, black, and Indian kings, and the three run a race on spirited horses. If the white one wins, everyone is sad because it means bad crops and hunger; if the black, epidemics; but when the Indian wins the people rejoice, for it is a sign of good crops and plenty.

THE MONTHS OF FEBRUARY, MARCH AND APRIL

The Candelarias or Candlemas, February second, is celebrated in all churches and in many places with fiestas to the Virgin (see Puno).

The two Thursdays preceding Ash Wednesday are fiesta days for compadres (men) and comadres (women,) ritually related through the godfathership. They celebrate with special masses and banquets. In Cuzco and other places of the Department, those days begin with

practical jokes, especially on the comadres, who may find a dead animal, fowl or rubbish on their doorsteps or satirical verses on their doors.

Carnival, on a movable date, takes place one year in February, another in March (see Puno).

Carnival fiestas run into Lent, even though they should end on Ash Wednesday after the cross of ashes is placed on the forehead by the priest. The meaning of carnival, "good-bye to flesh," is aptly expressed in a verse sung by Otomí Indians of Huizquilucan, Mexico:

Mércoles de Ceniza	*On Ash Wednesday*
Se despiden los amantes	Lovers take leave of love
Y hasta el Sábado de Gloria	Until Saturday of Glory
Vuelven lo que eran antes.	When they may love again.

On the afternoon of Ash Wednesday, Cuzqueños—ash crosses or no—picnic on Pijchu Hill, eating, drinking and dancing huaynos and marineras. They play with serpentine, bits of colored paper, flour, ether, powders, gay balloons and tinted eggshells filled with water. The fiesta lasts until late in the day and is considered the "farewell" to carnival, but the leave-takings go on and on.

Holy Week follows Lent and, therefore, comes in March or April (see Cuzco and Ayacucho). The Passion is celebrated everywhere with pomp and solemnity.

The Friday procession of the Holy Sepulcher in Puno is very impressive. People form on both sidewalks, men on one and women on the other, with children in front carrying green candles, and Indians in mourning, singing touching Quechua songs about the sacrifice of Christ.

Earlier in the day, while the three-hour sermon is being preached in the churches, a small fiesta takes place on the slopes of El Calvario Chico Hill, near Puno. Here people sell miniature houses, ranches, and other objects. My poet friend Sr. Martínez said it was held to demonstrate that "there are merchants who think more of the devil than of the death of Christ," but I am inclined to believe that the reason for it is the same as for the similar behavior during the fiesta at Copacabana, where the people believe their wishes will come true if they are objectified on Good Friday.

"On Good Friday night, all taboos disappear; there is robbery

and unrestrained carnal indulgence," writes Luis E. Valcárcel in the *Handbook of South American Indians,* Vol. 2, pp. 474-5.

In Puno groups of adolescent boys, some of good families, prowl around Friday night to see where they can steal fowl for their Sabbath of Glory dinner. Others roam the streets playing huaynos, while some make dry totora figures of Judas with his money bag, or effigies of the most hated men in public life. The Judases are dressed or covered with painted paper and fireworks and hung on posts or trees to be shot off after the mass of glory. The news of the Resurrection is received with great rejoicing—friends embrace, while bells ring gladly and whistles of trains in the station and boats on the lake add their hoarse notes to the joyous clamor.

Quosimondo (Low Sunday), following Easter, is celebrated with processions in the day- or nighttime, in which the priests carry the Sacred Host under a pallium and visit the homes of the sick (see Ayacucho). At Huancayo the Sunday market is converted into a Quosimondo fair, attended by Indians and Cholos in fiesta costume from valley and mountain.

A charming fiesta takes place in Puno on March eighth in honor of San Juan de Dios, patron of hospitals. On the afternoon of the seventh, men bring in ccapo or dry wood from the country on llamas (each load adorned with bright lliclas and a small Peruvian flag), marching through the principal streets to the music of flute and big drum. Sicuri dancers take part in the evening services in the chapel of the hospital and afterward play their panpipes and dance on the plaza. Bonfires are lighted and boys jump and pirouette through the flames. The next morning masses are celebrated and in the afternoon the image of San Juan is taken out in procession and the Sicuris continue dancing. Vendors set up their stands and people eat and drink. The sick also enjoy the fiesta, especially since they receive good food donated by the Sisters of Charity.

For an interesting fiesta in April, see Callejón de Huaylas.

THE MONTHS OF MAY AND JUNE

May third, Day of the Holy Cross, is universally celebrated. The Indians take down the wooden crosses near the churches, along the waysides and on mountain tops, repair, repaint and adorn them with streamers and flowers and watch over them the entire night of the second in a ceremony called Cruz-Velacuy, with food, drink, and music. They also clean and adorn their household crosses and on the third all are taken to church for the priest's blessing. That day the churches take in many soles, for there is a charge of from one to five, depending on the size, for the blessing of each cross.

Where specially miraculous crosses exist, May third is celebrated with fiestas (see Puerto de Eten, North Coast). In Puno a fiesta and market of miniature objects is held on the Calvario Chico Hill with food, music, dances drinks— similar to, although not as big or colorful as the one in La Paz, Bolivia (in January, for the ugly little god of good luck, Ekeko), but no doubt influenced by it.

May fifteenth is devoted to feasting San Isidro, farmer and patron of agriculturists (see Moche, North Coast).

June twenty-fourth, Day of San Juan (St. John the Baptist), patron of cattle breeders and especially tender with sheep, is celebrated throughout the country with masses, parties in home and fiestas (see Cuzco). As the waters are safe on that day, people bathe and play with water from midnight of the twenty-third on. Also the zero hour is the time for fortune-telling. The Indians use coca leaves for divining and others melt candles, break an egg into a glass of water, or melt lead and tell the future from the forms those items take. In Puno, if the hot molten lead spilled into a basin of cold water takes the form of heaps of pearls or sea shells, it means much money. Forms resembling altars with flowers indicate a future flowering with happiness. If gray flowery forms appear, there will be suffering. If all is flat as in a cemetery, the person whose fortune is being told will soon die. In Iquitos, the future may be read by introducing a new saber into a banana stalk that has not yet produced and leaving it there from midnight to six o'clock in the morning, during which time the sap makes certain marks on the blade. A less

simple procedure, which brings a spouse and happiness, is to find a fig flower, which only blossoms at night. He who succeeds in getting the flower is followed by a mysterious extended hand in a silent and insistent gesture of solicitation. The person with the flower must neither turn round nor pay any attention to the hand, else he will lose his chances for happiness.

The Indians of the Sierra keep the mountain sides aglow with huge bonfires the night of the twenty-third and bathe in cold streams as they did in the Inca fiesta of Situay. Those of the Valley of Andahuaylas, Apurímac, burn their old clothes, believing that with them goes poverty. It is also their custom to gather around the fires and shout insults at neighbors, like "San Juan tuta usa" ("On the night of San Juan you come out to dance your lice in your navel").

THE MONTH OF JULY

For an interesting fiesta to Santa Isabel, see Callejón de Huaylas.

The Virgen del Carmen, July sixteenth, patroness of many places and churches, is celebrated with big fiestas (see Paucartambo) and with processions from almost every church that has her image.

In the small town of Pucará, Puno, a fiesta and big fair take place on July sixteenth, attended by thousands of persons, some from the Departments of Cuzo and Arequipa, and some from Northern Bolivia. Besides the notable pottery of the place, an attractive feature of this fair is the sale of the small, sturdy, mountain-bred horses from Chumbivilcas. The races for trying them out afford great amusement as their riders clash and fall.

Santiago or St. James, patron of Spain and maker of thunder, is very popular in Peru, and many fiestas are celebrated in his honor (see Lampa, Puno).

July twenty-eighth, Peru celebrates its independence from Spain with church services, street fairs (see Lima), music, fireworks, bullfights, and games. In Curahuasi, Apurímac, the Mistis put on a bullfight with a condor on the bull. Sometimes they get the bird drunk and let him fight the bull himself, which he does very well, defending himself with his immense wings. Magical jars and a greased pole are also part of the program. For the first, jars containing rabbits,

dirt, ashes, or colored water are hung on poles set up for the purpose on the plaza. Several persons are blindfolded and each given a stick with which to break the jar. The one who succeeds receives the contents as a prize. For the second, a tall, strong, smooth pole about forty feet high is embedded in the center of the plaza and covered with a coat of grease. A goodly amount of money is placed on the top and he who can reach it is the winner. Both games are very popular.

THE MONTHS OF AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER

San Lorenzo, the tenth, San Roque, the sixteenth, and San Cipriano, September twenty-sixth, are greatly venerated because of their connection with magical practices.

August fifteenth is a big day, with many fiestas for the Assumption of the Virgin. A notable one takes place at Pampacucho, near Sicuani, Cuzco.

Many fiestas are celebrated on September eighth for the Virgin of the Nativity, called Our Lady of the Remedies in Mexico (see Cajamarca). The fiesta in Chumbivilcas, Cuzco, home of the Corilazos, the riders with the golden ropes, has some unique features.

Bullfights take place on two successive days. The Indians call the first day "alco-toros" or the fight of Misti dogs; the second, "runa-toros" or the fight of the people, because that day is theirs. They spend the entire previous night in feasting, the owners of the bulls furnishing plenty of chicha and coca, and they tell the fighters to be sure to kill someone. When it is possible for them to catch a condor, it is tied to the bull's back. The first thing the men do when baiting the bull is to roll up the brims of their hats to show they are not afraid, and one of their tricks is to dig a hole in the ground into which a fighter can disappear.

On both days the bulls are covered with colorful cloths, homespun wool for the Indians' bulls, and silk, embroidered with gold or silver and trimmed with fringe of the same metals, for the Mistis' bulls. On both days women take part in inciting the bull, the Mistis with colored Manila silk shawls.

When an Indian fighter gets seriously wounded, the lugubrious ayarachi or Inca funeral music is played on panpipes, and his woman

sings plaintively, "Virgin Mary, help me weep for the man I have loved." The musicians wear black capes with gold inwoven designs of the Inca Sun and animals, fine old textiles no longer produced, and bright tropical bird feathers decorate the crowns of their hats. With the group is a clown in a green cape who carries a rough cane and takes advantage of the part he is playing to get even with the people he dislikes by raining heavy blows upon them.

For the fiesta of the Exaltation of the Cross, the fourteenth, see Callejón de Huaylas. For another important fiesta of the Holy Cross, see The North Coast.

THE MONTH OF OCTOBER

The month of October is one of great religious devotion. (See El Señor de los Milagros, Lima.) Everywhere adults pray, "children weep at the church doors," and the music of bells fills the spring air. Many fiestas are celebrated for the popular San Francisco de Asís, October fourth (see Arequipa). The Jesuit San Francisco de Borja is remembered on the tenth for his intercession to give instruction to the Indians.

THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER

Everybody celebrates All Souls Day on the second, taking flowers and candles to the cemeteries and having responsories said or sung for the dead. Around the cemeteries are venders of food, sweets and drinks. In Puno, the Cholas form a colorful procession as they go to and return from the cemetery in brocaded silk, plush and satin polleras, gay Manila shawls, heavy old gold earrings, brooches and rings set with diamonds.

In Arequipa, where the custom seems to have originated and in Cuzco, young men take a cake-bread in the form of a baby, trimmed with colored candies, to the homes of their favorite girls and stage a mock baptismal ceremony in order to become compadres with the family, thus getting closer to the heart's desire by entering first into the ritual relationship of compadrazgo or godfathership.

Indians have their own ceremonies for the dead, similar to those before the conquest, in the month corresponding to November.

They pray to the dead for good crops and other favors and set up altars of their favorite foods of which "they partake in spirit." They also take food to the graves and in some places to the church. In the village of Huarocondo, Cuzco, the Indians take offerings of young roasted pig, tamales, potatoes, corn, occas, cheese, and eggs to Mass for the blessing of the priest and leave them on the church floor. Later the priest has his servants gather up the food and bring it to his house, which the Indians believe is for the good of the dead. When they keep the food at home, they eat it themselves, and also enjoy themselves at the cemeteries. In the last analysis, the Day of the Dead turns into a pleasant fiesta for both the dead and the living with good food and drinks. But nowhere is it so uniquely hilarious as in Mexico, where people of all social classes and ages play and fraternize with death. (See Huanuco.)

THE MONTH OF DECEMBER

On the fourth, day of Santa Barbara, the Cholos of San Sebastián, near Cuzco, bring bones of their dead from the cemetery and have a wake over them. The following day they are returned to the cemetery in a procession with music and the mayordomo of Santa Barbara distributes large flat cakes to all those who take part.

Christmas altars of the Nativity or mangers are set up on the twenty-fourth in churches and homes. In Cuzco, a fair of plaster, clay, and wooden toys and Biblical figures, called "Santuranticuy," takes place on the main plaza. Some of them are made by prisoners and others are made in private homes.

In Puno and other places, when the glad news of the Birth of Christ is announced during the midnight mass, children play little drums and blow bird-like whistles. Some children receive presents, which they find under their pillows or on Christmas trees. In all cities charitable organizations make presents of clothes, toys and sweets to poor children. During the day friends and relatives make social calls.

December twenty-eighth, the day of Los Santos Inocentes or Innocent Saints, is April Fool's day in Peru as in Mexico. People play jokes on one another and tell surprising lies and then say, "Oh,

you believed it, you innocent." Such things are valid only until midday.

AGRICULTURAL FIESTAS

Indians make offerings of chicha and coca and sometimes also "mesas" to Pachamama, Mother Earth, at all times during the growing season in return for good crops. When offerings are made by a community, they take the form of a fiesta with food, drink, music and dancing. Also when friends cooperate in sowing and harvesting, there is always a fiesta when the work is done. Cholos and whites celebrate harvests with fiestas in the fields and homes. (See Ica, South Coast.)

CATTLE MARKING FIESTAS

Cattle are marked on April twenty-fifth, San Marcos day, June twenty-fourth, San Juan, July twenty-fifth, Santiago, and at other times, always with ceremonies and fiestas. (See Huancayo.)

In the province of Melgar, Puno, the marking takes place at carnival time, when the pastures are green and the cattle fat, and the fiesta is called "Señalacuy." On the eve of the marking, the owners make an offering to Pachamama in the name of the cattle. The following morning, the offering is repeated in the corral in the presence of the animals to the music of flute and drum—sometimes also of stringed instruments. Then men and women form couples and approach the cattle with a sea shell filled with a corn gruel and a bouquet of purupuru, vari-colored wild flowers from the punas, and, kneeling, pray to Pachamama for abundant reproduction of their animals, at the same time spilling the contents of the shell and throwing the flowers in offering. This ceremony is also performed to music, while the rest of the company drinks copiously.

Afterward the "irpa" or marking takes place. A good fat specimen of each sex is chosen. Both are painted with red earth and the neck of the female and horns of the male are hung with wreaths of purupuru. They are tied together and made to lie on the ground and embrace as people, as the owner throws silver metal filings over them in the belief that it will make them produce money; he also

hits them with hard quinces. Finally the ears of all the cattle are marked with a sharp knife and the tails cut off; the blood is mixed with chicha and drunk by everyone so that there may be plenty of wool and meat—both "as desirable as gold and silver."

Sometimes a lamb is sacrificed to Pachamama. Those who kill the animal bury its entrails near the hut, to the drinking of chica, music and dancing. After this the gay crowd, dancing and singing, shoos off the animals to pasture, following them for a little distance to throw flowers at them. Then the guests return to the house, where a "banquet" is served, of which the main dish is the sacrificed lamb, which has been roasted according to the custom of the region. And the fiesta goes on and on.

HOME AND CYCLE OF LIFE FIESTAS

These fiestas may be merely social or held in connection with religious events, baptisms (see Huancayo), confirmations, communions, weddings (see Cuzco), housewarmings (see Huancayo), and others. They are generally celebrated with music and dancing in addition to food and drink. In most of these fiestas godparents play a part, the most important being those of baptism and weddings. Sometimes whites are asked to assume the relationship for reasons of prestige and, perhaps, more expensive gifts, but all are expected to have a responsibility toward their godchildren. This ritual relationship of compadrazgo has greater warmth and meaning among those of the same group. The persons thus related are called compadres and the men address each other as compadre and the women as comadre. Children call the godfather padrino and the godmother madrina.

In addition to the usual fiestas mentioned above, three unique ones are celebrated in Peru. These consist of the first haircut, the first cutting of the fingernails, and ear-piercing. The last two usually restricted to girls and the first to boys; all are indigenous.

The first hair-cutting ceremony and fiesta is general in the Sierra and on the Coast. The baby's hair is left to grow until he is a few years old. For the ceremony it is combed into as many locks as possible and tied with ribbons. The godfather cuts off the first lock and

states his gift—sometimes an animal or a piece of land or a goodly sum of money; the remaining locks are cut off by relatives or friends, each making a gift of money, which pays for the expenses of the fiesta, or may be saved for the child. Thus the first stone of his future capital is laid. For girls a godmother is named and the rest of the procedure is similar.

For other cycle-of-life fiestas, see The Montaña.

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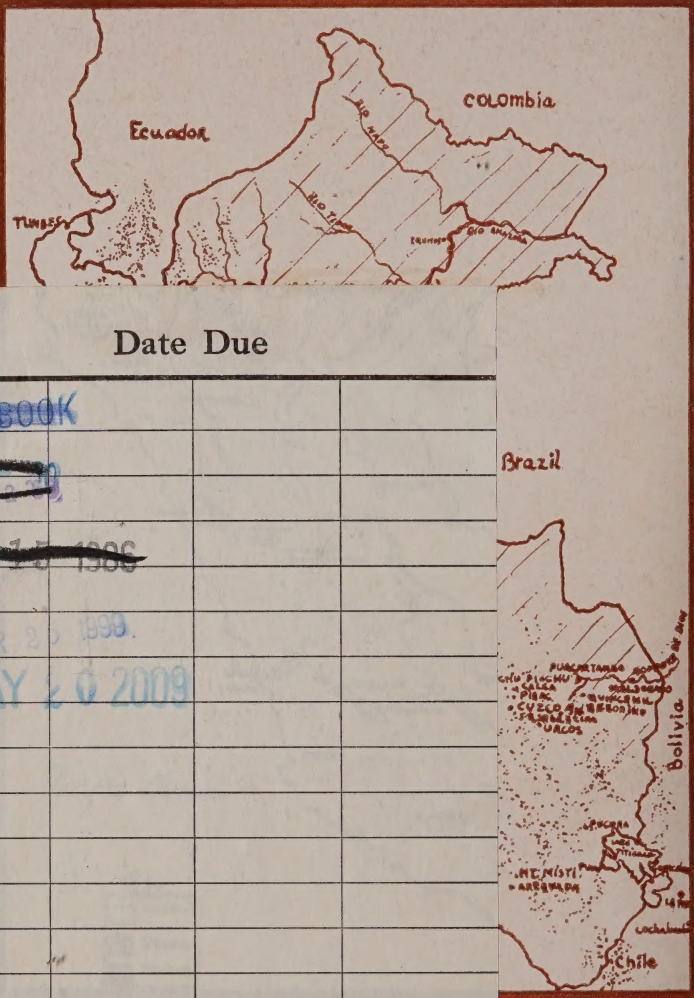

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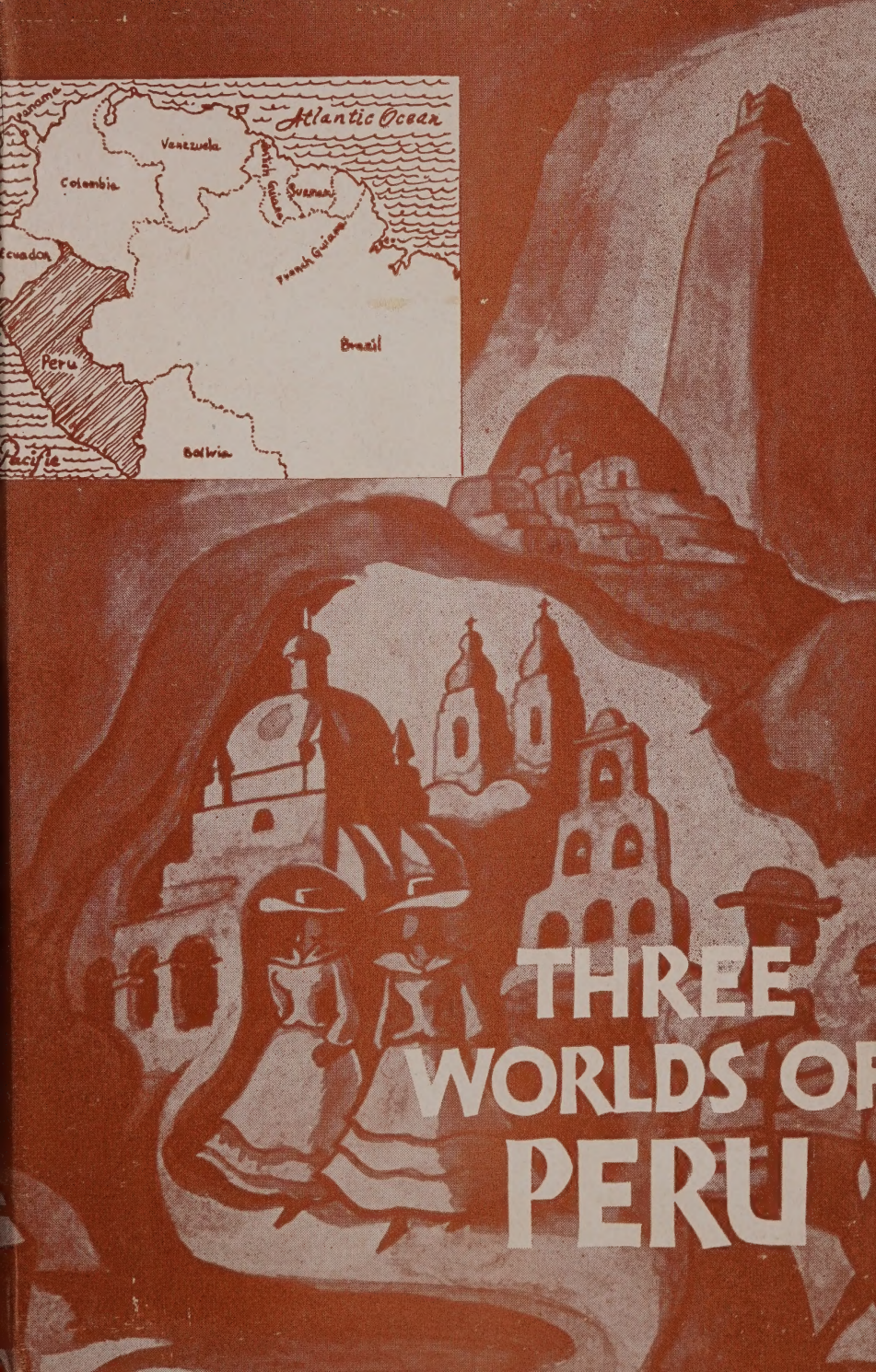
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